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P. 25.

This book is by Dr. Henry Nettleship, the greatest modern Commentator on Virgil.

& presented to the Irish Literary Society by

Rev. D. Leahy.

July 1897

# MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is tó mysélf so líke,
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who líke,
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will líke.
Íf I had cáred to páint less líke
Únadorned Náture, ánd more líke
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such líke
Cáricatúrists, móre would líke
Mé and my Bóok, fewer dislíke.

MY BÓOK is a bazáar
In which my poems áre
Each óne a separate shóp;
If in this one you don't find
What 's exáctly to your mínd,
Intó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,
JUNE 2. 1853.

## BOOKSELLER.

Búy this bóok, it ís a góod one,
Fúll of sénse and wít and léarning.
Thínk of thé poor áuthor píning,
Hálf fed, hálf clad, ín a gárret.

Hé has máde me his recéiver,
Fáithfullý with hím I 'll réckon.
Búy his bóok, it ís a chéap one,
Fór three shíllings yóu shall háve it.

Thánk you, Sír; of thése three shíllings
Thrée pence cléar goes tó the áuthor,
Óut of which he 'll páy the prínter;
Í 've the bálance fór my tróuble.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

## POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Régistrý presérves the dáte,
Thirtéenth Decémber, Ninety éight,
When first the spíndle óf my fáte
Begán to twírl, and át Fiftéen
Of Hóggin ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,
In the Írish cápital óf our Quéen,
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,
A chúbby, hándsome, héalthy bóy,
My fáther's príde, my móther's jóy.
At twó years óld I 'd léarned to wálk
Ánd my half-nátive lánguage tálk;
Fórty months ólder wént to schóol,
Whére I was fórced to líve by rúle,
To spéll, make fígures, ánd to hámmer
Hárd at the quírks and quérks of grámmar.
My Máster wás one Jóseph Hútton,
Black brówed, black drésséd, black évery bútton;
Grim, féruled týrant! skilled to rúle
By féar, not lóve, his íll-taught schóol;
Who cóuld of Christian chárity préach,
Yet knéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.
At tén I first begán to dánce;
At twélve I 'd wrítten a románce
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and cáliph Ómar.
At fóurteen, sént to grópe for knówledge
Amóng the mónks of Trínity Cóllege,
I léarned each hád an íncome cléar
Of twíce five húndred póunds a yéar;
For which he tóok an óath to préach
Staunch órthodóxy, ánd to téach
Saint Pátrick's rísing génerátion
To knów, by cértain cálculátion,
How mány times four póps make éight,
And whý a cúrved line ís not stráight.
Fiftéen and hálf years óld, one dáy —
'Twas ín this flówery mónth of Máy —
A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me
So sóftly, swéetly, ténderly,
I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,
And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;
All vánished, líke dissólving víews,
Fróm my young bráin, or, íf ye chóose,
Fróm my poor héart, and ín their pláce
Came áirs angélic, fórms of gráce,
Vísions of cónstancy and trúth,
Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.
I gázed, I wíshed, I hóped, I sighed;
She smíled, looked sád, and dróoped and díed;
Ánd I had wépt, ere quíte sixtéen,
Upón the chúrchyard híllock gréen,
That ánswered cóldly tó my síghs:—
For éver clósed those bright, blue eyes;
Corrúption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;
Awáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ignorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,
Médicine 's a glórious thing, I wéen:

How néar a Gód is hé who cán
Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,
Smóoth the sick píllow, ánd, with bálm
Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,
Wóo to the áching líds coy Sléep,
And plúnge the sénse in Léthe déep.
Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd
Éarly and láte the póor man's béd,
Lived midst contágion, fílth and gróans,
Póred over déad men's móuldering bónes,
Or with the anátomíser's knífe
And mieroscópe tracked súbtle Life
Fróm her outwórks through nérve and véin
Ínto her dónjon ín the bráin,
And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,
Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,
O'er áll th' enchánted cástle's gróund —
In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —
She hás been hére, she hás been thére;
Her fóotprints théy are évery whére;
Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knífe —
Thou séek'st thysélf, thysélf art Life.

A Dóctor léarned at twénty twó,
Gréat is my wónder Í 've so féw
Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé
Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?
There 's Dóctor Láncet — cúnning féllow! —
Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;
I dóubt if hé could díagnóse
'Twixt Scárlatína ánd the Róse,
Yét his door knócker 's ídle néver,
Ánd abóut he 's gálloping éver,
Paying minute visits tó the sick,

And writing récipés so quick
His pills and powders, dráughts and dróps,
Jóstle ín the chémists' shóps.
I knów five times as múch as hé,
Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;
What ís — what cán the réason bé?
I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wéll?
Knóws, to be súre — but will he téll?
I 'll trý. Betíde the wórst that will,
Small wáy is máde by sitting still.
Knock knóck, knock knóck:— "Doctor at hóme?"
"Yés sir, step ín." "Doctor, I 'm cóme
To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,
How 'tís you gét so mány fées,
So kéep in ápple-pie condition,
While Í, no léss a góod physician,
Pérish, almóst, of ínanition."
The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—
"I think I knów your cáse," he sáid;
"Yóu study sickness ánd deséase;
Théy have no móney, páy no fées.
Í study mén, and mén to pléase;
Mén have the móney, páy the fées."
"But if the pátient chánce to díe?" —
"Why, thén *God* kílled him, ánd not *Í*;
Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —
Áll that recóver *Í* have cúred."
I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar,
Fame, líveries and yéllow cóach,
Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;
And wéeping Hónor ón the right
With óutspread wings ready for flight:—
"Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Togéther throúgh the wórld we 'll gó:
Fold úp thy wings —" and, ás I spóke,
Vánished intó thin áir, like smóke,
Coach, líveries, and income cléar
Two thóusand stérling póunds a yéar.

Till twénty éight my déstiný
Képt her best gift in stóre for mé —
A sécond sélf, than sélf more déar —
My páper 's blótted — 'tís a téar:
Four yéars two mónths agó this dáy
In Sóuth Tiról a córpse she láy.
Wreathed róund with líly ánd with róse
In yónder márble váse repóse
The rélics óf her fúneral pýre,
The cinders thát survíved the fíre.
Still twénty yéars the lót be míne,
Fresh róses róund that úrn to twíne
Ánd on the gárland dróp a téar,
Ás I renéw it yéar by yéar;
Then cóme, my child — my Kátharine, cóme —
That úrn is mý long-chósen hóme;
There láy my cinders, ánd each yéar
Hónor thy párents with a téar
Ánd a fresh wréath; and, whén at lást
Thou tóo through lífe's long déath hast pást.
Rejóin thy párents ín their úrn,
And thére with thém to dúst retúrn,
Háppy if sóme kind héart a téar
Dróp on that úrn the fóllowing yéar,
Or háng fresh wréath of rósemarý,
And sígh, and sáy:— "I knéw the thrée."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

## POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,
You 'll nót refúse
  To síng a sóng,
A vérse or twó
Of sómething néw,
  And nót too lóng.

Síng it yoursélf,
Poétic élf,
  It 's yóu 're inspíred;
You 've drágged me thróugh
Both óld and néw,
  Till Í am tíred.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knóck at the dóor, there 's a púll at the béll,
There 's a stép on the stáir, and she knóws the step wéll;
The work dróps from her hánd, and she bóunds cross the flóor,
And the sáme arms enclásp her, that clásped her of yóre —
That clásped her at párting, when ó'er the wide séa
To the wárs Edward wént, from his fáir Rosalie:—
"Now, Édward, my Édward, thou lóok'st thin and pále;
What 's befállen thee, my lóved one? What cán Edward áil?
Hast been sick, or a prisoner? or trávelled too fár
And too fást home agáin from the lóng Turkish wár?"
"I háve not been prisoner, I háve not been sick;
And whó to his bride home e'er trávelled too quick?
No, Rósalie, Rósalie — Bút I 'll not spéak
The fátal word óut — rather lét my heart bréak."
"Speak it óut, renegáde — for the Créscent I sée
Glittering hére on thy bréast, where the Cróss used to bé —
Speak it óut, renegáde — then for éver farewéll —
From this hóur I 'm the clóister's — thou héarest the béll."
"One móment, one móment, my Rósalie, stáy —
I 'm no lónger poor Édward; I 'm rich Osman Béy;
The stéed 's at the dóor, and not fár off the séa
Where the ship rocking lies that shall this night with mé
Far awáy from the Christian's land béar Rosalie."

"I knów thee not, récreant — ah, bláck, dismal dáy! —
Poor Édward my tróth has, not rích Osman Béy.
Awáy o'er the wáters withóut Rosalíe —
I give thee thy tróth back — awáy — thou art frée."
He 's gone dówn to the shíp, he 's awáy o'er the séa,
And the clóister gate 's clósed upon fáir Rosalíe;
True lóver 's for éver from trúe lover párted,
He in sórrow to líve, she to díe broken héarted.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

## DING DONG.

"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Pósting alóng
Through the mórning áir,
Stop thére, stop thére."
"What wóuld'st thou sáy?
Be bríef I práy,
The minutes flý,
Short time have Í
In chát to spénd;
Make háste, good friend."
"Few wórds will dó;
Just téll me trúe,
When Í am déad
And ón my héad
By séxton's spáde
The gréensward 's láid,
Únder the sháde

Of yón grey birch
Behind the chúrch,
What wílt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong díng, Ding dóng."

"One móment móre —
And íf, befóre
The séxton's spáde
The swárd has láid
Upón my héad,
I chánce to wéd,
And léad a bríde
In beaúty's príde
Úp the church áisle,
Méeting the smíle
Of friends, and shówers
Of brìght spring flówers,
What wílt thou sáy
Upón that dáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong díng, Ding dóng."

"And whén my bride
Lies bý my síde
Únder the swárd
Of thát churchyárd,
And séxton's spáde
Has éven máde
Her sód with míne,
And chíldren twíne
Sweet églantíne
And jéssamíne

Round thát grey birch
Behínd the chúrch,
Or sít and wéep
By the néw raised héap,
Oft wóndering whý
Up tó the ský
Móther should gó
That lóved them só —
Upón that dáy
What wílt thou sáy?"
"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,
Dong díng, Ding dóng."

"Begóne, Ding dóng;
Thou 'st stáid too lóng.
Through the mórning áir
Whíthersoé'er,
Or quick or slów,
Thou lík'st to gó,
Begóne, Ding dóng,
And síng thy sóng.
Whéther thou guide
To th' áltars síde
Brídegroom and bríde,
Or tó the tómb
Bride and bridegróom,
I cáre not, só
From hénce thou gó,
Sad vóice of wóe.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## GOOD NIGHT.

Swéet, good night;
Till mórning light
  In slúmber lie,
Then cóme and stáy
By mé all dáy
  And Í 'll not sígh.

Swéet, good night;
Till mórning light
  Dréam but of mé,
Who dréam alwáy
Both night and dáy
  Ónly of thée.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## GOOD MORROW.

Good mórrow, Swéet;
Pléasant to méet
  Thée and the light;
Dárk without thée
Were dáy to mé,
  Dárk as midnight.

Good mórrow, Swéet;
Pléasant to méet
  Thée and the light;
Stáy but with mé,
And Í 'll not sée
  Dárkness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Engliſchen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
  Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.
Dann komm, bleib hier
Den Tag bei mir,
  So ſeufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!
Bis der Morgen lacht
  Träum' nur von mir,
Der ſchlafend und wach
Bei Nacht und Tag
  Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

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"Prétty máid, tell mé the réason
Why you blúsh when Í come néar you?
Why you trémble, cást your eyes down,
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?"

"Ráther téll me, sílly yóung man,
Why you 're éver hóvering néar me?
Why I néver cán alóne be,
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?"

"Prétty máid, it ís so pléasant
Tó be álways lóoking át you;
Í would like to bé your bróther,
Ór your sister, tó be néar you."

"Silly yóung man, Í 'm no picture
Tó be ídly stáred and gázed at;
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;
Húnt or fish — or knít as Í do."

"Cóme with mé and wé 'll go húnting,
Ór with mé come tó the ríver,
Ór I 'll sit down hére beside you,
Ánd assíst you with your knitting."

"Ídle yóung man, Í 'll emplóy you.
Hére 's a létter fór my Trúelove;
Gó and find him, give it tó him,
Ánd bring báck the ánswer quickly."

"Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?
Ín the city, ór the cóuntry?
Whát 's his náme? there 's nó addréss here,
Nót one wórd of súperscription."

"Give 't me báck — I 'm só forgétful —
Lét me sée — what ís 't they cáll him? —
Thére — write yóu the súperscription;
Í 'm too búsy with my knítting."

"Prétty máid, I 've fóund your Trúelove;
Ánd he sénds you báck this ánswer.
Ón your finger éver wéar it.
Dróp your knitting; cóme with mé, Love."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.

## POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

Thróugh the wide wórld go whére I will,
Two shádowy fórms go with me stíll:
One táll and hándsome, frésh and bríght,
And gáily clád, keeps ón my right;
To lóok on hím from mórn till níght,
And night till mórn, is mý delíght.
A stúnted dwárf in shábby clóthes
The óther ón my léft hand góes,
Ódious to lóok on ór be néar.
Whó these forms áre I 'd líke to héar,
Or whý with mé for éver só
Róund and róund the wórld they gó.

FRIEND.

Though yóu 're no Sphínx, no Oédipus Í,
To réad your riddle Í will trý.
Those fórms are shádows óf yoursélf;
Hé on the léft — that stúnted élf —
Your véry ímage, áll decláre,
Sir póet's líkeness tó a háir.
The ríght hand fígure, Í conféss,
Is fár less líke you, yét, I guéss,
Is stíll your sílhouette; páinted bríght,
Ás you appéar in yóur own sight.
By twó such shápes, one ón each síde,
Each trávellér 's accómpanied
Alóng life's róad. I 'll láy my héad
Agáinst a pín, your ríddle 's réad.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 28. 1853.

## HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It háppened, ór by chánce or fáte,
One évening prómenáding láte
Upón the máll, Humbúg and Í
Fell ínto each óther's cómpaný:—
"Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me whý
So mány yéars in váin I trý
Úp in this wórld one stép to ríse;
Though ríches, hónors, dignities
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,
Gláddening this thírsty éarth of óurs,
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,
I néver come in for a dróp at áll.
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu
If hálf men sáy of yóu be trúe."
Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—
"There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:
Here 's Cúnning smáll, and Hónor fúll —
A fátal cómbinátion thát —
And Wórldly-míndednéss quite flát;
And this bump, like an órange, hére
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar
It 's Póetrý, not Cálculátion;
And thén I find no Ádulátion,
And nót a gráin of Vénerátion,
But húge Philósophý instéad —
I néver félt a wórse shaped héad."

**

I drew a deep and heartfelt sigh:—
"Show me but how, I 'll gladly try
To exchange my head, Humbug," said I,
"For one of a more modern cut —"
"You take me quite too serious; tut!
I was only joking, heads are but
Of secondary consequence,
Unless they 're quite weighed down with sense."
"Then what 's the main throw, Humbug, pray?
The chief point of importance, say?
The first great thing which I must do
To get on in the world like you?"
"According to their various views,
Some men the hat praise, some the shoes,
Some say kidgloves are the main thing,
Others that you must learn to sing
Not first, but second; some insist,
A mitre has been got by whist:
You must believe in heaven and hell
So long as you in England dwell;
But, go to Germany, they 'll stare
And fly perhaps into your hair,
If you but hint it possible
A good God ever made a hell —"
"Stop there," I answered short and gruff;
"Your rigmarole is long enough;
I asked you how best to succeed
In earthly things, not for a creed."
"And so, young man, you think you 're wiser
Than he you 've chosen for your adviser?
Go, rise to honors and dignities
Whatever shorter way you please;
I 've done with you." "Stay, Humbug, stay —
Forgive me — leave me not this way;

Commánd me, bid me, Í obéy."
"I 'll táke your wórd," Humbúg replied,
And cáme up kindly bý my síde,
And tóok my árm, and ín my éar
Close whispered, thát none élse might héar:—
"The sécret líes neithér in hát,
Créed, nor kidglóves, but ín a cát."
"A cát?" said Í, cocking my éar;
"A cát? or díd I rightly héar?"
"A cát," said hé, close whíspering báck,
"Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,
Or white, you 've ónly tó take cáre
To stróke her cánny with the háir:
She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,
And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir,
Púrring her féline grátitúde;
But shóuld you chánce with áction rúde
To rúb her ónce agáinst the háir,
Beware her fángs. The wórld 's a cát —"
"Enóugh!" said Í, and thrice my hát
Pitched into the áir, "I háve it pát:
Stróke with the háir the húman cát,
Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.
The húman cát stroke with the háir,
She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,
And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir.
Ah, Húmbug, bút true wísdom 's ráre!
And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you right,
And gót your sécret — só, good night."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

## EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —

By this líght and áir —

By héaven abóve —

Thou árt my Lóve —

For thée I sígh —

For thée I díe —

Stáy, Mary, stáy —

Ah, dísmal dáy!

And cánst thou gó?

And léave me só?

Then fáre thee wéll!

How hándsome 's Néll!

Her eýes how bright!

Her skín how white!

What rúby líps!

How light she trips —

MARY.

I dón't belíeve.

You bút decéive.

It ís not trúe.

I lóve not yóu.

In váin, in váin.

'Twill cúre your páin.

Good býe, good býe.

How háppy Í!

Gone, góne for éver.

To cóme back néver.

What díd you sáy?

Who 's Néll, I práy?

You dó but jést.

You plágue, you pést!

Édward, I sáy —

I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fáwn —
Acróss the láwn!
When Néll is nigh —
I néver sigh.
Her silver vóice —
Makes my héart rejóice.
And thén her mind —
As sóft as kind!
There lives but óne —
One, ónly óne —
Whom Í prefér —
To Néll prefér —
And thóu art shé —
Máry, thou 'rt shé —
Máry, thou 'rt míne —
And Í am thine —
Then góod bye, Néll —
Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.
I 'm Édward's ówn.
I 'm in despáir.
I 'll téar her háir.
Discórdant scréam!
Do I wáke or dréam?
I 'll frét her yét.
The pért Grisétte!
How rásh was Í!
I die, I die.
Stay, lét me héar —
I féar, I féar —
What did you sáy?
Blest dáy, blest dáy!
Yes, Édward, yés.
O háppinéss!
And góod bye, sórrow —
Are óne tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE. DRESDEN, May 20. 1853.

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as úsual alóng the same stréet
Todáy and Tomórrow once háppened to méet:—
"Now, good cóusin Tomórrow," thus sáid sad Todáy,
"How cómes it you 're álways so mérry and gáy?
Not a clóud shades your brów, not a téar dims your eýe,
All súnshine and róses and bright, sapphire ský."
"Don't móck me, dear Yésterday," ánswered Tomórrow;
"I am héavy and sád, my heart bréaking with sórrow.
It 's *yóu* have the súnshine and bright, sapphire ský,
A brów ever clóudless, a téar undimmed eýe.
From mórning till night *I* do nóthing but sigh —
Sigh for Yésterday's háppiness, Yésterday's jóys;
It 's Yésterday ónly no tróuble annóys."
"Alás! dear Tomórrow, and dó you say só?
And that smíle on your fáce only hídes your heart's wóe?
I could néver have thóught you wore súch a false shów."
"Your unfórtunate cóusin you 'd nót so upbráid,
If you knéw with what gríefs to the gróund he is wéighed."
"Forgive me, dear Cóz; from the dépth of my héart
I pity your cáse. Could I cómfort impárt —"
"Nay, náy, that 's impóssible — Cóusin, good býe;
Enjóy your good fórtune, and léave me to sígh."
So sáid, he went ón, and no wórd added móre,
And Todáy slowly fóllowed, more sád than befóre.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

## RECOVERY.

Húsh, ye rúde ones, stir not, bréathe not —
Slúmber 's fálling ón his eyélids;
Fróm the féver's héat and tóssing
Thé tired fráme at lást is résting.

Sóftly dráw the window cúrtains —
Shút out thé intrúsive dáylight —
Stáy; stay: lét one little ráy in,
Júst to shów how cálm he 's sléeping.

Pále and súnk althóugh his chéek is,
Yét it 's sóft, and cóol, and plácid;
Ánd he dráws his bréathing éven;
Ánd there 's déw upón his fórehead.

Richly nów how yé 're rewárded,
Áll my nights and dáys of wátching!
Móre than páyment this one móment
Fór a húndred yéars of sórrow.

Dówn my chéeks the téars are stéaling,
Ón his blánched hand nóiseless drópping;
Bléssed, bléssed Sléep, I thánk thee —
Théy 're a wife's tears, nót a widow's.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

## MARY.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.
Íf thou wílt not, lét it háng there —
Whát care Í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, síng me thé new bállad;
Fróm thy líps I lóng to héar it.
Íf thou wílt not, líttle cáre I
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.
Íf thou wílt not, Í will stáy here —
Lét who will, stroll in the méadow.

Máry, sít down hére beside me,
Tíll we chát a while togéther.
Íf thou wílt not, Í 'll be sílent —
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me
Hére alóne to píne in sórrow? —
Áh, she 's góne! and líttle cáre I
Íf I néver sée tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 3. 1853.

## BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tís a súnny mórning,
Ánd the lárks are singing gáily;
Gét your bónnet, láy your bóok down —
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks —
With the déw they 're wét and héavy —
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,
Thére 's a mórning sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,
Lét no twó stalks líe togéther,
Till the whóle field wé have cóvered
With a líght, soft, springy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking —
Máking fóod for hónest Píeball —
Ín the bright, sunshíny mórning,
With the lárks abóut us singing!

Bút it 's néither hónest Píeball,
Nór the lárks abóut me singing,
Nór the frésh, sunshíny mórning
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, Béssie,
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,
Í 'd scarce knów the lárks were singing,
Ór sun shining ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out
Tó the hót sun ánd the dry air;
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

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Ónce it háppened ón a Fríday —
Fridays álways wére unlúcky —
Ín the dóubtful mónth of Ápril,
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thin shóes and stóckings,
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thínking óf my Trúelove,
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling
Twó miles distant ás the bird flies —
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quárter,
Éver thínking óf my Trúelove,
Whén the ráin begán to pátter,
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.

Túsh! said Í, it is no mátter —
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-drýing —
Í 'll not disappóint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck
Tó my skin like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the dróps fell thick and thicker,
Ánd the róad grew déep and spláshy,
Ánd my shóes let in the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran
Dówn behínd upón my shóulders,
Wóuld have túrned a little mill-wheel
Hád there béen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leánder
Tó his Héro níghtly swímming,
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,
Nóah's árk was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thinking óf me,
Lóoking óut upón the wéather;
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,
Wéll she knóws there is no shélter.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;
Wéll! said Í, it is small mátter —
Cóme what will, I 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,
Dówn intó the ditch my fóot slipped.

Ín the strúggle Í fell óver;
'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me,
Élse I 'd spráined my wrist or áncle,
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me —
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her
Wáiting, wátching át the window?
"Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?
Trúelove néver minded wéather."

Thére 's the hóuse in view alréady;
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —
Spite of trówsers, spite of wétting,
Í 'll be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smíles on cóurage:
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —
Táilored ín a trice my trówsers,
Júst enóugh to kéep my shirt in.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly
Twice round héad and éars and témples,
With extémporáneous túrban
Lóss of béaver hát repláces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,
Í despíse you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the window stánding;
Tó the dóor she flies to méet me —
Néver in sunshíny wéather
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

Fírst she láughed, and thén she máde me
Tén times óver téll my stóry,
Ás she héaped the fíre with billets,
Ánd set dówn tea, wíne, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kíndly ón me,
Ánd so cálled me hér Leánder,
Ás she chíd me fór persísting
Tó come ón despíte the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére beside her,
Drýing mý wet clóthes, and sipping
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self
Máde, poured óut, and hánded tó me,

Í could nót but práy in sécret
Í might álways gét a drénching,
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.

## WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a súmmer mórning éarly
Frésh, and swéet, and míld is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a súmmer nóonday 's Wílliam,
Rádiant, bríght, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélancholy
Lúcy 's like a súmmer évening.

LUCY.

Wílliam, whén he 's sád, is like a
Súmmer's night when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like a gólden wíllow
Bénding ó'er a gárden fóuntain.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like a státely cédar
Whén it 's in full léaf in Júly.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the áutumn móonlight
Ón the yéllow córnsheaves sléeping.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like the crímson súnbeams
Ón the néw-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the glássy, cléar lake
Whén no bréath its bósom wrínkles.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like the déep, full river
Ónward rólling tóward the ócean.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like Acánthus vólute
Bý the hánd of Phídias chíseled.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like the pórphyry píllar
Thé entáblatúre sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the núns' chant stéaling
Thróugh the clóister bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like the ánthem péaling
Thróugh the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the tímid ríngdove
Cóoing ín the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like the gállant góshawk
Sóaring thróugh the ský at mídday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the máid I dréamt once
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like the yóuth I twice dreamt
Pút the ring upón my fínger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like — aye, bý this ring, Love —
Lúcy 's like the bride of William.

LUCY.

Wílliam 's like — by this same ring and
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's bridegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

Ín the fields or ón the róadside
Néar a líttle cóuntry víllage,
Múttering tó himsélf and lílting,
Áll day lóng a yóung man sáunters.

Múttering, lílting, ás he sáunters,
Chíldren póint the fínger át him,
Ánd wise párents cáll him ídle,
Crázy, góod for nóthing póet.

Thát young mán sees nót the víllage;
Gréat thoughts ín his sóul are bárming —
Héroes, Césars, fáme immórtal —
Thát young mán is Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

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Where wás I ére there was ány Whére?
Ére there was ány Whát, what wás I?
When wás I ére there was ány Whén?
And hów or whý made Í mysélf
Ére there was ány Í or Hów,
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Whý?

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

## SUPREMELY BLEST.

"Six little góslings ín one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet drésséd,
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,
Áll by óne kind bíll carésséd,
Áre ye nót suprémely blést?"

"Six little góslings in one nést,
Áll in yéllow vélvet drésséd,
Wé are nót suprémely bléssed.
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,
Wé will léave the párent nést,
And gó of nóvelty in quést,
And thén we'll bé suprémely blést."

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO
May 10. 1852.

## LITTLE FLY.

Síp on fréely, little fly;
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáll,
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;
And in the párent's équal eýe,
Mán 's the bróther óf the flý.

Síp on fréely, líttle flý;
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.
Fórmed like mé for jóy and páin,
Wármed by súnshine, wét by ráin,
Bórn like mé, like mé to díe,
Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;
Síp on fréely, líttle flý,
Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE-WEST to WESTPORT.
May. 11. 1852.

## CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and white
Páinted bright,
Stóut of límb,
Of bódy light,
Fierce in báttle,
Swift in flight,
Cálled by birds
The róbber knight.

Kéen of sight,
It 's mý delight
From the áiry héight
Of áspen bóugh,
Or rócky brów,
To spý aróund
Where ón the gróund
For cháttering pýe
Fit próg may líe
Of crúst or bóne,

There cáreless thrówn
By fárm-yard Jóan;
Or jóyful márk
Where éggs of lárk
In méadow gréen,
Half híd, half séen,
Or cállow thrúsh
In háwthorn búsh,
Meg's áppetíte
Daintý invíte.
But Még, not rásh
To máke a dásh
Like háwk or kíte,
Stays áppetíte,
And hóps abóut,
And mákes no róut;
And wátching slý
With pérking eýe,
Steals tó the búsh
And dínes on thrúsh;
Then súcks lark's égg,
Hardhéarted Még!
And óff to nést
Flies with the bést
Old crúst or bóne
Of thriftless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,
Blithe cháttering pýe,
Oft wóndering whý
Man só should sígh.
And kéep such cóil,
And cárk and móil
Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáre to sáve
Dig déep his gráve.

I énvy nót
Pálace or cót;
The lífe I léad
On híll and méad
Is lífe indéed;
And, while I ránge
Round fíeld and gránge,
I wóuld not chánge
For mán's high státe
Meg's háppier fáte.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1852.

## FALSEHEARTED JOAN.

In moúntain déll,
Beside a wéll
And móssy stóne,
Únder a thórn
I sát forlórn,
And máde my móan: —
"This wórld and Í
Cannót agrée,
No chárm hath nów
This wórld for mé.
She has bróke her tróth,
Falsehéarted Jóan,
And léft me hére
To die alóne.

Hére in this wíld,
Untródden déll,
Únder this thórn,
Beside this wéll,
I'll strétch me ón
This móss-grown stóne,
And wéep, and crý: —
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',
I'll wéep and crý
'I líved for thée,
For thée I'll díe';
Wríte on my tómb: —
'He díed alóne,
Forsáken bý
Falseheárted Jóan.
Ye fáithful swáins,
His déath deplóre,
And néver trúst
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,
And máde my móan,
Strétched on that gréy
And móss-grown stóne,
I héard a líght,
Small fóotstep néar;
A kíndly vóice
Fell ón my éar,
That swéetly said: —
"Why dóst thou móan,
And whó is thís
Falseheárted Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan hersélf —
My téars were stáyed;
I thréw my árms
Abóut the máid:
I cánnot téll
What wórds we sáid;
But thére in thát
Untródden déll,
Únder that thórn,
Beside that wéll,
As Í wept ón
That móss-grown stóne,
I fóund my ówn
Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GALWAY. May 13. 1852.

## BE THANKFUL.

"Be thánkful"; — tó a sílly lámb
I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —
"Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,
And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,
And évery dáy supplíed with fóod
So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod."

"Sáfe in this párk" — thus tó its dám
I héard replý that sílly lámb
"Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;
To yíeld man fóod, and máke him wárm.
Todáy I léad an éasy life,
Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knífe."

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

# TRUELOVE.

As árm in árm upón the shóre
We listened tó the bréakers' róar,
She pícked and pút intó my hánd
The faírest pébbles from the stránd.

As thróugh the méadow gréen we wálked,
Ánd of our háppy fúture tálked,
She cúlled the flówers I lóved the bést,
And pláced the nósegay in my bréast.

A lóck she gáve me of her háir,
Set róund with péarl and rúby ráre,
Ánd a cornélian sígnet stóne,
Engráved with hér name ánd my ówn.

For mé she léft fathér and móther,
For mé she léft sistér and bróther,
House, home, and friends she léft for mé,
With mé to líve and míne to bé:
She léft them áll to bé míne ówn,
And éver líve with mé alóne.

She hád no jóy when Í was sád,
No gríef had shé when Í was glád;
To máke me glád was hér delíght,
Her thoúght by dáy, her dréam by níght;
When Í was glád her eýe grew bríght.

To chárm my spírit's glóom awáy,
She 'd sing me sóng or roúndeláy,
As strétched on thé greenswárd I láy,
Or téll me táles the lívelong dáy.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the diamond tówer,
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,
Of vizier, pácha, dérvish, príest,
Of mósque, kiósk, and músselman,
Of Ál-Raschíd and Kúbli Khán;
But still her lást and swéetest tále
Wás of the róse and nightingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pléased and gáy
She 'd dánce as ón her bridal dáy,
Or wréathe her fingers in my háir,
And lílt to hér guitár this áir: —

"Let misers in their hóards take pléasure,
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,
Néver énding cáre and sádness:
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness."

She sáng, she sickened, and she died;
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —
"Write on my tómb no wórd of sádness,
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness."

LOWER CLAPTON. LONDON. May 29. 1852.

## TOM SHOEBLACK.

Your shóes, good Sír; your shóes to cléan;
Such dírty shóes were néver séen.
With dírty shóes upón his féet
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,
Whén he might háve them brìght and cléan
For júst two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?
A pénny, Sír, you'll nót refúse;
One pénny, Sír, for cléan bright shóes.

Here, Sír; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,
You sóon shall háve a cléan bright shóe;
The right foot fírst; yes, thát will dó;
A lóvely thing 's a cléan bright shóe,
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:
Stay, Sír; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;
A cléan bright shoe 's a lóvely thing;
A cléan bright shóe sets óff a king.

There, Sír, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:
A brighter shóe was néver séen,
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wing;
A wéll-blacked shóe 's a lóvely thing;
A wéll-blacked shóe sets óff a king.

The léft foot, Sír; fie, whát a shóe!
One scárce can sée the léather thróugh
This míry, slímy, múddy glúe.
Now dó your wórk, my bristles trúe,
And lét us háve a shining shóe;
A shining shóe 's a lóvely thing;
A shining shóe sets óff a king.

These bristles, Sir — a better set
Never in one black-box met —
Are neither quite worn-out, nor new;
And every hair 's a bristle true;
You soon shall have a shining shoe:
See there 's the polish coming through.
A shining shoe 's a lovely thing;
A shining shoe sets off a king.

My "Day and Martin" 's fresh and new,
As black as ink, as bright as dew,
Fit polish for a gemman's shoe.
Rub rub-a-rub, my bristles true,
And let us have a shining shoe;
A shining shoe 's a lovely thing;
A shining shoe sets off a king.

Rub rub-a-rub, my work is done:
My penny fee is fairly won:
No brighter shoe the sun shines on.
Let wiser folk say what they will,
I'm of the one opinion still,
Barefoot or shod, a man 's a man,
But blacking makes the gentleman.
I mean no slur to smart cravat,
Or jemmy white, or glossy hat,
Or small-clothes smooth; but all won't do,
Unless you have a well-blacked shoe.
A well-blacked shoe 's a lovely thing;
A well-blacked shoe sets off a king.

And now I 've kept my promise true,
Each foot has got its clean bright shoe,
And poor Tom Shoeblack bids adieu:

Adieú. kind Sir. and dón't compláin,
If dírty fóotways. dást. and ráin
Soon bríng you tó poor Tóm agáin:
Ít 's an ill wind blows nó one góod,
And dúst and ráin are póor Tom's fóod.

EPPING FOREST: near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

## THE CRYSALIS.

In lóng loose dráwers, and stóckings without féet.
Wide flannel vést, grey shirt, and nightcap néat.
Wéaried mine eýes of sights, of sóunds mine éars,
Mine ánxious flúttering héart of hópes and féars,
The light put óut, and lócked my chámber dóor,
I láid me dówn upon my béd once móre,
To rést, to sléep, to dréam, perháps to snóre;
My léft cheek héavy on the píllow préssed,
My right arm crósséd obliquely on my bréast,
Blánket and coúnterpáne tucked tightly in
Róund by the shóulder quite to the éar and chín.
Íf you had séen me ín the párk that dáy
Ór at the lévee or subscription pláy,
All bright with díamonds, áll alért and gáy,
And thén been shówn that shápeless héap of clóthes
With scárce an áir hole léft for móuth and nóse,
And tóld it was esséntially the sáme,
The sáme in spirit, súbstance, éven in náme,
Hów you 'd have stáred, and rúbbed your eýes, and vówed
That fréakish náture had at lást allówed
To mán the privilege of the bútterflý,
To cást his fígure óff, and ýet not díe,
To fláunt a gáudy insect áll the dáy,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the night awáy!
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chánge
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and stránge?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

## MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admíre thee móre
Than éver mán admíred a máid befóre;
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy vírtues ráre,
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,
Has máde a prísoner óf thine Édward's sóul.
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórds expréss
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght
He dréams of thée alóne the lívelong níght!
Hów the whole dáy of thée alóne he thínks,
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!
Hów he cries still! — "Ah! wére but Dóris míne
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;
Nót as I nów do, ín the dísmal glóom
Of city cóffee-house or díning-róom,
Midst stífling smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,
Bút in the álcove of some páradíse!"
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,
One kindly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Díe of the misery of this báchelor's life.
More slów, but quíte as súre as córd or knífe.
Dear lóvely Dóris, míne 's no ídle móan;
Nó sentiméntal sórrow makes mé gróan;
Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel
At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.
At hóme, I sit in dúsky, díngy róom,
Where néver wóman's smile dispéls the glóom,
And wátch the chíldren pláying in the láne,
Or cóunt the flies, that créep along the páne;
Or cróuch beside the fíre and pénsive eýe
The cúrling wréaths that úp the chímney flý;
Or páce impátient úp and dówn the flóor,
Betwéen the window and the clóset dóor,
Oft stópping, to inscríbe my Dóris' náme
On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,
Ór in the thick dust of the táble tráce
With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;
Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begín;
Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;
Ánd in the sófa-cóver prick all shápes
Of dógs, trees, stéeples, windmills, cócks and ápes;
Ór, pleased with nóthing, ring and ásk Janétte,
Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;
For milk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —
Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,
And déep in the churchyárd, than líve to sée
One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.
Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;
Góds themselves listen whén poor mórtals práy;
Pity 's a gráce divíne, even héathens sáy.
Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt
Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;
Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My néw shirt-rúffle 's gót this úgly téar,
And únmatched stóckings wédded fólk invíte
To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wíght.
Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —
"He wálks a sólo!" bút the úrchin lied;
That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thée
Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,
And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle
Thou sáid'st: — "Dear Sír, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle."
Yés Dóris, ít 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:
I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;
And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,
Till gréat-grandchíldren tóddle róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June 12. and 13. 1852.

## THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfin knight,
So fúll of vénom and pure spite,
That dóing hárm was his delíght,
Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and night.
In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wight,
To whóm no thing on éarth seemed ríght
But mildew, rót, decáy, and blíght;
He stripped the bránch of flówer and frúit,
And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,
Ínto the íron áte with rúst,
And gróund the márble róck to dúst.
Still móre he lóved on líving thing
Misery and pain and déath to bring:
Bird, béast, and fish he láughed to sée

Writhing in mórtal ágony;
But néver wás his héart so glád,
As whén he máde man sick and sád,
Wóunded him sóre, or sét him mád,
Róbbed him of hóuse, and hóme, and fríend,
And bróught him tó a wrétched énd,
To díe in páin and mísery
Not áll at ónce and súddenly
(For thát were dównright chárity)
Bút by sure stép and slów degrée;
He púlled his téeth out, óne by óne,
Plucked óut his háir, and léft him nóne;
With a thick fláil-staff cúdgelled him,
Till évery sínew, jóint, and límb
Was bláck and blúe, and stíff and sóre;
Ánd, to tormént him móre and móre,
Séaled up his éars, scooped óut his eyes,
And cút him dówn to hálf his síze;
Then pitched him, gásping hárd for bréath,
Ínto the gáping jáws of Déath.

Man súffered sóre, and súffered lóng,
But sáw no áuthor óf his wróng;
Félt every blów, but sáw no árm,
No lífted hánd to dó the hárm.
Invísible as móuntain wind,
The cáitiff cáme his préy behínd,
And kícked and cúffed him hárd and sóre;
Then cáme, and stóod his préy befóre,
And kícked and cúffed him móre and móre.
Poor mán laménted, ánd in váin
Cúrsed the foul áuthor óf his páin,
And wátched by dáy, and wátched by night,
To cátch of his fell fóe a sight.

At lást with páin and wátching wórn,
Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórn:—
"A háppy thóught" ('twas thús he sáid)
"Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;
Let 's sée, if Í can 't máke a béll,
That sháll my énemy's cóming téll."
So sáid, so dóne; a smíth by tráde,
Has sóon a páir of slippers máde,
And ón each slipper fástened wéll
A stróng steel clásp and sílver béll.
The slippers láid upón the flóor,
The smíth 's to béd and bárred the dóor;—
"Íf he comes néar the béd," says hé,
"The slípper béllş will wáken mé."
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.
How lóng he slépt I cánnot téll,
When tínkle tínkle wént the béll;
The smíth awóke, and cried:— "What hó!
A light, a light — I 've cáught the fóe."
"Not quíte so fást, good smíth", quoth hé;
"You 've lóst your slippers, nót caught mé;
I 'll wálk hencefórth with slippers néat
And sílver béllş upón my féet,
That fóolish mán may súrely knów,
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,
And whéther Í move fást or slów."
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,
As máde the smíth cry:— "Wóe! more wóe!"
"More wóe indéed", the knight replied,
And strúck him ón the óther síde:
"Think'st thou, becáuse thy dóor is bárred,
My stálwart árm will strike less hárd?
What thóugh thy tínkling sílver béll

An énemy's appróach may téll,
And whéther hé move swíft or slów,
Think'st thou 'twill sérve to wárd the blów,
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fóe?"
No wórd the élfin knight said móre,
But, víewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor
Passed óut as hé passed ín befóre,
And dówn the stáir intó the stréet,
The sílver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,
Sínce the green túrf closed ó'er the héad
Of the brave smíth, that máde the béllś
Of whích my trúthful stóry téllś;
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by night
I héar the tréad of the élfin knight,
And trémble át his slippers' sóund,
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.
In váin like thé brave smíth of yóre
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,
The élfin fóot is ón the stáir,
The élfin knight, víewless as áir,
Pásses through bárred and bólted dóor,
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,
And grípes me hárd, and hits me sóre.
"Tórment me nót" in váin I crý;
"Tormént me nót, but lét me díe."
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre
Pínches and cúffs me thán befóre.
My tále's truth lét these gáshes spéak,
These zígzags ón my ónce smooth chéek,
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,
This súnken eýe, these témples báre
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

Íf, in the príde of stréngth and yóuth,
Thou dóubtest stíll my stóry's trúth,
And líkenést the élfin knight
To sóme unréal and áiry spríte,
Engéndered in the bráin at night,
When Sénse lies déad and Réason sléeps,
And nó more wátch o'er Fáncy kéeps;
Lísten! "It ís the stéeple béll",
Lísten! "It ís the fúneral knéll",
Lísten! what sáys that stéeple béll?
Lísten! what sáys that fúneral knéll?
"He has tóld his stóry trúe and wéll."

Begun June 14th. 1852 when walking from LOUVAIN to TIRLEMONT. Finished at WEMS June 21st.

## WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When Í was a bóy, how mérrily
I spórted abóut benéath the great trée,
That óvershádowed my fáther's cót!
Since thén I 've not séen so cózy a spót.

Oh, hów my heart bóunded, and dánced with jóy!
My fáther has bróught me a brán-new tóy,
A lóng ashen stick with a hórse's héad;
Milk-white is the máne, and the bridle is réd.

I stráddled my stéed, and with crick crack and shóut,
And whoop-whóop and hurráh I cántered abóut,
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;
No Quéen's-Own dragóon ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since the réd bridle bróke, and the hórse lay déad;
My thín sandy háir has grown thíck and brówn,
And my úpper lip 's híd by a sóft velvet dówn.

"I 'll buý me a réal, living hórse", I críed,
"And cánter and gállop the cóuntry wíde" —
I bóught me a réal horse, and gálloped abóut;
Was néver a Nimrod that máde such a róut.

Abóut as I gálloped the cóuntry wíde,
By the síde of a wéll a young máiden I spíed;
Her chéeks were like róses, her skín soft and fáir,
Light blúe were her eýes, long and fláxen her háir.

"Come with me, sweet máiden" I stópped and cried;
"Come with me, sweet máiden, and bé my bride;
Leave dówn thy pail thére, and get úp beside mé;
And a kínd, loving húsband I 'll bé to thée."

She léft down her páil, and sprang úp by my síde; —
"I 'll go with thee, young mán, and I 'll bé thy bride;
A kínd, loving húsband thou 'lt bé to mé,
And Í 'll be for éver a trúe wife to thée."

"I néver was háppy till nów", I críed,
As I kíssed the soft chéek of my blóoming bride;
And awáy we cántered, and gálloped abóut;
No new Dárby and Jóan ever máde such a róut.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since the trúest of áll true wives lay déad,
And a widower lóne I wánder abóut,
Never móre in this wórld to máke such a róut.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and índoors and óut;
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —
"Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;
Black and dámp falls the night on the súnniest dáy."

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,
And the light tripping fóotsteps' elástic rebóund,
I think to myséłf, how these sáme tripping féet
Will soon lie stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier light,
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wine circling bright,
I think, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,
Since in blácк weeds I wándered, and wépt o'er the déad;
Time, that 's áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,
Begins from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bride smile, without thinking of *Hér*;
I can héar a bride sing, yet not féel my heart stír;
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;
To all jóy if I 'm déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrows are pást;
Sweet Oblívion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,
And clóse my tired eyelids, and húll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18th to June 22nd 1852.

## MIGHT AND RIGHT.

"Mighty Sir Wind,
Pray, bé so kind,
Pass civilly,
And hárm not mé,
Who néver yét
Did hárm to thée."

"Stúrdy Sir Trée,
Lécture not mé;
I fáin would bé
Cívil to thée,
But ín my wáy
I fínd thee still,
Stópping my páth
Acróss this hill."

"This hill is míne,
As Í opíne;
For mány a yéar
My fáthers lived
Free búrghers hére;
Í am their héir,
And will not sháre
My birthright fáir
With són of éarth,
Or són of áir;
So máke no róut,
But gó abóut,
And tóuch not mé,
An indepéndant
Fórest trée."

"Of són of éarth
Or són of áir,
I líttle knów,
And líttle cáre;
But this I knów,
I 'll háve my will,
And gó the shórt way
Cróss the hill."

"Not só, not só,
Unrúly Wind;
Some óther pássage
Pléase to find;
Thére on the léft
The páth stands cléar;
No búsiness hást thou
Tó pass hére.
Stróng though thou árt
I 'm fáin to expéct
Thou 'lt shéw the láw
Its dúe respéct."

"I wére indéed
A sílly wight,
To wáit upón
The láw for right,
When in this árm
I háve the Might,
That mákes alóne
Both Láw and Right."

No móre words pássed;
Sir Trée stood fást;
On cáme Sir Blást,

Like páynim knight,
Fúrious in fight,
With púsh and crúsh
And héadlong rúsh;
Or líke the gúsh
Of flóod let lóose
Through mílldam slúice.
Stóut though he bé,
What cán Sir Trée
Agáinst a shóck,
Would máke a róck
Or cástle wáll
Tótter and fáll?

Yield he will nót,
Or fróm the spót
Retréat one ínch,
Or báckward flínch;
Or stép aside,
The hill though wide,
One single stride,
To lét Sir Blást
Rush hármless pást.

Leónidás
In Pýlae's páss,
As stóries téll,
Firm against Might
Stóod for the Right,
And nóbly féll:
And só fell hé,
Stúrdy Sir Trée;
And só will áll
Those wórthies fáll,

Whoé'er they bé,
That fór the Ríght
Strive against Míght
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM and BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far ín the East,
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,
All bróthers, and abóut one síze,
Not óne has éither éars or eýes,
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,
More réady théy than mány a knight
With pérfect límbs, héaring, and sight.
Each óne to hélp him hás a bánd
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.
Sixtéen subálterns, léaders fóur,
The bróther hóod 's in áll a scóre;
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,
When history was still a fáble,
Togéther mét aróund one táble.
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,
A bélt some wéar abóut the wáist,
Of góld, studded with súch bright géms
As shíne in Éastern diadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd reward
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;
To atténd upón him dáy and night,
Itsélf their jóy is ánd delight.

So sóon as in the mórning réd
His róyal Highness léaves his béd,
Two chíef knights ánd subálterns éight
With clóthes and bréakfast ón him wáit;
His fáce they wásh, and cómb his héad,
Féed him with bútter, éggs, and bréad,
Cárry his téa-cup tó his lips,
And hóld it stéady while he síps.
Two chíefs and éight subálterns móre
Crouch róund his fóotstool ón the flóor,
Réady his Mightiness to béar
Upón their shóulders ány whére,
Índoors or óut, or high or lów,
Báckward or fórward, quick or slów;
Like stéam-engines obédient still
Tó the driver's sóvereign will.

If sád their Lórd, these knights divide
Ínto two bánds, ten ón each side;
And while one bánd a mérry túne
On fiddle pláys or lóud bassóon,
The óther béats time tó the méasure,
Ór, to affórd him livelier pléasure,
Tákes him, and tó the músic's sóund
Whirls him the chálked floor róund and róund.

Néver fróm their Sóvereign's síde,
In life or déath, these knights divide;
Through ill, through wéal, with him they gó;
His jóy 's their jóy, his wóe 's their wóe;
Ínto the wórld with him they cáme
Ón the same dáy, and ón the sáme
Dáy that he dies have vówed to die,
And with him in the sáme tomb lie.

Say yé, that wiser are than Í,
Whére under áll our Wéstern sky,
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG, RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

## SWEET AIR.

A crípple slów,
On féstered tóe
Límping I gó,
And crý "Woe! wóe!"

The Grécian só,
As schóolboys knów,
In Lémnos' ísle,
Shóuted erewhíle
To róck and séa
His misery.

Like hím to thée,
Kind, géntle Séa,
For hélp I flý,
And shóut and crý: —
"Woe! wóe is mé!
Ah miserý!
Woe! wóe is mé!
Ah miserý!"

Kind, géntle Séa,
Ah! pity mé;

Quick with thy bálm,
My páins to cálm.
Benéath thy wáves,
In córal cáves,
Gróws there no wéed,
Whose pótent séed,
These pángs may lúll,
These fíres may dúll?
No ánodýne,
Of pówer divíne
The sénse to stéep
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,
Thou héar'st not mé;
Ah miserý!
Woe, wóe, is mé!
Ah miserý!

Soft, ténder Stóne,
Hear thóu my móan;
Thy véins explóre
For sóme fine óre;
Some Ámmonite's
Or Crýsolite's
Benignant spár,
Glíttering afár
With pówer to cúre
Spéedy and súre.
Ín thy deep mines,
Where néver shines
Day's chéerful líght,
But bróoding Night
In ébon céllś

For éver dwélls,
Séarch till thou find
Some lóadstone kind,
Some précious jét
For ámulét,
By mýstic láw
Empówered to dráw
Pain's viper fángs,
And éase these pángs.
From cléar, cold spring,
Elíxir bring,
Or ámber dróp,
Of pówer to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This búrning glów.

Vain, váin, my móan;
Ídle, my gróan;
Thou héar'st me nót,
Hardhéarted stóne;
Fíxed to the spót,
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,
And hástenest nót
From déep, cold spring,
Or míne, to bring
Elíxir cléar,
Or ámber dróp,
Or ámulét
Of précious jét,
Pótent to stóp
This thrób, this thróe,
This fiery glów;
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, géntle Wind;
Be thóu more kind;
Blow, sóftly blów,
And cóol this glów.
Of Prócris' spóuse
Thou héard'st the vóws,
When át high nóon,
Alás, too sóon!
(Ye Góds, why hád
That mórn a nóon?)
Ín the deep sháde
Of mýrtles láid,
His lónging árms
Exténded wíde
On éither síde,
Gásping, he críed:—
'Aúra, sweet Aúra,
Híther híe,
For thée I pánt,
For thée I díe!'
Thou héard'st his práyer;
Hear míne, sweet Air;
Híther repáir,
And sóftly blów,
And cóol this glów,
This héat assúage,
This fíery rage.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!
Woe! wóe! more wóe!
A déeper, rédder,
Fiercer glów!
Whose bréath is thát
Fánning the fíre?

Whose hánd heaps fúel
High and higher?
Sirócco hót,
I cálled thee nót;
Plágue-spot and déath
Are ín thy bréath;
Fróm thy crisp háir
Red méteors fláre;
Shrívelled and drý
Thy blóodshot eýe,
And néver yét
By kínd tear wét.
Hénce to thine ówn
Dry sándy zóne,
Where crócodíle
Infésts the Níle,
And rátttlesnáke
Lúrks in the bráke;
Hénce with thy bréath
Of plágue and déath;
And thóu, sweet Aír,
Híther repáir;
Air, Aír, sweet Aír,
Híther repáir.

Nymph débonnáire,
And frésh and fáir,
Elástic, gáy,
And yóung alwáy,
Air, Aír, sweet Aír,
Híther repáir.

Free móuntain-child,
Búoyant and wild,

Yet méek and míld,
Air, Aír, sweet Aír,
Híther repáir.

From bréezy híll
Where, néver still,
Whirs táll windmíll;
From whíspering shádc
Of cólonnáde
Or fórest gláde;
From rippling síde
Of river wide,
From wáving sédge
On blúe lake's édge,
Air, Aír, sweet Aír,
Híther repáir.

Cóme with perfúme
Of ápple blóom,
And mígnionétte
With frésh showers wét,
And bláckeyed béan,
Sweet ódours' Quéen,
And líly white,
Lóver's delíght,
And háwthorn gáy
In éarly Máy,
And háy new-mówn,
And róse just blówn;
Come, cóme, sweet Aír,
Híther repáir,
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

With músic cóme
Of wild bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill sóng,
Néver too lóng;
Or líquid nóte
From tóad's smooth thróat,
Or évening pláint
Of nightingále,
Or chúck-chuck fáint
Of ámorous quáil;
Or swéeter sóund
Of hárp or flúte.
Or óf thine ówn
Eólian lúte,
Or rústling léaves,
Or wáterfáll;
Or mán's deep vóice
Swéetest of áll;
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;
Híther repáir,
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,
I féel thee thére,
An ángel méek,
Kíssing my chéek,
And ín my háir
Wéaving thy déwy
Fingers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,
Thou héar'st my práyer,
And hóverest thére,
Chárming my cáre,
Stílling this thróe,
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I crý,
"Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!"

Pain-sóothing Air,
All dáy stay thére;
Stay thére all dáy,
The lívelong dáy,
And spórt and pláy,
Angélic méek,
Kíss my flushed chéek,
And ín my háir
Wéave thy lank fíngers
Cóol and báre;
And whén at níght
Thou ták'st thy flíght,
To móuntain héight,
Or whíspering shádе
Of cólonnáde
Or fórest gláde,
Or rippling síde
Of river wíde,
Or wáving sédge
On blúe lake's édge,
Léave in thy stéad
To wátch my héad,
And guárdian stánd
Abóut my béd,
Thy pláymate míld,
Health's plácid chíld,
Delícious Sléep;
Till át first péep
Of mórning líght
Thou cóm'st agáin,
Blithe-héarted sprite,

And bring'st me fresh,
New-born delight;
An urn of odours
Shak'st around,
And steep'st mine ears
In the full sound
Of the harmonious
Matin song,
With which all Nature's
Creatures throng
Before the footstool
Of their Queen,
Who has another
Sunrise seen.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the toe. BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

## THE POET.

A Poet is a spider, and his line,
As any cobweb's delicate and fine,
Spun into stanzas, in a corner lies,
And gathers dust and blue-mold, moths and flies.

A Poet is a maker of fine lace,
Brussels, Valenciennes, or Pays de Waes:
Upon the cushion of his brain all day
And half the night, the twirling bobbins play;
From pin to pin in endless dance they go,
Cross-hands and Queue-de-chat, and Dos-a-dos;

Túrn at the sídes, and sét, and dówn the míddle,
Ín as good time as if they héard the fíddle.

A Póet is a pástry-cook, and bákes
Ín his brain's óven, púddings, tóurts and cákes;
Fáncy 's his míller, thóught his bólted flóur,
Góod nature is his swéet, and íll his sóur;
Wit his fine sált, húmour his ratafíe;
Fór his short-cáke he must have ironý́.
Plain trúth 's his bátter, which he 's fórced to thín
With mány a wéll-meant líe — forgive the sín —
Élse the weak stómach it were súre to clóy,
Ánd with fierce cólic páins the bówels annóy.

Your Póet's tárts of épigrams are máde,
Of élegies his órange mármaláde,
Sónnets and sóngs his bárnbracks are and búns,
And pónderous épics are his sállelóns.
Wide o'er the wórld the réputátion flíes
Of his romántic cúrrant and rhúbarb píes;
None skílled like hím to béat up húman vice
And húman fólly ínto páncake nice
Which he calls sátyr, délicatest tréat
Where whólesome bítter 's híd in lúscious swéet.
Táught by expérience dire how wéary slów
Works bréwer's bárm to ráise a Póet's dóugh,
When préssed for time he úses ránt instéad,
And finds it ánswer wóndrous wéll, 'tís sáid.
Where vúlgar cóoks throw bíts of cássia ín,
Or láurel léaves, or órange-páring thín,
Or pínch of gráted nutmeg, ór a squéeze
Of lémon juice, men's várious tástes to pléase,
Our Póet úses for the sélfsame énd
The nóbler gífts the líberal Múses sénd:

Figures of spéech and trópes and símilés,
He knóws, are súre the léarned táste to pléase;
But símpler héarts by símpler árts are wón,
Bróad innuéndo, fárce, and jólly pún.
So évery time he séts abóut to báke,
Whéther it púdding bé or pie or cáke,
The séasoning is the thing that first demánds
The thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórming hánds;
An érror hére and áll his lábour 's lóst;
Time, fire and swéat, and the matérials' cóst;
This lást, some sáy howéver, is but smáll
Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.
But bé that ás it will, one thing is súre,
His púdding, ónce ill-séasoned, 's pást all cúre:
Not áll the stréams of Hélicon's sácred híll,
Not áll the dews Parnássus' tóps distíl,
Of Býron's púddings cóuld abáte the sténch,
Of Býron's pies the súlphurous ódour quénch:
Not éven Apóllo's sélf with áll his Níne,
Góds though they bé, and évery háir divíne,
Could give to wíshy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh
One smáck, by which the uninfórmed might knów
Thát 'twas real píecrust báked in póet's bráin,
And nót shoemáker's páste from Gólden Láne.
Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd
The párting cóunsel óf your cómmon fríend,
In cóoking póetry and cóoking pies,
The rúle 's the sáme and ín small cómpass líes;
Néver on gráins and hálf grains péddling stánd,
Throw lárgely ín, God lóves a líberal hánd.
Let nó bold spírit tó the práise aspíre
Of mástership of púdding-pan or lýre,
So lóng as ín his héart's core lúrks one spíce
Of pársimony's méan and ódious více.

Cúrsed be the cóok, that first with frúgal cáre
Cut ráisins into síxths, good frúit to spáre,
And in his dóugh one síxth here drópped, one thére;
Of Milestone Púdding whénce the sóubriquét
To him and tó his héirs down tó this dáy;
And cúrsed the póet, whó with óne poor thóught
Cút into síxths, the first dull Sónnet wróught,
Let dróp a síxth in évery sécond líne,
Then clápped his hánds and cálled his wórk divíne.

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852.

## DIRGE

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Óne.
Anóther hóur its wórk has dóne,
And flówn awáy viewless as áir,
Whére to be fóund agáin? Ah! whére?
Six times nine yéars have rólled awáy,
Sínce at this hóur, on this same dáy,
A hélpless néw-born bábe I láy,
Ín a fond móther's árms carésséd,
Lúlled by a móther's vóice to rést,
And nóurished át a móther's bréast.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Twó.
How swíft life's sánds an hóur run thróugh!
Five times five yéars have ó'er me spéd,
Since in my árms my child lay déad,
Júst at this hóur reléased from páin,
My firstborn child, my Máry Jáne;

A páinful bréath fóur mónths she dréw;
'Twas áll of this sad wórld she knéw.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Thrée.
'Léarn what thou árt,' it sáys, 'from mé:
A púlse, a sóund, a móment's chíme,
A rípple ón the flóod of time.'

It thrílls me tó the bósom's córe
To héar that áwful vóice cry — Fóur.
The sáme its crý when Bállitóre
Échoed alóng its híllside hóar
My sécond ínfant's fúneral knéll,
And sád and slów my téardrops fell
Ón my dead Ánna Ísabél.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Fíve.
Ah, héartless són! that cóuldst survíve
The clósing ín etérnal night
Of thóse kind eýes, that póured their light,
Néver bút with néw delight,
On thée, a móther's hópe and jóy,
Her fírstborn child, her bést loved bóy.
Héavy and slów seven yéars have pássed,
Since I behéld her bréathe her lást;
Since in the róom her fáther díed,
Her wéeping children át her síde,
She méekly whíspered: — "Ít is déath" —
And blésséd us with her párting bréath.
Séventy six yéars had ó'er her rólled,
Yet whó had cálled my móther óld?
So cléar her vóice, so bright her eýe,
Her stép so fúll of dígnitý,
And Óh! her héart as wárm as éver,

And tóward her lóved ones áltered néver.
We láid her cáse̊d in pítch beside
Him, that in yóuth called Káte his bride,
The móther óf his children five,
Queen-bée of óur doméstic hive.
Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,
Ye shared each óther's hópes and féars,
Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.
Your hópes, fears, jóys, and téars all pást,
Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,
Ín your bléssing children blést,
Side by síde for éver rést.

Síx — is the túrret's áwful crý,
Wárning all mén that áll must díe,
Léave the sweet air and life and light,
And lie down in etérnal night;
But mé more thán the rést that crý
Wárns that áll who live must die,
For súch the crý I héard that night
From Árco tówer, when mý delight,
My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,
And wént the róad whence nóne retúrn.
Nine dáys and níghts I wátched her béd,
Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—
"I díe, dear James, and ám contént;
Twénty three yéars with thée I've spént,
A háppy bride, mothér, and wife,
The háppiest óf my yéars of life:
Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometímes
Think, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chímes,
Of hér, who with thee héars them nów
Fór the last time, and Óh! may'st thóu,
Whén they ring fórth thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resígned as Í."
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidlý
Her eýes uplífting, gázed at mé
A móment's spáce; then dróoped her héad,
Ánd in a trémulous whísper sáid:—
"And íf thou éver chánce to wéd,
All bléssings fáll upón the héad
Óf thy new bríde, and máy'st thou bé
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.
And nów all 's dóne, but tó resígn
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne
This ríng, to kéep while thóu hast bréath,
And gíve, when strikes thine hóur of déath,
Tó our dear chíld, our Kátharíne,
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne."
Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,
Whíle she contínued yét to spéak,
Whíle from her hánd the ríng she drém,
Séttled death's pále and áshy húe,
Ánd her exténded hánd fell cóld,
The ríng upón the pávement rólled,
And Ánn Jane is — a tále that 's tóld.
Where Álmonds scátter théir perfúme,
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,
Within the sóund of Sárca's wáve
We láid her ín her lónely gráve,
Till bígotrý should céase to ráve;
For Árco's bígots, tó the shámc
Of áll who béar the Chrístian's náme,
Agáinst her clósed their chúrchyard gáte;
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,
And hów no córpse should búried bé
In fáithful córpses' cómpaný,

That hád not, ére it díed, confésséd
Tó the same crédence ás the rést.
Twice thírty dáys we vísitéd
On Sárca's síde her lónely béd,
And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,
And wépt the mórnful hóurs awáy;
But whén the Péach its blóom had shéd,
And Ápril's látest dáys were spéd,
And pétty Árco's bígotrý
Begán to rámp less fúriouslý,
We cóme with spádes at déad of níght,
And with the lántern's flíckering líght,
And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy
Raise silentlý, and béar awáy
To whére on lónely Céole's híll
Gáped the tile búrner's blázing kíln.
Two hóurs befóre the rísing sún,
The héat inténse its wórk has dóne,
Ánd with the rélics ín an úrn,
Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrn.
Spéedy and shórt our lást adieú
To Árco ánd its zéalot créw.
Forgíve them héaven; and íf their créed
The ónly trúe one bé indéed,
Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve
By déeds, not óf ill will, but lóve.

Sé'ven — is the túrret's áwful crý;
Lónely wídower whý not díe?
Why líve where óthers smíle to sígh,
And móurn thy dáys of jóy gone bý?
A wídower, bút not lónely, Í,
So pléasant ís my cómpaný:
A bróther ánd dear sisters thrée

Péople this wíldernéss for mé,
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,
If é'er to sádness Í incline,
Bids me fór her déar sake chéer,
And kísses fróm my líds the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Éight.
Éárly lét it cóme or láte,
Cálm and conténted Í awáit,
The arrival óf the appóinted dáte,
Last límit óf my hópes and féars,
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

Níne — is the túrret's áwful crý:
Kátharine, my child, thou tóo must díe;
And Óh! when Í think ón 't I sígh,
Perháps withóut one kínd hand nígh,
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.
Éven while thy púlse of lífe beats hígh,
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,
Kátharine, my child, let nót thine eýe
Too fóndly rést on vánitý;
Lóve not too múch this wórld of strífe;
At bést a dóubtful bóon is lífe:
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nígh,
Héir of thy móther's énergý,
Awáy from lífe thy clósing eýe
Túrn, and withóut a síngle sígh,
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse
Nót of joys ónly, bút of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — Tén.
Whó would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Agáin the unéqual cóntest wáge
With páin and sickness, grief and áge;
See, óne by óne, his pléasures flý,
See, óne by óne, his lóved ones díe,
See Vice triumphant, Virtue póor,
The próud man's scóffs and scórns endúre,
Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,
Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;
Wríthe under wróngs unmérited,
Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;
Ór for sórrows nót his ówn
Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,
Ánd for griefs he cánnot héal
Únaváiling ánguish féel;
Whó is hé, so fónd of páin,
Thát would live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Eléven — 's the túrret's áwful crý:
To cóunt my sórrows lét me trý;
False friends, vain hópes, declining áge;
O! láy me in some hérmitáge,
Fár from the wórld's discórdant járs,
Beyónd its énvies, feúds, and wárs;
Beyónd the bígot séctaries' réach,
Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.
Thére on the díal I'll fíx mine eýe,
And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;
One, twó, three, fóur, five, six, and séven;
Fóllowed by éight, nine, tén, eléven;
The hóurs shall bé my hómilies,
On évery hóur I'll móralise,
Ánd to the héart a lésson réad
Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

Twélve — is the túrret's áwful crý:
The mídnight móon is ríding hígh,
I héar the fítful night-breeze sígh,
I héar the móping ówlet crý;
Vísions óf the dáys gone bý
Flít befóre my hálf-closed eýe;
With my néw-betróthed I róve,
Ín the whíspering áspen gróve,
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;
My rìght arm 's clásped abóut her wáist,
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;
But whénce that shríek, that súdden stárt?
Whý that convúlsive béat of héart?
My lóve, my lífe, what dóst thou féar?
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?
A winding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;
And thén I stúmble ón tomb-stónes;
And fáll intó a néw-made gráve;
Chínless skúlls its bóttom páve;
Strings of téeth festóon its sídes;
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guídes
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?
"Make háste, my Jámes, why dóst thou stáy?
Tomórrow is our wédding dáy;
Héar'st not the túrret clóck strike Óne?
Pút this ring thy fínger ón;
Hást forgót '*Auf éwig dein*,'
Thíne I ám and thóu art míne;
Cóme, my Jámes, and lét us síng
The scróll upón our wédding ring;
Thíne I ám, and thóu art míne;
Cóme let's síng '*Auf éwig dein.*'

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's awáy,
Tomórrow is our wédding dáy."
I wóke, and Í was áll alóne;
The móon in át the window shóne;
I réad the scróll upón the ríng,
But nóne was thére the scróll to síng;
And ás I sát there áll alóne,
The túrret's áwful vóice cried — One.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN from Sept. 22nd to Oct. 1rst 1852.

## Trauerlied

### für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Engliſchen des

**Dr. James Henry**

in's Deutſche übertragen von

**B. Carneri.**

Mit ernſter Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!
Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht
Und iſt entfloh'n, unſichtbar wie die Luft;
Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man ſie wieder fände?
Sechsmal neun Jahre ſind dahin gerollt,
Seit ich an dieſem Tag, um dieſe Stunde,
Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,
Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umſchlungen,
In Ruh' gelullt von einer Mutter Stimme,
An einer Mutter Bruſt genährt.

Des Thurmes ernſte Stimme rufet: Zwei!
Wie ſchnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebensſand!
Fünfmal fünf Jahr' ſind über mich gegangen,
Seit todt mein Kind in dieſen Armen lag;
Um dieſe Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,
Ach, Mary Jane[1], mein erſtes Kind, befreit;
Vier Monde peinlich athmen, dies war alles,
Was ſie gekannt von dieſer düſtern Welt.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernſter Stimme: Drei!
"Von mir" — ſpricht's — "lerne, was du biſt: ein Schwingen,
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenſpiel, —
"Im Zeitenſtrom ein Wellenſchlag."

Mit ernſter Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Vier!
Mir rieſelt's bis in's Innerſte des Herzens!
Es war derſelbe Ruf, als Ballitore
Das Zügenglöckchen meines zweiten Kindes
Die grauen Berg' entlang erſchallen ließ,
Als trüb' und langſam meine Thränen ſanken
Auf meine todte Anna Iſabell.

Des Thurmes ernſte Stimme rufet: Fünf!
Herzloſer Sohn, du konnteſt 's überleben,
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen ſchloß,
Die ſtets mit immer ſich erneuerndem
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergoſſen,
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,
Das erſtgebor'ne Kind, den meiſtgeliebten Sohn.
Langſam und ſchwer hinſchwanden ſieben Jahre,
Seit ich geſeh'n ihr letztes Athmen,
Seit im Gemach, wo einſt ihr Vater ſtarb,
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s iſt der Tod" —

Und uns geſegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.
Sieben und ſiebzig Jahre waren über
Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch
Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!
So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,
So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,
Und, oh, ihr Herz ſo warm als je
Und gegen ihre Lieben ſtets daſſelbe!
Wir legten ſie, mit Harz umgoſſen, Dem
Zur Seite, der in ſeiner Jugend
Kate[2] ſeine Braut genannt,
Die Mutter der fünf Kinder ſein,
Die Königin in unſerm Immenhaus.
Robert und Kate[2], ſechsmal ſechs Jahr'
Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,
Einer des Andern Luſt und Schmerz getheilt;
Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Luſt und Schmerz entſchwanden,
Ruh't endlich, Kate[2] und Robert, ruhet,
Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,
Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernſter Stimme: Sechs!
Und mahnet All', daß Alle müſſen ſterben
Und laſſen von der ſüßen Luft, vom Licht,
Vom Leben, — um ſich hinzulegen
In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern
Mahnt dieſer Ruf, daß Alle,
Die leben, ſterben müſſen;
Denn dieſen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht
Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,
Als meine Ann Jane[1] mich der Trauer überließ,
Hingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.
Neun Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfühl bewacht;
Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, ſprach ſie:

"Ich sterbe, theurer James[3], und bin's zufrieden;
"Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,
"Beglückte Braut und Weib und Mutter, —
"Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.
"Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,
"Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,
"Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört
"Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,
"Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,
"So glücklich und ergeben seyn, als ich!" —
Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick
Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilchen an;
Dann senkte sie das Haupt und lispelte mit Beben:
"Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,
"Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen
"Herniederträufeln auf die neue Braut,
"Und mögest Du mit ihr
"So glücklich seyn, wie einst mit mir.
"Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,
"Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst
"Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,
"Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,
"Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,
"Du unserm theuern Kinde,
"Du unsrer Katharine[4] ihn gebst,
"Ein Angedenken Dein und meiner Liebe." —
Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimm', und während sie
Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,
Festsetzte sich des Todes blasse Farbe
Auf ihren Wangen;
Erkaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,
Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder
Und Ann Jane[1] ist — ein Sang, der ausgesungen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelbäum' ergießen,
Des Lenzes Nah'n die Pfirſichblüte kündet
Und wohin noch des Sarca Brauſen reicht,
Verſenkten wir ſie in ihr einſam Grab,
Bis Frömmelei zu wüthen aufgehört;
Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmler,
Zur Schande Aller, die ſich Chriſten nennen,
Des Friedhofs Thore zugeſchlagen.
Oh, hättet Ihr ſie nur gehört
Von Ketzerei und Glaube faſeln,
Und wie man Keinen, der ſich nicht vor'm Sterben
Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,
Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —
Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' beſuchten wir
An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlaſſ'nes Bett,
Und vor dem Grabeshügel,
Gelagert auf dem Raſen,
Verweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.
Und als die Pfirſichblüte war gefallen,
April zu Ende war, die Frömmelei
Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig raſ'te,
Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,
Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenſtille
Der Nacht, und hoben ſchweigend aus den Schollen
Leichnam und Truhe, brachten ſie hinan,
Wo von des ſtillen Eeole Hügeln
Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.
Zwei Stunden vor Sonnaufgang hatte
Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne
Die Ueberreſte, langten ungefährdet wir
Zu Hauſe an, und ſagten kurz und eilig
Arco und ſeiner Frömmlerſchaar Fahrwohl.
Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich
Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre iſt,

So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern
Bevölkern diese Wildniß mir;
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,
Dann bittet meine Katharine,
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,
Und küßt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Acht!
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft
Der festgesetzten Stunde,
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Aengsten,
All' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!
O Katharine[4], mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe seyn,
Die Deine Lippen netze, Deine Augen schließe!
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,
Laß, Katharine[4], mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht
Zu glühend auf dem Eiteln ruhen;

Lieb' dieſe Welt des Streitens nicht zu ſehr;
Im beſten Fall iſt dieſes Leben
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter ſterben ſahſt,
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,
Nein, auch der Leiden Abſchluß ſey.

Mit ernſter Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Zehn!
Wer möchte ſeine Stunden wieder leben
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,
Und ſeh'n, wie ſeine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,
Wie ſeine Lieben nach einander ſterben,
Und Laſter im Triumph
Und Tugend tief im Elend ſeh'n;
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen
Und in der Antichambre harren,
Der Großen Hofſtaat zu vergrößern;
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,
Das Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder
Für Schmerzen, die nicht ſeine eig'nen ſind,
Des Mitleids Aechzen wieder ächzen,
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,
Fruchtloſe Todesangſt empfinden;
Wer iſt in's Leiden ſo vernarrt, daß er
Noch einmal möchte ſeine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernſte Stimme rufet: Eilf!
Laß mich verſuchen, meine Leiden aufzuzählen:
Treuloſe Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter... legt, oh, legt in eine
Einsiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt
Mistönender Entzweiung, ferne
Von ihres Neides Fehd' und Krieg,
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Eilf,
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden seyn;
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszünftler Credo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;
Die Nachtluft seufzt und seufzt,
Der Uhu schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,
Und Bilder aus vergang'nen Tagen schweben
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.
Mit meiner Neuverlobten wandle ich
Durch einen Hain von Zitterpappeln;
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.
Doch woher dieser Schrei,
Dies plötzliche Zusammenfahren?
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhaft?
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürre
Gebeine!
Und über Grabgesteine strauchle ich
Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;
Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund
Und angereihte Zähne kränzen seine Wände.
Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet
Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?
"Eile, mein James[3], was zauderst Du?
"'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!
"Horch! Hoch vom Thurme schlägt es Eins.
"An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.
"Hast Du vergessen das 'Auf ewig Dein?' —
"Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!
"Oh komm, mein James[3], und laß uns singen
"Die Inschrift un'res Eherings;
"Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!
"Komm, singen wir 'Auf ewig Dein!'
"Eile, mein James[3], und laß uns fort,
"'s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag." —
Ich wachte auf und war allein,
Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.
Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;
Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,
Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,
Rief's hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

**Wien**, November 1852.

(1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
(2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
(3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.
(4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

## WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;
Whatéver thíngs have máde a róut,
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéen;
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;
In Scótland Í 've seen Hólyróod,
And cút a stick in Bírnam Wóod,
And cárried it to Dúnsináne
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod
Of Scótland's kíng, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,
Ánd admired the city cléan,
Strólled in its párks and álleys gréen,
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;
And ón the mónument óf the bráve
Who díed their fátherlánd to sáve,
Ánd lie móuldering ín one gráve,
The náme of évery héro réad,
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,
Éach has éarned his wréath of fáme,
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,
If áll, like mé, had time to réad,
And trávelled with so little spéed.

Out of Bélgium into Fránce;
Nót to stáy, but táke a glánce
Át the éver réstless nátion,
That lóves to spréad such cónsternátion
Ámongst Éurope's lórds despótic,
Yét by áll its pránks Quixótic
Hás but gót a stróng-er máster,
And ríveted its fétters fáster.
Lóuis Náp, I thóught thee éver,
Éven when óthers díd not, cléver;
And thóugh I wish thou hadst béen more lóth
To bréak the sánction óf an óath,
I thánk thee fór thy cástigátion
Of pópulár représentátion,
That quíntessénce, by súblimátion,
Óf the worst fóllies óf a nátion;
And thát thou hást a-pácking sént
The jób they cáll a párliamént;
That vást club óf etérnal práters,
That Pándemónium óf debáters,
That séll their véry sóuls for pláces,
And chéat like jóckies át the ráces.

In Switzerlánd I 've séen Mont Blánc
Híding his héad the clóuds amóng;
Díned on cóld Mont Ánvert's tóp,
And púrchased knick-knacks át the shóp
Just ópened ón the shívering síde
Óf the míghty glácier wíde
By trávellers cálled the Mér de Gláce,
And thére they gót me ón an áss,
That bróught me, úp the dízzy páss
Of Cól de Bálme, to thé Valáis,
Where snúg in Gémmi's báths I láy

And stéwed mysélf the lívelong dáy,
And díned on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;
Then óver Símplon máde my wáy,
Like Hánnibál, to Ítalý,
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.
And thére I sáw the fámous rópe-
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta
In which he rówed his Guícciolétta,
Ánd the tómes whence hé compíled
Licéntious Júan ánd The Chílde.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,
Thé Cathédral's Cámpanile,
A wónderfúl tall bélfry réally;
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,
The míghty búried déad amóng,
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti
And Míchel Ángelo Búonarótti;
Wóndered at Giotto's wánt of shádc,
Ánd why Címabúe máde
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Písa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;
Its véry gáteway hálf divíne;
But whý its tówer should só incline
Out óf the pérpendicular líne,
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

Áfter pains-táking tó discóver,
And éndless béating óf my bráin
Some thrée long súmmer-dáys in váin,
I túrned abóut in shéer despáir,
And, ás I fóund it, léft it thére,
A cólumn léaning ón the áir,
To púzzle árchitéctural ságes
As lóng as stóne-masóns get wáges.

Shóuld I begín to téll of Róme
I 'd scárce end ére the dáy of dóom:
Besídes I have given to Róme befóre
Twénty five páges, léss or móre,
Ín that gáthering óf Windfálls,
Which évery grúbbing wít so máuls,
Scrátches and scrápes and cláws all óver
With his crów-foot, tó discóver
Some crácк or fláw to péck and bite at,
Ánd, to éarn a pénny, wríte at.
Só if a skétch of Róme conténт ye,
Ín my Windfalls yé 'll find twénty;
If móre ye wánt, bid Gód keep hóme;
And óff acróss the Álps to Róme.

Three wéeks I wás in Náples Í
Scarce tóok my eýes off thé blue ský.
How sóft, how swéet, how límpid cléar
The Néapólitan átmosphére,
Ye cánnot háve a nótion hére,
Upón whose héads so héavy lówers,
Chárged with fógs and mists and shówers,
This árctic hémisphére of óurs.
Thrice lóvely Náples, whén I díe,
Lét me, benéath thy víolet ský,

Sómewhere néar the Mántuan líe,
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde
Clóse by the físher hút be láid,
Beside the símple físhermáid,
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme
That Gául takes príde in, tó her sháme.

Had Mílan nóthing bút her Dóme,
Mílan were sécond scárce to Róme;
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow
Tínging the clústered cólumns yéllow,
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde
Flíng their déep and sólemn sháde,
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In Gérmany, as áll agrée,
Are mány cúrious things to sée:
Lét us óur begínning máke
At dírty Hámburg, fór the sáke
Of éase and pérspicúity,
For thére my íll fate lánded mé
Óut of clean Énglanḍ; grievouslý
Thróugh my nérves olfáctorý
Hámburg's dírt offénded mé;

Nór less shócked mine eýes to sée
The ínky flóods that dówn the stréet
Rán in the dríest súmmer héat,
When sólstice súns baked mé alíve
And Réaumur stóod at thírty fíve.
Escáped from Hámburg's fílth and smóke,
Ánd its kéen commércial fólk,
Tó the Hártz I táke my wáy,
To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy
Abóut me frée, and blów awáy
Fróm my frésh-washed skín and shírt
The ódour óf the Hámburg dírt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,
Ánd at the lóng and blácк beards stáre
Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,
That wére I nót a Chrístian bórn,
Í would endúre the Christian's scórn
For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,
And Ísrael's únbelieving créed,
To wín the privilége to wéar.
Ón my own chín, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék
Ánd still gránder Pinacothék
Bég you 'll nót one fáult discóver
In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:
And gréat Bavária, giant táll,
Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,
In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's príde,
With the grim Lion át her side,
Hólds the wréath of hónor fórth
Tó reward the híghest wórth.

In Cónstance Í 've seen Húss's céll,
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wéll,
Fór his cónscience ánd his lífe,
Agáinst the fágot ánd the knífe.

In Drésden Í 've the híghly prízed
Sístine Madónna críticized,
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trúe,
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,
Ánd the two líttle ímps belów
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,
With their duck's wings, and fóolish grín,
And élbows própping úp their chín.
The réason whý I só admíre
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquíre,
It ís not thát they 're óver cívil,
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,
Ór that their hóuses dó not stínk
Like ány chárnel-váult or sínk;
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke
Óf their right róyal Bibliothék,
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,
To úse as íf it wére my ówn,
And rével thére, the whóle day lóng,
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,
Till, tíred, I túrn for récreátion
To Klémm, and tálk of Civilisátion,*
Oft wóndering how sáusage-fúll
Of knówledge ís the Gérman skúll.

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* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8vo. his Cultur-Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.

In Prágue I 've séen the Clémentínum,
Laurénzibérg and Cárolínum,
And Dálibórka's dónjon táll,
And Ládisláus' góthic háll,
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,
That high up in the Hrádschin 's húng,
In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,
That sílent tóngue's quondám posséssor,
Whó in the Móldau's mídnight tide,
Thé conféssional's mártyr, died.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have séen
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wíen;
Wíth its San Stéphan's Thúrm so high,
And Práter lów, and gáy Bastei,
And Eisenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;
And hád my tóe by á Fiácre
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh
Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.
So clóse and nárrow — whát a píty! —
The crówded stréets of thát great city,
Such jóstling ín them, crúshing, stríving,
Such cárting, whéelbarro'ing and dríving,
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;
But wíll-ye, n'íll-ye, ín must póp
Ínto pórte-cochère or shóp,
In óne street's léngth ten times at léast,
If yóu 'd not give work tó the príest
And nótary and úndertáker,
And lóng farewéll bid tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,
Áll these cúrious things to téll,

Thére 's a thíng more cúrious stíll,
Which, if I cán describe, I will;
Tóo many wórds mar sénse, 'tis sáid,
So whát I méan 's a Gérman béd.
A wóol-stuffed pincushión, I wéen,
Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;
Quadrángulár, wood ón each síde,
And twice as lóng as ít is wíde.
Sét this pincúshion ón four féet,
And, ón its óne end, pillows néat
Some hálf a dózen togéther píle —
Náy, gentlest réader, dó not smile;
True Gérman néver *líes* in béd,
But *sits*, and léans his wéary héad
Báckwards agáinst such stéep incline
As gives exáctly éighty nine
For the ángle's méasure which his spíne
Mákes with the hórizóntal líne.
With his one shéet benéath him spréad
Thus sits the Gérman ín his béd,
And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight
Suppórts his *Féderdéckbett's* wéight,
That léaves his féet and ánkles báre
To shíver ín the míd-night áir:
Yet nót one wórd will hé compláin,
Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,
Of blánket ór of cóunterpáne,
With áll his tóil and áll his swéat,
No cléar *Begríff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súng or ráther sáid,
Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd
The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution níce,
While on each side a précipice
Four féet down pérpendicular,
Forbids one wéary jóint to stir
Éither to léft side ór to right,
Thróugh the whole lívelong winter night;
And thréatens évery déviátion
From réctilíneal réclinátion
Alóng the middle óf the críb,
With bróken héad or bróken ríb.
Your Gérman, whó admírer wárm is
Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutíssimus dórmis*"
Ís the true réading, ánd your "*ibis*"
The intérpolátion óf some scríbe is,
Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,
Good fáther Sól had ín his héad,
Whén he admónished his rash són,
Fídgetty, réstless Pháëton,
Right in the míddle tó keep stráight,
Íf he dislíked a bróken páte.
The góod advíce did bút annóy
The síllу, sélf-concéited bóy,
Who, tíred of thé exáct straight líne,
Fídged to the síde of thé incline,
And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,
Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,
Wás by his wéeping sísters móurned
Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd
Thy stéps to Gérmany, a friend
Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld
Persúade thee, if he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thée, not óne poor páir
Of blánkets, fróm the midnight áir
Thy hips, sides, shóulders tó defénd;
But bring with thée, so sáys thy fríend,
Bédstead and bédding áll compléte,
Six féet in léngth and wide five féet;
So sháll the astónished *Kéllnerín*,
Whén at daybréak she brings thee in
Thy cúp of cóffee, find thee wárm,
And sáfe escáped all nightly hárm
Of dámp or fróst or súdden fáll;
And wónder hów it cómes at áll,
There shóuld be in the wórld a rúg,
So fléecy sóft, so cózy snúg,
Yét of the vást, unhéard-of síze,
A mán to cóver ás he líes
Strétched at full léngth, and háng down wide
Belów the béd on éither síde.

Réader, farewéll; and párdon mé,
Some winter's night in Gérmaný
If scánty cóverlet, stéep high béd,
And frózen tóes or bróken héad
Máke thee remémber whát I 've sáid.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHEN in the PUSTERTHAL, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

# MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh wáshed, and crávat néat,
And wórsted sócks upón my féet,
And shóes half wórn and néwly sóled,
And dóuble póckets líned with góld,
And ón my héad brown Wíde-awáke
Cócked on one síde for fáshion's sáke,
And gráy Alpácha líght and wárm
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,
And sílk umbrélla in my hánd,
Behóld me in a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,
Bring rúmbling with them, íf they pléase,
Valíse and trúnk and équipáge,
Ánd, at Boulógne, courier engáge,
To sít upón coach-bóx in státe,
And fór Milórd inside transláte;
Or, fórward sént, annóunce the appróach
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy
Ín the impátient tráveller's wáy
Pást every óbject wórth the viéw
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:
But Í profess anóther créed,
And dífferent fár my ráte of spéed,
And féw and smáll the hélps I néed;

Trunk, bóx, or équipáge, I 've nóne;
And ás for cóurier — I 'm my ówn:
And yét I gó not áll alóne,
For át my síde is álways óne
Whose swéet compánionship more swéet
Makes évery óbject which I méet;
More sóft the áir, the ský more blúe,
Each fíeld and flówer more bright of húe,
The mórn more frésh, less gráve the éven;
And whére she bréathes there ís my héaven.

An hóur befóre the mátin chíme,
I héar a vóice:— "To ríse it 's time;"
And thén I féel a dáughter's kíss —
"The mórning hóur we múst not míss;
No móre of sléep; the ský is bright;
We 've twénty míles to máke ere níght;
Make háste, Papá." And thén she brings
Those ítems which the séx call things,
And mén their clóthes; cravát and vést,
Coat, shírt and stóckings — ánd the rést;
And while, with éver ánd anón
Her hélping hánd, I pút them ón,
Reminds me hów the minutes páss,
And mákes brief tóilette át the gláss.
Drésing achieved, we húrry dówn
Tó the *Gast-Stúbe;* múddy brówn
Whose náked tábles, wálls and flóor,
Cúshionless séats and óft-turned dóor;
Our cóffee ín all háste despátch,
Dischárge our réckoning, ráise the látch,
And, while aróund the whole hóusehold crý
'*Glúckliche Réise*,' bíd good býe,
And óut upón our róad agáin,

Alóng the válley, 'cróss the pláin,
Through village, hámlet, city, tówn,
Now úp the móuntain ánd then dówn.

Nów by the síde of rippling láke,
Lingering, slów, our wáy we táke;
And wátch with éver néw delight
The fréaks of thé reflécted light;
Hów from wáve to wáve it glánces,
Hów it shívers, hów it dánces;
Hére spread óut so wárm and méllow
Únder some sóft cloud's mórning yéllow,
There wrínkling bláck benéath the frówn
Of yón o'erhánging móuntain brówn.

Nów our wáy leads thróugh the sháde
By sýcamóre and wálnut máde;
Whére the béech spreads óverhéad,
Ánd the rówan bérries réd
Droop gráceful fróm their sléndер stálk:
Pléasant indéed it ís to wálk
Únder this éver-várying scréen,
This twínkling cánopy of gréen,
And wátch the tímid squírrel spring,
And héar the shý wood thróstle síng;
Or péering dówn some dím-lit áisle
Of pláne or póplar, sée defíle
Óut of the thícket ánd the sháde
Ínto the sún-illúmined gláde
The réd deer's státely cávalcáde;
Like tráin of mónks from thé dark dóor
Of sácristy or clóister hóar,
Forth ísssuing intó the bríght,
Illúmináted cháncel's líght.

And nów with líghtsome fóotstep frée,
We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa
With eúphrasy and dáisy pied,
Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,
Whére a thóusand níbbling shéep
Súch a tínkle tínkle kéep;
And sée the shépherd ón a róck
Séated ténd his wóolly flóck;
Róund his néck his whístle 's húng,
'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;
Émblem and éngine óf commánd,
His séven-foot cróok 's in his right hánd;
In váin, bold rám, that thréatening lóok,
Thine hínd leg 's ín the mérciless cróok;
Submít, proud rám; thy strúggle váin
Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.
And nów, "whee! whée!" his whístle shrill
Commánds his dóg down fróm the hill
To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bite,
The stúrdy wédder, thát in spite
Of shówers of cláy from thé crook's scóop
Has dáred to strággle fróm the tróop.

A róugher scéne salútes us nów;
Lean óver yónder róck's steep brów;
Héar what an úproar réigns belów;
Sée how the héadlong tórrent rúshes,
Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,
Hów from róck to róck it túmbles,
Héar how the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—
"Take cáre my child, come fást awáy,
Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."
"Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;
Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and híss,
Ás they plúnge intó the abýss,
Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,
Ánd with dámpness fílled the áir,
See yónder whát a lóvely Bów
Spáns the áwful chásm belów,
Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,
Ánd the víolet's ténderer húe;
Bridge búilt for thé new-wédded bríde
Óf some fáiry king to ríde,
Bý her róyal cónsort's síde,
Ón her prancing pálfrey pied,
Sáfe acróss the stéep ravine,
Tó the cástle néver séen
Bý presúmptuous mórtal eýe,
Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,
Ánd from báttlemént and tówer
The phántom wátch have cálled the hóur:
Then sádden ón the astónished sight
Búrsts the cástle blázing bríght
With a thóusand tápers' líght;
Ánd on the éar peals fróm withín
The Mándolín's right mérry dín,
And sóng and dánce and révelrý
Lást till the phántom wátch cry — Thréé;
Whén in a trice the lights are out,
Húshed in a trice song, dánce and shóut,
Ánd the enchánted cástle 's góne,
Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,
To márk the síte it stóod upón:
Till at the sáme hour thé next night,
With its thóusand tápers bríght,
It búrsts agáin upón the síght;
And sóng and dánce and jóllitý

Agáin last till the wátch cry — Thrée;
When áll at ónce from mórtal kén
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;
And the éarly tráveller thróugh the wóod
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The midday sún has scáled the sky;
Our páth leads úp a móuntain high;
Grádual at first, then stéep and shéer;
How dwíndled dówn to míce appéar
The shéep, that ón yon hills belów
Grázing we léft two hours agó!
Our fórest friends have óne by óne
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:
Soft Willow first begán to wáil
And wéep that shé had léft the válе;
Then Póplar tíred, and céased to climb,
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther time,
But nów would ráther stáy with Líme:
Next stúrdy Oák stopped fár belów,
And Wálnut cóuld no fúrther gó,
And Cýpress shívered with the cóld,
And Chésnut wás too stíff and óld,
And sáid that úp the stéep incline
We néeded bút stout hárdy Píne
For cómpaný; for hé was lóng
Inúred to dwéll those héights amóng,
Ánd would néither tire nor stóp
But kéep close bý us tó the tóp.
Sweet wórds of cómfort, Chésnut bláнd,
And fálse as swéet, thou hast still at hánd;
Móre than a góod half hóur agó
Stout Píne grew tíred, and stáid belów,
Gásping for bréath: and sáid that hé

Was lóth to párt good cómpaný,
But cóuld not béar an áltitúde
Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.
Só, while thou tóil'st up lífe's steep hill,
Thou 'rt léaving fríends behind thee stíll;
And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,
And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;
And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,
That tó thy yóuth gave cómpaný:
And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,
Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,
Unléss, for mútual shíeld from hárm,
Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,
Or sóme dear síster wálks beside,
Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a bríde
In háppy fétters; ór a míld
And dútiful dáughter, líke my chíld,
Mý beloved Kátharine, hóvers néar,
Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,
Úp to the high móuntains, úp with mé;
Belów thee léave the shéltered glén,
Dótted with the abódes of mén;
Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;
Fár belów in the dístance dím,
Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,
With his dun óxen ánd his lóad
Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;
Fár belów leave the lást green spót
Ánd the highest *Sc'nner's* lónely cót;
Ánd with unwéaried límb and bréath
Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brown héath,
Whose mátted fíbres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,
Clóthes with a déeper quággier móld
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.
Spríngíng from túft to túft acróss,
Thou hast léft behínd bog, héath and móss,
Ánd with no jót of vígour léss
Toilst úp the stóny wíldernéss
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,
The fíner débris sánd and cláy,
Léaving the grósser stónes behínd
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórn,
And grádual dówn the sáme path bórne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy síght?
"Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and ríght;
Befóre, behínd, stones, ónly stónes,
Thick strówn as déadmen's móuldering bónes
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor."
Look úp abóve thee; whát see'st móre?
"The gáunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,
By mány a tórrent rávined déep,
Each rávine énding ín a stéep
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn
Bróught by the wáters, ánd outspréad
To bé their wáste and rúgged béd."
Still higher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?
"Crówning the táll cliff's clámmy brów
I sée the éverlásting snów,
Líke the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cóld corpse ín the cóffin láid,
Or óutstretched ón the fúneral béd;
Líght on the déadcap résts the shróud,
And light upón the snów the clóud,
Whose thick impénetráble háze
Shields the híghest pínnacles frém the gáze,
Ánd, by no ráy of sún pierced thróugh,
Shuts in all róund the úpward view."

A móuntain círcus cápped with snów,
Dark místs abóve, grey stónes belów,
No líving thing, no spéck of gréen,
No print to márk where life has béen,
The déathlike sílence ónly bróke
By the torrent's róar or fálling róck —
Háste, thou that life hast, háste aváy;
Great Náture súffers nót thy stáy
In thése her óutskirts; ín the wáste
And hórrible wílderness shé has pláced
Ón her extrémest fróntier's édge,
Ón her vast glóbe's most próminent lédge.
Stárk desolátion if there 's hére,
What is there quite beyónd the sphére?

Tó the vast glácier lét us nów
Descénd alóng this slóping brów;
With stéady fóotstep, súre and slów,
Dównward ín broad zígzags gó;
Ínto the grável press hárd thy héel,
Thy tóe the gróund must scárcely féel:
And nów upón thine *Álpenstóck*
Throw thy whole wéight, and tó yon róck,
As *Gémsen-Jáger* féarlessly,
Acróss the wide chasm spring with mé.

Well dóne — Is 't nót a glórious sight
Th' untródden glácier's dázzling white,
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?
Look dówn this físsure, twó feet wide
And fífty déep; on éither síde
Light pierces fár intó the máss
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,
That fílls the móuntain rávine wide,
From tóp to bóttom, síde to síde;
Benéath dissólving grádually
And éver dráining tóward the séa;
Abóve repláced continually
By snówslips fróm the súmmits hígh,
And ón its súrface, tóward the válе,
Down wáfting ín perpétual sáil
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns
Of fállen-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behínd us líe,
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,
Fánning us with the rích perfúme
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.
Cast róund thine eýes; on évery síde,
Through áll the rólling chámpaign wide,
Éxtend in mány a párallel líne
The póllard próppings óf the víne;
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,
That ópen láys the héart of mán,
Tó his bróther's eýes to scán,

And láic, clérgy, súbjects, kíngs,
To óne and thé same lével brings;
That chéers the sick-bed ánd inspires
The póet's ánd the lóver's fíres,
And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,
Round lífe's exháusted pílgrim thróws.
Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,
And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,
Let Pállas kéep her ólive wánd,
The mýrtle still grace Vénus' hánd,
And Mórpheus róund affliction's béd
Still wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,
Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,
Or ólive bránch or mýrtle léaf,
Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,
Déarer to mé and móre divíne
One téndril, Bácchus, óf thy víne,
One spárkle óf a cúp of wíne.

Abóve, the wíne festóons float frée;
Belów, wide-spréading like a séa,
Waves státely ó'er the gólden pláin
The Kúkuritz' sun-lóving gráin,
Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,
Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót
Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,
And Millet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wéstering Sól bids ús make háste,
And nót our précious minutes wáste
In tóo contémplative a gáze
On várious Náture's wóndrous wáys,
Whén on night quárters wé should think,
And sómething gét to éat and drink;

And hints that thóugh his sister Dí
May dó for lóvers tó swear bý,
She 's nót to bé depénded ón
By twó who, bý themsélves alóne,
Trável on fóot a lánd unknówn.
With Sól I 'll nót the póint dispúte,
For Sól 's not éasy tó confúte,
And Í mysélf shrewdlý incline
To súpper ánd a pint of wíne,
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd
With thrée down pillows át the héad
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,
Thére to repóse my wéary bónes
And léave hills, válleys, rócks and stónes,
Vines, búckwheat, millet, Túrkish córn,
To shíver ín the cóld till mórn:
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,
Or tipped the úpland pines with réd,
We ríse refréshed and óut agáin
'Cross móuntain, válley, hill and pláin,
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;
Léaving to óthers éase and wéalth,
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héalth,
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir
Of éxercíse and ópen áir;
Ánd, with discóurse various and frée
On áll the nóvelties we sée,
Bréaching the thick walls óf the céll
Whére our blind ignorance lóves to dwéll,
With her ill-fávored children thrée,
Pride, préjudice and bigotrý,
And létting ín warm ráys of light
To illúmináte our méntal night.

## SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin bróthers ín old tímes there wére,
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;
And thús, once ín the mórning réd,
Togéther ás they láy in béd,
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—
"Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,
Bút from each óther wé must párt;
Two ópposites cannót agrée,
And thóu 'rt as ópposíte to mé
As wét to drý, as hót to cóld,
As hígh to lów, as yóung to óld:
So táke which wáy thou líkest bést,
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,
And cálculáte our lóss or gáin."
Agréed: they kíss, shake hánds, and gó,
At fírst with thóughtful stép and slów,
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,
Wéstward the óther dówn the ríll
That túrned the óld, patérnal míll;
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd
In múte farewéll a móment stíll —
And nów betwéen them líes the híll,
And éach, his childhood's hélpmate góne,
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld
These bróthers, ás the stóry 's tóld,

Hád the mill ancéstral sóld,
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,
Fifty dúcats ín his púrse
Each bróther hád upón the dáy
He sét out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,
Spare tóok his púrse, and tied it tight
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it ín
Betwéen his wáistband ánd his skín;
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy
A quárter gróat for bréad and béer,
And fire his évening héarth to chéer.
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,
Anóther quárter páid his scót,
And Spáre that évening át his fire
Was háppy tó his héart's desire,
Ánd, as he láy down ín his béd,
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—
"The fífty dúcats yéllow góld,
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,
May wéll with góod ecónomý
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd."
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,
And still three quárters bý did láy,
Augménting still his wéll saved stóre,
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,
He 'd sháre his fire and évening chéer
With sóme dear friend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pípe and crácк his jóke
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk:
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at líght,
And lábor till retúrning night,
And think, as hé tied úp his púrse,
How wáste brings wánt, and wánt brings wórse.

Meantime Spend éarned his dáily gróat,
And spént it tóo; — why shóuld he nót?
With fífty dúcats in his púrse
Why should Spénd his éarnings núrse?
Abstáin from innocent récreátion
And práctise sélf-mortificátion?
Whó but a míser wóuld take pléasure
In héaping úp a úseless tréasure?
Besides to spénd, some wise men sáy,
Ís, to be gréat, the shórtest wáy,
And Cáto, cáreful óf his pénce,
Múst to the vást munificénce
Of glórious César yield the dáy.
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoning páy
For pitting ágainst míghty '*Dándo*'*
Ánd still míghtier '*Súblevándo*',
Ánd magnétic '*Ígnoscéndo*',
His stingy '*Níhil lárgiéndo*'.
"And só to máke the wórld my friend
I 'll úse my cásh," thought máster Spénd.
"And thús at ónce two óbjects gáin.
Pléasure and prófit bóth attáin;
And, ás philósophers récomménd,
The *útile* and *dúlce* blénd."

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* "Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus." Sall. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,
And tó no bórrowér said náy,
And thóught no mán did éver wórse
Than tie a tight string róund his púrse,
And whén at night he wént to béd
Self-grátuláting thús he sáid:—
"I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy.
And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,
Or sómething móre, I dó not féar
Bút that I sháll within the yéar
Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,
Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre."

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;
Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:
In ráptures éach to séc the óther:—
"Dear bróther, hów dost?" "Hów dost, bróther?"
Éach has a thóusand thíngs to sáy,
To éach it ís his háppiest dáy:
Éach will the óther tréat to wine
And dinner át the Gólden Víne;
Bóth order dinner, bóth will páy:—
"Nay"—"Yés, dear bróther"—"Náy"—"Yes"—"Náy"—
The wórld ne'er sáw a mérrier páir
Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;
Good dinner, wine, a déar loved bróther;
Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,
Tóld how the whóle year hé had fáred,
This, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;
And éach grown rích a díffercnt wáy:—
"And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,
Withóut one dúcat ín thy púrse,
Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?"
"Góld is but trásh while in purse pént;

It gáins its wórth by béing spént;
And mine 's spent fór the bést of énds,
To wín me pléasure, pówer, and fríends:
With rích, with póor, with high, with lów
I 'm wélcome whéresoé'er I gó;
On évery síde I ám caréssed;
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;
I méet no mán but is my fríend,
Réady to give me, ór to lénd —"
"Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd."

The lándlord 's cálled; makes óut the bíll;
Spend dóubts not bút he kíndly will
Óver till néxt week lét it líe;
Fór he had béen unlúckily
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd
His lást pair dúcats tó a fríend,
Who had prómised páyment thát day wéek,
Ánd by no chánce his wórd would bréak.
"Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wilt and múst;
Thóu 'rt the first mán I 've ásked for trúst,
Trúst for one wéek till cásh comes ín —
Dámn it! he lóoks as bláck as sín.
Spare, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;
So múch for á few dáys I 'll ówe
Tó my dear bróther. Whý, thou art slów!"
"And whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,
A chókeful púrse our bíll to páy,
Bút that I' m álways slów to spénd,
Lóth to give, more lóth to lénd?
Áh! if thou wóuldst but léarn from mé,
What háppy bróthers wé might bé,
While éach his sávings wéll did núrse,
And nóurish ín a clóse-watched púrse!"

He sáid, and únder his waistbánd
Félt for his púrse; first with one hánd,
And, missing ít, then with the óther,
And félt and gróped; then át his bróther
Fúll in the fáce stared, ánd turned pále
As cándle hánging fróm a náil,
Or nún just dráwing ón the véil,
Or schóol-girl, whó first time the tále
Drinks ín of hápless Léonóre,
And thínks she héars knock át the dóor
That stéel-cased wárrior grím and gráy,
Who ís, befóre the dáwn of dáy,
Behínd him ón his stéed awáy
To béar her with him, áll alóne,
Full gállop óver stóck and stóne
Ínto his spéctral réalms unknówn:—
"They 've cút my púrse, the thieves!" he sóbbed,
"And óf my éarnings Í am róbbed,
My hárd, hard éarnings fór the yéar,
Beside the fífty dúcats cléar,
For which my hálf the míll I sóld,
In áll a húndred dúcats góld —
Purse, éarnings, cápital, ín one swóop!
Ah, fáithless wáistband, knót, and lóop!"

Spend láughed, and róse up fróm his cháir,
And kíndly préssed the hánd of Spáre:—
"Our cáses áre alíke, dear bróther,
And óne 's no wíser thán the óther.
Each tóok to wéalth a dífferent wáy,
And éach has fáiled. Some fúture dáy
We 'll méet upón this spót agáin,
To cóunt, perháps, not lóss, but gáin.
"Máy it be só!" said Spáre, and sighed;

"It máyn't be só!" the lándlord cried;
"Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet" —
And púshed both óut intó the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852; resumed between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA, Octob. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

## Unbeſchrieb'ne Blätter.

Unbeſchrieb'ne Blätter gleichen
Wolkenloſen Himmelreichen;
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit ſehe,
Fühle ich der Wehmuth Nähe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,
Düſter wird der Himmelsbogen;
Thränen bald den Blick umhüllen,
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

## BLANK LEAVES.

SUGGESTED BY THE "UNBESCHRIEB'NE BLAETTER" OF B. CARNERI.

O'er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský
Roams únrefréshed the pílgrim's eýe;
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.
Cóme, rainbow clóuds, come báck agáin,
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.

So ó'er my páper's spótless white
Roams únrefréshed my áching sight,
Till with her fúll pen Phántasý
Cómes, and fills the blánk for mé
With misty visions, hópes and féars,
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

## Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,
Setze dich auf meinen Schoos.
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,
Das wie deines, junger Knabe,
Einst so schwarz und üppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;
Doch in Abendstunden denke
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

# So war es einſt.

Sobald es getagt,
Stürmte die Jagd
Bei Hörnerklang
Und Jubelgeſang
Den Strom entlang;
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wieſen und Wald
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.
So war es einſt!
Haſt Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinſt.

Mein Lebensmark
War geſund und ſtark;
Das freie Feld
Unterm Himmelszelt
War meine Welt;
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübſinn nicht
Und heiter und froh ſah mein friſches Geſicht.
So war es einſt!
Haſt Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinſt.

Bin krank und matt,
Wie lebensſatt,
Und geben muß
Ich den Abſchiedsgruß
Dem gewohnten Genuß;
Gehemmt iſt der Jugend begeiſterter Flug,
Muß betteln um jeden Athemzug.
So war es einſt?
Haſt Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken ſcheinſt.

B. Carneri.

## A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND "SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;
Náy, thou canst nót sit stíll for glée;
Then gó, my child, I sét thee frée:
Ónce on a time I wás like thée,
And skipped and láughed and frólicked só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sit by mé;
And téll me trúly whó was shé
That árm in árm so lóvingly
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.
Náy, if thou blúshest, téll not mé;
Ónce on a time I tóo blushed só,
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Widower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sigh;
Think no móre of the dáys gone bý
And bónes that ín the cóld earth lie.
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,
Í 'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!
There wás a time my téars flowed só;
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless father, weep no more;
Death 's but, to repose, the door;
Thy children are but gone before;
Over that urn no longer pore.
Nay, from it if thou wilt not sever,
I 'll not bid thee; never! never!
I to my children's urn clung so;
Ah! it is long, long long ago.

Come back, sweet child, sit on my knee;
Hold up thy head, and look at me;
If but thy life 's spared, thou shalt be,
In all things, such as thou see'st me,
And to some sweet child on thy knee
Shalt talk as now I talk to thee,
And say thou didst the old man know,
With head like thine as white as snow,
And back bent quite into a bow,
And toothless gums, and dripping nose,
And shanks too small for his wide hose,
And joints swelled with rheumatic pains,
And blotched hands ribbed with large black veins,
And, if thou wert not stiff, thou 'dst go
And his grave in the churchyard shew,
Where in thy youth they laid him low,
Ah! it was long, long long ago.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

## THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

"Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?"
"I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;
Sometimes hót, sometimes cóld, not two minutes the sáme;
In the wórld there 's no rést for this sénsitive fráme.
Ah! how háppy 's my fríend that the difference knows nót
Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,
To whóm ice and fíre differ ónly in náme,
And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme."
"Do téll me but hów to relíeve thy sad cáse;
Let me think — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —
Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one níght —"
"That indéed is true friendship" — "There — nów we 're all right."

From the Sóuth-west that night came the wíld hurricáne
With thúnder and líghtning and tórrents of ráin;
Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the night thróugh —
Such a sléep such a night was to him something néw —
And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,
His respécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy
With "My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel'st bétter todáy?"

Such a gróan as Thermómeter drew from his bréast,
By páinter poétic may nót be expréssed;
Such a gróan in this wide world has néver been héard
Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,
And cried:— "O Enéas, the city 's on fire;
Awáke, save thyséll and thy Góds and thy sire."
Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replied:—

"Than have pássed such a night, better fár to have died.
Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored síre Fahrenhéit,
That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a níght,
Thou 'dst have dáshed him to pieces the dáy of his birth,
And scáttered his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.
Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!
What a thrill, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!
Befóre each blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,
And how often I énvied the tóo happy snáil,
Who, when dánger appróaches, can dráw himself quite
Back into his búlb, and be áll safe and right:
But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew in,
Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the dín,
The stórm only fiercer shook céiling and wáll,
And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.
So, Barómeter déar, let us quick change agáin;
Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, lightning and ráin,
And Í will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,
And líve for the fúture conténT with my lót."

Every óne has his tróubles; keep thóu to thine ówn:
Only léss seem thy néighbour's, becáuse they 're unknówn.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and back, Nov. 7. 1852.

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"Put no trúst in this wórld," wise men téll you and sígh:
"It 's a hóllow delúsion, a chéat to the eýe,
Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —"
What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

"Setz't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n," — ſo ſagen die Weiſen und ſeufzen. —
"Hohle Täuſchung nur iſt ſie, ein Trug für das Aug',
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —"
's iſt kein Wunder; die Welt iſt ja erſchaffen aus nichts.

**Wien**, 25. Nov. 1852.

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Man looks úp to the ský, and sees pláinly the sún
From the Éast to the Wést his imménse journey rún:
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and sees pláinly it 's still;
He féels it — it 's stéady, deny it who will.

Upón his own ínward self mán casts his view,
And distinctly a will sees to dó or not dó.
Distinctly a will feels unféttered and frée;
Deny it who will, a free ágent is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

Himmelwärts blickt der Menſch und ſieht wahrhaftig die Sonne
Gehen von Oſt nach Weſt den unermeßlichen Gang;
Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er dieſe vollkommen in Ruhe,
Fühlt's, daß ſie ſtille ſteht — mag es verneinen wer will!
Und in ſein Inn'res hinab verſenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich
Eine Willenskraft ſieht er zum Laſſen und Thun;
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den feſſelloſen und freien; —
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — ſelbſtthätig handelt der Menſch.

**Wien**, 26. Nov. 1852.

## UNCERTAINTY.

For the Cértain and Súre let philósophers séek:
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólled;
In the fúture's long vista what sées my sad eýe?
Nothing súre, nothing cértain, but thát all must díe:
While with visions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tíred steps decóys,
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wisdom, and wéalth;
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath
To a bright world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver
We shall líve reunited, to párt again néver.
For the Cértain and Súre let philósophers séek;
Oh! give me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

## CERTAINTY.

Let Uncértainty flátter the timid and wéak,
And lúre the wretch ónward until his heart bréak;
I háte the decéiver and áll she can give,
And awáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.
Though to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súre to perfórm,
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thée storm means stórm.
Thou art cándid and téllest me whére thou hast béen,
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;
Thou art hónest and déal'st not in púff or grimáce,
And hídest no fálsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou sée'st me awáy from the múltitude túrn,
To wéep in despáir by the cýpress and úrn,
Thou cóm'st and with stróng arm awáy from my síde
Pushest ignorance, sélfishness, fólly and pride;
And áskest me, if I could, wóuld I the rést
Everlásting distúrb of the friends I love bést,
And not ráther prefér by their síde to be láid,
In the bróad weeping willow and cýpress sháde,
Sure and cértain that néver while time lasts, shall páin,
Trouble, sickness or sórrow, come néar us agáin.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

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I knów not whéther it be stréngth or wéakness,
But óft, toward évening, whén all róund is stíll,
And whén that dáy my mind has nót been stírred
By ány óf the unhólier gústs of pássion,
I féel mysélf in thé immédiate présence
Of sómething áwful, yét most fáir and lóvely,
And véry déar, that, without sign, or áction,
Or spéech, commúnicáting fréely with me,
Infúses á sweet péace intó my sóul,
And fills it with a séntimént of jóy
And háppinéss, that lásts till, fróm withóut,
Some sóund alárms me, ánd I stárt, and find
The picture óf my déad Love in my hánd:
And théy that háve to dó with mé, those évenings,
Obsérve, for sóme hours áfter, in my fáce,
And vóice, and mánner, án angélic áir
Of swéet contént, and plácid résignátion.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

On that dárk, dismal níght, which you áll may remémber,
Betwéen the eightéenth and ninetéenth of Novémber,
As, the lights all put óut and her órisons sáid,
Our lády the Quéen lay asléep in her béd,
One árm round Prince Álbert, one únder her héad,
It háppened — "What háppened?" Nay, dón't interrúpt —
A stóry 's worth nóthing that 's tóld too abrúpt —
The clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck "Twó!"
And the clóck on the mántle-piece swórn it was trúe,
When the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad
A súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,
And from únder Prince Álbert the óther arm dréw,
Who, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw
Of the grím, grisly ghóst that on púrpose that níght
Rose up óut of the gráve our loved Quéen to affright.
A blue light in his hánd he threw ópen the dóor,
And, with a field-márshal's step cróssing the flóor,
Stalked up stráight to the bédside, and:— "Mádam," he cried,
"Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head hide
Under blánket or quílt: you have séen me befóre,
I have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.
Next time that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,
Of a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,
And Éngland 's left mínus the bést of her sóns
At the móment her néighbours are lóading their gúns,
It 's áll the same whéther by fít epiléptic,
Or cánnon he 's mówed down, or stróke apopléctic,
Remémber he 's nót like a child to be tréated,
And with flípflap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,
With gilding, and gingerbread-núts, and paláver,
And móuths running óver with twáttle and sláver;

He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll:
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,
And máke living pride on dead róttenness wáit,
Then dó it in éarnest, and nót in a shám,
And stánd there chief mourner, my róyal Madáme."

"I protést I was quite unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,
To receive from your Gráce's lips súch sharp rebúke;
But my cónscience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy
From his bést Durham's cálving I máde stay awáy,
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów
Looked myself from the windows of Búckingham Rów;
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my eýe
The téar that stood glittering there ás you went býy."

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wien,
Mephistópheles' picture perháps thou hast séen,
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wire,
From ánkle and shóestring leaps fórth the blue fire;
Such fire from the Dúke's eyes shot lívid and blúe,
As with vóice that the Quéen's bones and márrow thrilled
thróugh:—
"Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, 'twas for yóu
I wón, on the éighteenth of Júne, Waterlóo!
Nay, I knów what you 'd sáy; go to sléep, and remémber
The éighteenth of Júne and eightéenth of Novémber."

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the light,
And léft the Queen lýing there in the dark night.
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,
And no stir to be héard but her ówn Alby's bréath,
The Quéen twenty times in the cóurse of that night

Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue light,
Twenty times quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,
And twénty times, Áve Maria! had sáid,
Had it nót been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry
And Bíshop of Glóster might dó in their fúry,
When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch
Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.
So she láy still as míght be untíl the daylight,
When she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fright.
He yáwned, and half sléeping said, ánd awake hálf:—
"Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is 't a fine cálf?"

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

## THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE "SONNENAUFGANG" OF B. CARNERI.

'Tis the móment of súnrise the bright and the gáy,
All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,
Mists and dárkness have flé́d with the dámp night awáy;
The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,
And prátting and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý́?
His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his eýe?
With the night he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;
The mórning to hím 's come a céntury too sóon —
Set, sét, hateful sún, and rise quick, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.

"A Busserl a-n a-g'schreckt's,
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —
Non! wann 's Läut'n vabei is,
Aft busselt 's as aus!"

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid
Sat únder the sháde
Of a wíde spreading béech;
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,
And had lóng, flowing háir,
And an ínnocent héart,
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímid and shý,
And, withóut knowing whý,
Would trémble and sígh
When the óther came nígh.

Had it nót been their glánce
Was downcást and askánce,
You 'd have thóught them no óther
Than sister and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,
In the wárm summer wéather,
Undernéath the deep sháde,
By that spréading beech máde.

How lóng they sat só,
I don't cértainly knów;
But, withóut knowing whý,
They grew léss and less shý,
And drew móre and more nígh,
Till, by sóme chance or slip,
They tóuched lip to líp.

Surprised and amázed,
At each óther they gázed,
And half pléased, half afráid,
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

"And if thát be a kiss,
'T wouldn't bé much amíss,
If we tried it agáin;
Doesn't give any páin."

So they léaned their mouths óver
Till you cóuldn't discóver,
Betwéen the two fáces,
The bréadth of two áces.

But they hádn't touched quite,
When, in súdden affright,
Both sprang báck with a stárt,
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund
You have séen from the ground
Or the side of a wáll
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;
For they 've héard through the áir
The bóom of the béll
All good Christians know wéll,

And "Háil Mary!" súng
By the gréat iron tóngue,
Warns to túrn thought and eýe
From the éarth to the skýy.

As two sóldiers at drill
Ground their árms and stand still,
At the wórd of commánd;
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;
When, quick túrning abóut,
Says the máid to the yóuth
In all swéetness and trúth: —

"It was néver a crime
To make úp for lost time,
And a kíss áway frighted
Isn't hárd to be righted."

So they túrned each to éach,
In the shádc of that béech,
And finished their kíss
Without ill luck or míss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

## HALF AND HALF.

"Why are ángels so háppy?" said óne of the léast
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the príest.
"They are púre, perfect spírit, my prómising bóy;
Of púre, perfect spírit perpétual the jóy."

"But béasts are all bódy, yet théy 're happy tóo;
Calves, kíttens and lámbs, all decláre I speak trúe."
"Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they 're háppy and gáy,
Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they spórt all the dáy."

"But Í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,
Though Í am both bódy and spírit you sáy,
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast
As bódiless ángel, or spíritless béast."

"You don't wórk the sum right," with a smile said the príest;
"To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast
You must bé both all bódy and áll spírit tóo:
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won't dó."

"One hálf of me 's spírit — yes, nów I am right —
And entítled to óne half the ángel's delíght;
And one hálf of me 's bódy, and shóuld have at léast
One hálf the delíght of the périshing béast:

"Two hálves make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I should bé;
And yét I 'm unháppy, and crý half the dáy:
What 's the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy."

"Before you 're as happy as ángel or béast,
You must áll spirit bé, or all bódy at léast;
All spírit 's the ángel, all bódy the cálf;
But yóu 're one half spírit, and bódy one hálf."

"Ah, whý did God gíve me, unfórtunate bóy!
A béing he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?
Ah, whý did he só mix me úp half and hálf,
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?"

"'Twere a fine story thát," said the príest to the bóy,
"To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or béast;
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the príest.

"I 'll téach you — your hánd out — one, twó, three and fóur —
Begóne now, and dróp down behínd the school dóor
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,
And práy to that Gód who so góod is to áll,

"To dríve Satan's whísperings óut of your héad,
And fíll you with píous and góod thoughts instéad;
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;
You 're well óff if you gét any dínner todáy."

The bóy went and drópped down behínd the school dóor
On his báre knees, and práyed as he 'd óft prayed befóre: —
"Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,
Some óne thing or óther, and nót half and hálf."

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.

Earth's mightiest Queen thróned sits in high hall of state,
To salúte her, come crówding, the rich and the gréat,
Her lórds and her ládies on éither side stánd,
Peers, bishops, and cómmons, the elite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,
Till you 'd sáy that for cómpany thére was no móre
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brílliant recéption; look néar or look fár,
The díamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beaúty and gráce
Condescéndingly smile on red cóats and gold lácе.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what ís it you méan?"
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen; –
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit
In the mídst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; –
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,
No cárriage, no hórses, no fóotmen, she stánds
In the hóoting crowd's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"

"Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,
And three ládies to hóld up her tráin from the gróund."

"A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,
Let a white veil envélop her shóulders and héad,
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid."

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéen's commands béars:—
"Clear the wáy , clear the wáy there, on lóbby and stáirs
For the gréat foreign Princess, arráyed all in white."
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,
A white róse in her léft hand, white líly in right,
Walks up stráight to the Quéen that veiled lády unknówn,
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne: —

"Rise úp, royal sister, for néver to mé
Shall my fáther's child súe upon lów bended knée,
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée
How I lóve my dear sister, and hów she loves mé."

"Mighty Quéen" — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad: —
"Fear nót, mighty Quéen, I am cóme here tonight,
To cláim with an ill-timed petition my right;

"Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;
The wórld has decided betwéen me and yóu;
With mé it has vówed 'twill have nóthing to dó,
And for Quéen with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.

"Líve lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;
And remémber that 's gránted twice thát 's granted sóon: —"
"I plédge you my róyal troth, sister, befóre
All these lórds and these ládies; what néed I say móre?"

"Send fórth, then, your héralds, and lét them procláim
That to évery thing hénceforth be given its own náme,
Good hénceforth be góod called, and bád be called bád,
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok
And cówered, and shrank báck before Trúth's steadfast lóok,
And wished in the gáping earth súnk were that háll,
Hersélf and her sister; lords, ládies and áll.

"A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?
What mákes our loved lády and mistress so pále?"
"Help! hélp!" is the crý; "Queen Truth 's sick unto déath;
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

"And whó 's this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,
With the Quéen's own white lily, and Quéen's own white rósc?
Hah! Háh! it's that vágabond Fálsehood that hére
In Truth's ówn royal háll 's not ashámed to appéar.

"Tear her fálse emblems fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck
We 'll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon waits her hére,
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar."

So they fell upon Trúth there, lords, ládies, and áll;
And kicked her, and cúffed her abóut the great háll;
Under fóot trod her émblems, her dréss and hair tóre,
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóo

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog halloo;
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death.
And: — "I thank you, my lords and my ladies," she cried,
"For this proof that I 've not without reason relied

"On your loyal attachment to me and my throne,
And that at your hearts you 've Truth's interests alone.
My unfortunate sister — But no, I'll not shame
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name —

"Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight.
And now cry, 'Long live Truth, and long may she reign.'"
And they cried, "Long live Truth", till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8, 1853.

Past twélve at night; upón my béd
I láy once móre my níghtcapped héad,
Stretch óut my lázy límbs to rést,
And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.
The lights are óut; no búsy féet
Distúrb the sílence óf the stréet;
Éven the late kítchenmáid to scóur
Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.
Ín the whole néighbourhóod there 's nóne
Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —
"And whý don't yóu sleep, Sír, I práy?
Háve you dozed bý the fíre all dáy?
Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?
Or áre you máking póetrý?
Or ís your cónscience sín-oppréssed,
Thát you can't líke your néighbours rést?"
Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;
But óne thing 's súre, two hóurs or móre
Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,
Now lýing alóng, and nów acróss,
And nów diágonal, fór my héad
Séeking a cóol place — áll in váin —
Lively and áctive ís my bráin,
And, will-I nill-I, stáys awáke —
What cán I bétter dó than táke
A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?
'Twill hélp to while awáy the time.
The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —
My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.
It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;
Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.

With the whole world though Byron quarelled,
He still kept friends with dear Childe Harold;
And Wordsworth ceases to be dull
When on the pivot of his skull
Sir Ass turns round his long, left ear,
And brays his bray out, loud and clear.
Worthy examples! the reward
Tempting they hold out to the bard
To follow in the brilliant wake,
And for his hero himself take.

An hour before the sun this morn
Naked and hungry I was born,
Against my will dragged out of night,
And forced into the noise and light.

Well I remember how I moaned,
And rubbed my eyes, and stretched and groaned,
And shrunk and shivered from the cold
Ere I was yet one minute old.

Well I remember the grim band
Of Cares I saw about me stand
Eager to pounce upon their prey,
And plague and pinch me the whole day.

Aloud one to a comrade cried:—
"See what a greasy, dirty hide;
Gallons of water on him dash —
Another jug here — splash — splash — splash."

"Well done! well done!" the other said;
"Now rub him till he 's raw and red.
Thou with a hempen cloth rub, rub,
While I with stiff pig's bristles scrub."

"Don't kill him outright," said a third;
It 's my turn now;" and, with the word,
Came up behind me by surprise,
And slipped over my head and eyes

A bag at both ends open wide,
And tight the upper opening tied
About my throat, and laughed to see
It reached scarce half way to the knee.

"The mending of that fault," with glee
Giggled another, "leave to me.
Here I 've got something like a Y
Turned topsy turvy; come, Sir, try:

Your right leg first — there — push it through;
Your left leg now; yes, that will do.
Now stand up straight, till you are braced
Over both shoulders, tight round waist."

"Right about face" then all cried out;
And then all shouted "Left about";
Then through the chamber to and fro
They made me pace three turns or so,

And vowed that I looked jimmy quite,
And the Y not a hair too tight,
And, let me sit down when or where
I pleased, would neither burst nor tear.

"But stay — see here —" another said;
"What is 't 's the matter with his head?
There 's not a hair but 's on an end;
Where did you this great mop get, friend?

"Racks, shéars and tóothcombs hére; sit dówn:
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn
Would think of vénturing into tówn?

"There; yóu begín upón the ríght,
And Í 'll the léft take; whát a fríght!
Was éver héad in súch a plíght!
Some ców 's been licking it all níght!"

"In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,
And bréak our cómbs' teeth; óil here, óil;
Íf we can't máke his háir lie stráight,
We 'll give him at léast a frizzled páte.

"The tóngs here; áre you súre they 're hót?
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nót a jót
Éither to léft or right hand búdge:
Brávo! you 'd máke a cápital júdge.

"Hótter tongs hére; anóther twirl;
This lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —
What mákes you fídge, Sir?" "Óh! ma'am, Óh!
Géntly; you búrn me —" "Déar Sir, nó.

"You múst wear pápers if you wón't
A little héat bear —" "'Sblóod, ma'am, dón't:
I 'm nót a stóck or stóne my háir
Out by the róots to lét you téar."

(*sings*) "The Múses thát Hypérion cúrl
Not hálf so déftly the tongs twirl,
And Dian's máids with hánds less light
Wréath the lócks of the Quéen of night."

"Hell's Fúries, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —
I 'll nót be tréated ín this wáy."
"It 's dóne, Sir, nów; and ín this wórld
There 's nót a périwig bétter cúrled."

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,
And tóld me ít was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,
To bé a láughing stóck and shów
With thát black stúbble ón my chín:—
"Submít with gráce, and lét 's begín."

They tóok a lárge white táblecłóth,
And spréad it ón me; cóvering bóth
Shóulders and bódy, légs and féet;
Ánd its two córners drew in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pín
Fástened behínd me; thén my chín,
And bóth cheeks quíte up tó the eyes,
Óne of them with a thíck soap síze

Láthered all óver, while her friend,
Cátching me by the nóse's énd,
Héld my face stráight up tóward the light,
And fell to scráping léft and right,
And néver drew breath till she 'd quíte
Swépt away cléan, from chéeks and chín,
Láther and bristles ánd some skín.

I knów not whéther 'twás the páin
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap intó my nóse that gót,
Ór that the rázor wás too hót,
Ór that it wás not hót enóugh,
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff
That só convúlsed the húman fráme:
Súdden and vást the explósion cáme;
"Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz" three times I cried,
"Schnee-ítz" three times the wálls replied.
"What ís 't 's done this?" I wóuld have sáid,
But — "ítz — schnee-ítz-itz" cáme instéad;
"Schnee-ítz — a hándkerchief — schnee-ítz" —
"A hándkerchief won't stóp his fits,"
Óne of them sáid — "Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz" —
"Sisters, you 're évery óne as crúel
As Príessnitz' sélf. Get him some grúel —
You 've given him cóld; I 'll nót sit bý
And sée you chíll him till he díe —
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —
How white his líps, and whát a shócking
Black and blue circle róund each eýe!
Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,
Óver this cháir leap, ónce — twice — thrice —
Well dóne! his life 's still ón the díce.
Now róund the róom run — quicker — quicker —
Óne of you bring a dróp of líquor —
Some cúraçóa, or chérry brándy,
Or lávender dróps and súgarcándy.
He 's grówing wárm — he 's cóming tó —
Únder the eýes he 's fár less blúe;
I think this time perháps he 'll dó
Withóut a Dóctor — Sir, no frétting;
Néver was cúre yet without swéating."
"Má'am, I 'm *not* frétting; Í 'm half déad:
I wish you 'd lét me gó to béd."

"Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fíre,
Drink barley wáter, ánd perspíre;
Recéive no visitors; réad the néws,
Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —
Slécp, if you cán." And with the wórd
She tóok the póker, thé fire stírred,
Wheeled óver tó it the élbow cháir,
Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

"Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme," I sáid,
"Hóver somníferous róund my héad;
Dim, dárkling, lánguid, lístless, dúll,
Éssence of nóthing, fíll me fúll
Óf thine own sélf." Scarce hád I sáid,
Ánd the first Dúddon-sónnet réad,
When níddy nóddy wént my héad,
And dówn my eyelids sánk like léad,
Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,
As déath itsélf profóund and déep,
Plácid and dréamless. Whén I wóke
'Twas night; the clóck was ón the stróke
Of níne or tén; the hóuse being stíll
I dózed on óver Wórdsworth till
The fire went óut, and Í grew chíll,
And wént to béd; but cóuld not slécp;
And só, my phántasy to kéep
Amúsed, and while awáy the time,
I sét abóut to spín this rhýme.
And nów I 've spún till dáwning líght,
Ánd a nap 's cóming — só, good night.

LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

## NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,
Took hát and stick, and wálked out stráight,
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whither think'st thou Nóthing 's góne?
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són
Sómething, who 's sick and like to díe:
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, flý.

Nóthing 's in time. Not yét quite déad,
Sómething turned róund his héavy héad,
Ánd, with half glázed and swimming eýe,
Lóoked:— "Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stírred;
Hélped not his són with lóok or wórd;
Like stóck or stóne sat, till he díed,
And nót even thén shed téar, or sighed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,
And sóme decláre and vów 'tis trúe
That Nóthing his own óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gave hím each dáy
Slówly to éat his life awáy,
Ánd, on the mórning Sómething díed,
Was séen, when léaving the bedside,

The úseless dóse awáy to thrów
Ínto the fíre. It máy be só,
Ór it may nót, for áught I knów —
Strange things have háppened lóng agó —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,
Ópened with látchkey the back gáte,
And sát up ín his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tíred, he wént to béd,
And slépt sound till the mórning réd;
Then róse, put ón his súrtout wárm,
And sáuntered óut to víew his fárm.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;
For éver hére they líe in páin —
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

## INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,
And think upón dear friends in héll.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

## TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers
So art thóu among wómen;
As the móon in the héavens
So art thóu among wómen.

As the díamond among péarls,
So art thóu among wómen;
As the vine among ólives,
So art thóu among wómen.

As the pine in the fórest,
So art thóu among wómen:
As the White Móunt among Álps
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,
So art thóu among wómen:
As Erin among islands,
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,
So art thóu among wómen;
As mý love to óthers' love,
So art thóu among wómen.

LOWER BUCKINGHAM-STREET, DUBLIN, July 22, 1823

## TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE PRECEDING EVENING:

*composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone*

Your cóffee it was very stróng, bright-eýed Miss Sheridán
And like a subtile spírit through áll my veins it rán,
Making me féel more like a gód than a mórtal mán,
As I sát on the sofa beside you, bright-eýed Miss Sheridán

Your cóffee it was very swéet, silken-háired Miss Sheridán.
Far swéeter than the famous hóney that once flówed in Canaán,
Or the néctar quaffed of yóre in celéstial diván,
And no wónder, for it was you máde it, silken-háired Miss Sheridán.

Your cóffee it was very hót, linnet-vóiced Miss Sheridán.
And wármed the heart's cóckles of a chílly old mán,
Sending him hóme to bed wármer than if he had hád a warming-pán,
To think of nóthing but you all night, linnet-vóiced Miss Sheridán.

Your cóffee was more frágrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridán.
Than *Eáu de Millefleúrs* or *Parfúm de Jasmín*,
Or any pérfume ever thóught of since the wórld begán,
Except the pérfume of your own sweet bréath, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridán.

The cóffee I have this mórning, lily-ármed Miss Sheridán,
Is as different from last night's as Dróghеda from Japán,

Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,
Just becáuse you are not here to máke it, lily-ármed Miss Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cínder, rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán,
My bútter is only fit to be put ínto the frying-pán,
And my mílk would water the gárden, if it were póured through the watering-cán —
Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far awáy from me, rosy-fíngered Miss Sheridán?

Essy* télls me it 's a sunny mórning, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmin or Musselmán,
But she líttle dreams I am thínking of yóu and your coffee-cán —
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

## TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable
And pérfectly indigéstible;
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;
Its sméll was intólerable,
And its very lóok was hórrible.
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

* The author's maid, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,
And as úgly and sharp-córnered as the gáble
Of Mr. Pénnefather's stáble.
To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't áble;
So I told Essy to táke it off the táble.
I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,
Or any óther combústible.
You must have táken me for a cánnibal,
Or sóme such ravenous ánimal,
Or the fáther of young Hánnibal,
To whom all filling stuff is pálatable,
And who can digést a black bóttle or a rébel
As easy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been miserable,
With áppetite inconsíderable,
Sick, giddy, and irritable,
Shivering, quívering, and to stánd unable,
Despónding, inconsólable,
With héad-ache uncontróllable,
And stómach-ache deplórable.
My condition 's unendúrable,
My life 's uninsúrable,
And, what 's wórse, I 'm incúrable,
For the dóctor, who you know 's infállible,
Says the cáse is most lámentable,
And the sýmptoms so fórmidable
That it 's mórally impóssible —
Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd máde my will;
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, inéxorable!
Why doesn't sómebody bring ín a Bill
To put a stóp to baking cákes upon a griddle?

But then to méet my death from súch a belle,
So gráceful and agréeable —
It 's útterly inconcéivable,
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

## THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY.

OR

## THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chúrchyard where the bónes were lying báre,
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir.
And as he was músing upon a héap of skulls, the thóught occurred to him súddenly,
"It was sómewhere near this spót," says he, "they buried the fámous Owen O'Cónnelly."*

Then taking up the skúlls one by óne, and exámining them phrenológically,
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous Owen O'Cónnelly;
And having contémplated it some time with an air thóughtful and mélancholy,
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, "I 'll make a mán of you agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Cónnelly."

* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

"Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connelly." — M'GEOGHEGAN's *History of Ireland.*

So the Dévil took the skull hóme with him, and as it hádn't a morsel of háir,
Clapped an old brown scrátch of his own on the tóp of it, to give it a janty áir;
Then he stúck a face in fróht of it, broad, impudent, and léering,
With a mouth as méaly and servíle, as the brow was próud and dominéering.

Next he stúffed the skull inside with the bráins of a láwyer,
And sét it upon a pair of shóulders he had máde for a sáwyer;
And having bálanced it belów with a táil that was long and fléxible,
He turned the créature round three times, and vowed he lóoked quite respéctable;
Then putting a pipe in his mouth, and giving him a basin of sóap and holy wáter,
He says, "Counsellor O'Cónnelly, go and blow búbbles for the péople to run áfter."

The Cóunsellor he blew the búbbles just ás the Devil órdered him,
Black and white, green and yéllow, thick and thin, great and smáll, all sórts o' them.
The Dévil he stood bý, and christened every búbble befóre it left the básin,
And the lárgest green and yéllow one he called Cáthoïic Emancipátion.
Cóunsellor," says the Dévil, "this green and yellow bubble pléases me to my héart's content;
It 's júst the tool I 've been lóoking for, to pull down the Prótestant Establíshment:
And the léast I can give you fór it, is a perpetual séat in the Imperial Párliament."

His succéss and the Devil's práise made Cóunsellor O'Cónnelly bólder,
And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,
And síguing it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it The Repéal.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý apprentice cléver,
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's made for éver;
Under mý direction and mánagement, it will yield you an income cléar,
After dedúcting all expénses, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Cónnelly, looking innocent;
"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódy and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Cónnelly,
But you háven't named your price yet," says the Dévil, looking sólemnly.
"There 's the Irish cháncellorship," says the Cóunsellor; "it 's in the Devil's gift —
Here 's the Rént and the Repéal, — and you ówe your friend a lift."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in a crazy státe.

He 's a dáinty bit I have been núrsing ever since the dáy of Emmett's trial,
And I have nó compunction in táking him now, after so lóng a self-denial."
"It 's a bárgain," says the Cóunsellor, with this clear méaning and intént,
That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may táke Repeal and Rént."

Then the Dévil and the Cóunsellor shook hands, and cálled each other, bróther,
Each revólving in his own mind how he bést might cheat the óther;
And then going báckwards, with great políteness, that néither might see the óther's tail,
They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurrá for THE REPÉAL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

## THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery
To Póor-law Guárdian Chárity:—
"What if yóu and Í should agrée
To rób our néighbour Índustry,
And divíde his íll-gotten próperty,
Amóng our dear children thrée,
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

Says Póor-law Guárdian Chárity
To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—
"I like your propósal míghtily;

I always had an antipathy
To that sturdy fellow Industry;
He 's quite too independent for me;
So robbed and plundered he shall be,
And his goods divided among our children three,
Improvidence, Sloth, and Beggary."

Says Poor-law Guardian Robbery
To Poor-law Guardian Charity:—
"I cannot express my joy to see
How ready you are to combine with me
Against our common enemy,
That stickler for the rights of property,
That foe to '*General Community*', —
Stubborn, uncompromising Industry.
So robbed and plundered he shall be,
And his goods divided among our children three,
Improvidence, Sloth, and Beggary."

"We had better proceed cautiously,"
Says Poor-law Guardian Charity,
"For a powerful fellow is Industry,
And his house he 'll defend manfully,
With the help of his watch-dog Honesty;
But robbed and plundered he must be,
Or what will become of our children three,
Improvidence, Sloth, and Beggary?"

"I 've a crow-bar," says Robbery;
"Six-hundred and eight and fifty
Jobbing smiths forged it for me,
And I call it my Legality;
It will break in his door though strong it be,
And knock out the brains of his dog Honesty."

"And when we are in," says Charity,
"We 'll bind hand and foot Master Industry.
With this rope of injustice and cruelty,
Which Public Opinion has lent to me.
And we 'll seize upon all his property,
And divide it among our dear children three,
Improvidence, Sloth, and Beggary."

Then away went the Guardians in company,
And a pleasanter sight you could not see
Than Robbery linked with Charity.
And they took the crow-bar Legality,
And the rope of injustice and cruelty,
And broke open the door of Industry,
And knocked out the brains of his dog Honesty,
And bound himself like a thief for the gallows-tree,
And blinded his eyes that he might not see,
While they plundered his house of his property,
To divide among their dear children three,
Improvidence, Sloth, and Beggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3, 1841.

## SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Cherries fresh, and cherries fair!
Prettier cherries never were;
Great grand-daughters, every one,
Of that famous cherry-stone
By Lucullus brought, you know,
More than two thousand years ago,

Fróm its Mithridátic hóme
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,
And plánted ín his víllа thére,
And chérished, án exótic ráre,
Till it bóre its blúshing bérries,
And Rómans éat dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon,
And whíspered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Júicier chérries néver wére;
Mélting swéet as ápricót,
Or citron péar, or bérgamót,
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;
Ór the ámber déw bees síp
From flówering líndens, whén they drip
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,
And évery flówеret ís alíve,
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing hive.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!
Ríper chérries néver wére:
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?
Púlled this mórning wét with déw,
With mine ówn hand púlled for yóu,
Pácked with léaves in básket néat,
And sént you fór your birth-day tréat.

Birth-days many may you see,
As cherries on my cherry tree,
And every birth-day happier be;
Me loving more, more loved by me;
Untouched still by blight or blast,
Sweetening, ripening, till at last,
Dropping noiseless from the tree,
You 're gathered to eternity.

Dalkey Lodge, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

## WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wordsworth was a steady man,
That lived near Ambleside,
And much he longed to have a horse,
Which he might easy ride.

It chanced one day a horse came by,
Of pure Arabian breed,
Gentle though proud, and strong of limb:
It was a gallant steed!

Full many a noble rider bold
This gallant steed had borne;
And every one upon his brow
The laurel wreath had worn.

Those noble riders dead and gone,
And in the cold earth laid,
The gallant steed by Wordsworth's door
Without an owner strayed.

No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;
The génerous cóurser páws and réars,
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

"He 's tóo high-méttled," Wórdsworth sáys
"And shákes me ín my séat;
He múst be báthed, and drénched, and bléd,
And gét much léss to éat."

So báthed, and drénched, and bléd he wás,
And pút on lówer díet;
And Wórdsworth with delíght obsérved
Him grów each dáy more quíet.

And fírst he tóok from hím his óats,
And thén he tóok his háy;
Until at lást he féd him ón
A síngle stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to this poor stéed
There 's nót a chíld but knóws;
Death clósed his eýes, as Í my sóng,
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, near Rýdal Móunt,
These wórds are pláin to sée: —
"Here lie the bónes of thát famed stéed,
High-méttled Póesý."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

## WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wórdsworth walked ónce near Ámbleside.
Upón a súmmer's dáy,
And, úpward gázing, strúck his lýre
To this majéstic láy:—

"There 's póetrý in évery thíng,
In smáll as wéll as bíg" —
But júst as hé had gót so fár,
He tród upón a píg.

"Hóorch!" quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,
As yóu might wéll excúse,
If éver yóu had séen the náils
Ín the great póet's shóes.

"Hóorch!" quoth the póet, "thére it is,
As pláin as pláin can bé;
Éven in this pig's grunt Í do héar
The vóice of póetrý.

"There 's póetrý in évery thíng,
In smáll as wéll as bíg;
In Góody Bláke and Hárry Gíll,
And ín this grúnting pig.

"There 's póetrý in évery thíng
We héar, or sée, or smélI;
You háve it hére in 'hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!'
And thére in Péter Béll.

"For póetrý 's but nátural thóught
In nátural sóunds exprésséd,
And thát which háth the léast of árt
The trúest is and bést.

"Of póets, thérefore, wé 're the first,
Thou grúnting píg and Í;
For whére 's the póet thát with ús
In ártlessnéss can víe?"

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,
And báde the píg adieú;
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,
And sáng with rápture néw:—

"There 's póetrý in évery thíng,
In smáll as wéll as bíg;
In Góody Bláke and Hárry Gíll,
And ín yon grúnting píg."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

## ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The minute I gót
Your bit of a nóte,
Says Í to my wife:—
"My déarest life,
Will ye or nó
To áunt Jenny gó,
To-mórrow night,
At hér invite,

To drink your téa
In her cómpany?"
Says my wife to mé:—
"I cán't but agrée;
For the óffer 's góod,
And 'twóuld be rúde
To sáy her nó,
So wé will gó;
But whát will yóu
With Kátharine* dó?"
"She 's nót forgót;
See, hére 's the nóte;
It 's Í and yóu,
And Kátharine tóo:
So sáy no móre,
For át her dóor
We 'll bé by éight,
In spíte of fáte;
And yóu and shé
Will drink your téa,
And Mrs. Stanléy
Will máke coffée
For the dóctor and mé;
And we 'll láugh and chát
About this and thát,
And háppy we 'll bé,
As fórmerlý;
And I 'll láy you a bét,
That óf the whole sét,
Aunt Jénny will bé
The móst merrý,
Though, betwéen you and mé,

* The Author's only surviving child.

She 's fóurscore and thrée;
And I héar people sáy,
She 'll go ón the same wáy
Tíll she 's fivescóre,
Or máy-be móre,
And évery dáy,
Like wíne or háy,
With áge impróving,
More lóved and lóving
Will be grówing;
So lét 's be góing,
Gáy and héarty,
Tó her párty,
To-mórrow night;
And Í will write
To sáy we 'll knóck
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

## LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce
Lives in these líncs, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!
These eýes how bright! how rósy réd this chéek!
And hów these líps, half párted, álmost spéak!
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir
How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and white this éar!
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen
Give Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.

## WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,

WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóst thou but móck me, whén thou bid'st me sing
The cáptive's gúshing téars for líberty?
Or dóst not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be frée?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

## WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlptor, ere he tákes
The chísel in his hánd,
Draws the ínkling of his thóught
On pásteboard or in sánd:
So tó thine Album Í
The sécret first impárt,
Which my trúe love burns to write
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

## THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1846.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Víre?
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar:
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Víre,
And swéet the ópening óf the néw-born yéar;
Nóught have ye dóne to hárm me ór displéase.
Nór in France séek I lóvelier fields than thése.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyr blóws,
With brighter tínts each éven the súnset glóws.

STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nórthern séa,
More déar than éven the Váux de Víre to mé:
A lánd of hill-and-dále slope, flówer, and trée,
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélodý.

VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep:
Rócks rise betwéen, waves róll, and témpests swéep;
*Óur* spring is nígh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

In thát far lánd, beyónd that stórmy séa.
Are friends that lóve me, knów me, think of mé;
Benéath its sód my bábies twáin are láid,
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad;

Waves ó'er that móther's héad who só oft bléssed me,
Ánd to her béating bósom só oft préssed me;
That nóble móther tó whose lóve I ówe
Áll that I ám, or hópe, or féel, or knów;

That wónt so óft, on súch an éve, to léan
Her árm on míne, and póint to súch a scéne,
To súch a glówing héaven and sétting sún;
Then túrn and sée the night come slówly ón;

And thén the flúsh upón her fúrrowed chéek
Would téll the thóught she véntured nót to spéak,
That *hér* night, tóo, was cóming, *hér* day pást,
Ánd from her lóved ones shé must párt at lást.

Ánd she is párted; in that fár land láid;
Ánd its long gráss waves ó'er my móther's héad:
Then fáre ye wéll, sweet fields, I stáy not hére;
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Víre;

Be with those órchard wálks and cóppiced bráes,
Where háples Básselin póured his úntaught láys;
Lóng shall your mémory tó my héart be déar;
Bléssing and péace be with the Váux de Víre.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nórth-west Wínd,
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,
And beyónd the Írish Séa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the róad,
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And ís it a hóuse with its síde to the róad,
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wind,
My sister's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,
In the shádc of an óld sycamóre;
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled córirt
In fróht of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the wicket that éach Sunday éve
So jóyfully ópened to mé,
As Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,
That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás that low cábin a window that lóoks
To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,
Where the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,
And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the window, where shé used to sit
That will né'er in that window sit móre,
Or láy up agáin for dear children or friend
The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

But still in that window a lády there síts,
And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is her dáughter — come kíss me, dear Wind —
Ah! thát is my síster thou 'st séen.

And díd she look mérry? or díd she look sád?
Or dídst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

Ah! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,
And I thóught in her eýe stood a téar;

And thése were the wórds I héard her síng,
As I dróoped my wing by the páne:—
"How lóng and slów the móments gó!
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?"

And fár within accómpanied
A piáno in sóftest stráin:—
"How lóng and slów the móments gó!
Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?"

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nórth-west Wind,
Fly báck to that gárden agáin,
And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,
And whísper át that páne:—

"Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,
That bróther we lóve so wéll,
I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll
Upón the wicket béll.

"But wé 'll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,
For the stórmy winter 's góne;
And the wind that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,
Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

"Then the time that hangs nów with nightmare wéight
On bróther and sísters párted,
Will seem shórt as lark's sóng, or a Midsummer Dréam
Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

"And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,
And the dáys grow dárk agáin,
We 'll retúrn with hím to this lów-roofed hóuse,
This window ánd verváin;

"And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,
Bróther and sísters once móre
Will gáther, and sit, and láugh, and chát,
As on Súnday éves of yóre;

"As óft on Súnday éve we gáthered,
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther,
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,
Children of a living móther.

"That móther déad we 'll lóve the móre,
We 'll lóve the móre each óther;
And, ónce we have mét, ne'er párt agáin,
Sisters lóving, lóving bróther."

## PARIS.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténding,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer skỳ looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,
Where to jóy there 's no énd, to refínement no méasure;
But cáfé and théatre, sálon and báll,
And the stárs' midnight-wátch looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! wise Páris! staid city of léarning,
Of reúnion, and cércle, and sávant discérning,
Of acádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,
And Mólière's calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her míght,
And crúshed with one héel-stamp earth's kings' divine right,
Awóke sleeping nátions with fréedom's trump cáll,
And shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;
Scarce silent the túmbril's lourd róll, and the fáll
Of the guíllotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,
Of bústle, and íntrigue, and pólitic strife,
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,
And sly Loúis Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténding,
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

## JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At five leave Trént,
In cóach and páir,
For Ríva bént,
And cóoler áir,

My wife and Í
And dáughter táll,
And Maéstro Mónti,
Fóur in áll.

Good cómpany
In sóoth are wé,
And fór six hóurs
May wéll agrée,

If quárrels cóme,
As póets téach,
From tóo free úse
Of the párts of spéech;

For wé no wórd have
Of Itálian;
No Énglish hé,
Nor crámp Germánian;

And hás not éven
The acquáintance máde,
Of Má'mselle Frénch,
That cómmon jáde,

That wálks at éase
Wide Éurope's stréets,
And láughs and cháts
With áll she méets.

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Válе of Ádige:

Toward sóuthern súns
And génial skíes,
Géntly slóped
That válley lies.

From wintry blásts,
  North, éast, and wést,
Álpine stéeps
  Defénd its bréast;

Ánd with a thóusand
  Íce-fed rílls
Wáter its fíelds,
  And túrn its mílls;

And cóol the súltry
  Súmmer áir,
And pláy sweet músic
  Tó the éar.

Hére the clíffs
  Are bléak and báre,
With pine fórests
  Cóvered thére;

Ór with vários
  Cárpet spréad,
Of férn and héath,
  The bláck-cock's béd.

Here míca schíst,
  Red pórphyrý,
And gránite péaks,
  Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble
  Wáits the hánd
That bíds it ínto
  Life to stánd.

Lówer dówn
The sándstone róck;
Át our féet
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vínes
Stretch fár and néar,
Through fields of léntil,
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut
Státely stánd,
Flánking the róad
On éither hánd;

And géntler willow
Lénds its sháde,
And dróops and árches
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'
Hánds rapácious
Cúll the múlberry's
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,
The cárts are lóaded,
The táwny óxen
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,
  With éars of pléasure,
The áxle gróan
  Benéath the tréasure.

Let síx weeks páss,
  The wórk is dóne,
The wórms are féd,
  The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis kílled,
  Its íntricate clúe
Unrávelled nice,
  And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,
  Tenácious líne,
Yéllow as góld,
  As góssamer fíne;

Párent óf
  The bómbazíne,
Rústling sársnet,
  Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's
  Gáy brocáde,
Óf the lútestring
  Quílted béd;

Óf the flág
  That flóats on hígh,
Defíance tó
  The énemý;

Óf the gárter,
Óf the páll;
Wónd'rous thréad
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the view is,
Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our right hand
Thé broad ríver,
Gráy and cléar,
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny
Chánnel dáshing,
Ráving, frétting,
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though stíll
Its cóurse is fórward,
Whát though stíll
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward stíll
Althóugh its mótion,
Tóward the vást
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet
Báckward cúrls;
Sée, revérsed
Each éddy swírls;

Sée, it cásts
  Its lingering lóok
Tóward the scénes
  It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive
  Órteler móuntain,
Tóward its párent
  Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só
  Casts báck his víew
Ón the dear scénes
  His chíldhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,
  Só is bórne
Dówn the rough róad
  Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást
  Intó the séa,
By fínites cálled
  Etérnitý.

Pléasant the víew is,
  Ás our cárriage
Rolls smóothly dówn
  The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the górge
  Where Lágerthál
In báttle sáw
  Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right
  Old Cástelbárco,
And héar thy tówer,
  Hóly San Márco,

Chime night's first wátch
  In Róveréith,
Ás we arríve,
  At hálf-past éight.

Áfter súpper,
  Frésh and mérry,
Wést we túrn
  Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twixt bánks
  Of flówery rúshes,
Deep, sílent, smóoth,
  The river gúshes,

Cárriage and áll
  Acróss we flóat
In bróad, flat-bóttomed
  Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,
  Small féar have wé,
And Maéstro 's stíll
  Good cómpaný;

And, párt by síghs,
  And párt by lóoks,
And párt by wórds
  Picked óut of bóoks,

Contrives to lét us
  Únderstánd
He guides us thróugh
  No únknown lánd;

Guides us through Móri's
  Village rúde —
'Twere picturésque
  By dáy-light viewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,
  With íslands dótted;
Past Lóppio's rócks,
  With líchens spótted.

Whére our pássing
  Lámp-light fálls
On yónder gráy
  Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm
  The rócky stéep
Frowned, Nágo, ónce
  Thy cástled kéep.

Our dównward cóurse
  Is fáir and frée,
From thóse drear héights
  To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored
  In Mórpheus' árms,
Lake Gárda's bóatmen
  Dréam of stórms.

Húng on líne
Their néts are drýing,
Hígh on the stránd
Their bóats are lýing.

Cróss we thén
Hoarse Sárca's bridge,
And túrn Mont Brion's
Júting ridge.

Where scántly máy
The stráit road swéep,
'Twixt the deep láke
And móuntain stéep,

Óverhéad
Hangs dréarily
The glímmering lámp
Of a Cálvary.

From wídow's crúse
That lámp is féd,
A wídow's téars
On that sláb are réad:—

"Féllow-sínner,
Bénd thy knée,
Féllow-sínner,
Práy with mé

"For hím that ín
The témpest's shóck,
Fóundering sánk
By yónder róck.

"Móther of Gód,
The sáilor sáve,
Ón Lake Gárda's
Dángerous wáve."

Two shórt miles móre
Run quickly pást,
And Ríva sáfe
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks
And clócks tell óne,
At Íl Giardíno*
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti
Bíds good night,
And áll to béd
In wéary plíght.

* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardino, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

## TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.*

Státelier than Weýerburg Schlóss, I wéen,
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen.
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rílls
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hílls,
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide
Fróm its tówers on évery side,

* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, on the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attlmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the midst of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and irregularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, and innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and impetuous river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

Nóbler thán its ámple háll,
Strónger thán its mássive wáll,
Déarer to Gód and ángels fár
Thán its cháp'l, thán its práy'r,
Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,
Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,
The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,
Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:
Wéll might ripe áge learn wísdom thére.

June 11. 1849.

---

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal castle of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and escaped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with white cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and there covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of their bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the left the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridge, and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windings of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearing behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the last of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's residence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.

## WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Ánna, téll me, práy,
How mány thóu hast séen,
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,
As mány Í have séen,
As áre the léaves upón the trées
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,
Sweet Ánna, hást thou séen?"
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter hére
From Íreland Í have séen;
A párent kind, a dúteous child,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rich, they wére not gréat,
Far bétter théy, I wéen;
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"Háppy they wére, if háppiness
Éver on éarth has béen;
A ténder síre, a lóving child,
'Mongst Weýerburg's bówers so gréen.

"I lóve to sít and think of thém,
To bé where théy have béen;
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,
And Weýerburg's bówers so gréen?"

## TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,
But nówhere Láura's pícture fóund;
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,
Upón my ínward sélf a glánce,
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —
An ángel's pórtrait without náme,
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14, 1849.

## THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbum write a vérse,"
Matílda sáid once tó a póet;
"But mind, no nónsense; fór I vów,
To áll the wórld I 'll súrely shów it."

He tóok the pén, and trémbling wróte
These véry wórds, or néarly:
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matílda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—
"My álbum, yóu have spóiled it,
I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,
Your pén had éver sóiled it."

"Spoiled whát? soiled whát?" the póet críed;
"Pray, Mádam, lét me fínish;
The bútter 's hére, but nót the bréad —
The éggs, but nót the spínach."

He tóok the pén agáin, and wróte,
Firmly this time, and cléarly:
"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth
There 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur would lóse
Of háppy báchelor life."
Matílda smiled; and ére a mónth
The póet cálled Matilda wife.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

## TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, cease, ye téars, to blót the fárewell lines
My héart at párting tó Louisa sénds;
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye sighs,
Fáithfullest cóuriers bétwixt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16. 1849.

## TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our eyelids stárting,
So fást upón our páper féll,
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at párting,
To wríte our friend one kind farewéll.

By time assúaged, our sórrow nów
Assúmes a sóberer, sófter húe,
And sighs, not téars, decláre the páin
With which we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! think sometimes
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;
Our hearts still fóndly túrn to thée,
Thróugh the wide wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

## PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE, ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.*

* * * * * * * * *

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórta Maggíore,
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,
And Pope Píus the Séventh demólished of láte,
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéer,
By the fúnny old báker erécted hére,
To recéive the remáins of Atístia, his wife,
Befóre him depárted this tróublesome life:—
"A véry good wife was Atístia to mé,
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words of the first are:—

FVIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS PISTORIS REDEMTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on the frieze.

Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;
And the móre to expréss my deep cónjugal gríef
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relief,
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her síde,
In my bést toga drésscd, for rich bákers have príde;
And abóve on the fríeze the whole árt I 've displáyed
Of the Róman flour-milling and báking tráde.
The gráin you see first, then the mill, then the flóur;
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;
And thére, in the midst of the bákehouse, commánding
How the wórk shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;
And in frónt of the húge, gaping móuth of the óven,
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;
And high on the cóunter the státera stánds;
And cústomers in at the shóp-door are drópping,
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and wéighing,
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.
And nów to the óther side fóllow the fríeze,
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wide,
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole léngth of its side,
*A jóur*, as the Fránk says, to lét the light thróugh.
For the óffside would mátch, were it pláced within view;
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,
Each fresh bátch from the óven is sét by to cóol;
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —
That supplied the design of the tómb here befóre ye.
Where to cóol I 've laid bý sweet Atistia, my wife,
Fresh and crisp from this hót, baking, óven of life;
And whére, kissing crúst to crust, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day mysélf.
Eurýsaces, míller and báker, am Í,
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý
Enjóy of the milling and báking tráde;
And óf this panárium what móre need be sáid?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

## TO MEMORY.

Wízard, begóne! and lét me néver
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!
Thou prómisédst a róund of pléasure,
Ánd hast given me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up
The déar scenes óf depárted yéars,
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart
Stríke a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,
Át the same móment, ón my víew?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho síng me
Nótes from lips of lóve that féll,
Bút it múst same ínstant bríng me
Their lóng and lingering lást farewéll?

Júggling wízard, hów I háte thee,
Wíth thy mágic ánd thy spélls,
Bý black Mélanchóly táught thee
Ín her sílent, súnless céllś!

Fóul enchánter, hénce! and drówn thee
Ín the dépths of Léthe's wáve!
Fáir is the wórld God spréads aróund me,
Thóu wouldst máke it bút a gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE, BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCRIBNER, OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES, JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fíre, how fást it búrns!
Ánd the stréam, how swíft it rúns!
Hów night áfter níght retúrns!
Hów soon sét our bríghtest súns!

The róse that blóssomed yéster-mórn,
Todáy upón the stém hangs dýing;
The bréeze that fánned us yéster-éven,
Tonight in óther lánds is sighing.

But fár more fléeting fríendship's bréath,
A bréeze from héaven that máy not lást;
And éarlier withered fríendship's flówer,
And fríendship's stréam runs swífter pást;

And quícker fríendship's fláme expíres,
And fríendship's dáys are sóoner spéd:
We fáin would stír the áncient fíres,
And stír but áshes cóld and déad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéet is the déath of the sóldier bráve,
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,
Histórians and póets his práises shall write,
And fáir maidens sing them, and gréy-beards recite.

For his is no lingering héctic decáy,
By slów degrees gnáwing his vítals awáy,
His vígor consúming, and blánching his chéek,
Tedious mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all night,
No ténder wife wátches his life's waning light,
Hoping, féaring, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,
As brighter or dímmer the flick'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!
For válor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for scárs;
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife búckles it ón;
One kíss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fállen: — abject minions, forbéar;
'Tis a sóldier that yónder lies strétched on his bíer;
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.

## ROME.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,
Tó my loved fríends at hóme,
This vígil óf St. Bláse,
Whén the wíld duck láys,
Ánd the fáint primróse
Únder the báre hedge blówś,
Ánd the mezéreon blóom
Spreads wídest íts perfúme,
And mérry bélls are rúng,
And Cándlemás is súng,
And dáys begín to bríghten,
And héarts begín to líghten;
Fór the wínter 's pást,
Ánd Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,
And wántonlý misrépresént things,
Thát I have héard it sáid 'twere bétter
A tráveller néver wróte a létter;
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, belíeve me,
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nót decéive ye;
For, ás at tímes sweet flówers are fóund
Grówing in únpropítious gróund,
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,
Are mén of hónor ín their wáy,
And nów and thén clear ríght 's in cávillers,
Why nót the trúth *sometímes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfore swíne
Cást my péarls, or póur my wíne,
I fáin would máke, with yóur permíssion,
Ére I begín, this óne condítion:

That simply, without guile or art,
Ye, tóo, perfórm your próper párt,
Fling far awáy all préconcéption
Obstrúctive óf plain trúth's recéption;
And, like an úncorrúpted child,
Listening tó precéptor mild,
Méekly your dócile éar incline
Tó the tále of Róme divine.

With invocátion tó the Níne
Sháll I begín that tále divine,
And húmbly fróm Apóllo súe
Fire for mysélf, to impárt to yóu?
Or sháll I séek my ínspirátion
Ín the old glóries óf the nátion,
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tréad,
Ánd the bright sky hangs ó'er my héad?
Or ráther túrn my nórthward lóok
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,
From thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénageary,
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry.
Toward óld Ballíevey Hóuse and Míll,
Ánd the new fárm of Mútton Híll?
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;
Nów my thóughts are mélody;
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;
Bróther and sísters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,
The véry Beaú Nash óf Belles Léttres,
Says, póets whó would mérit práise
Must júmp, slap dásh, *in médias rés*,

Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pínning,
Tó begín with thé beginning;
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the míddle,
Nót till the énd hang úp my fíddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,
Ín due órder ánd discréctly,
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,
Í 'll eschéw the vúlgar tóne,
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;
And, singing ín an únder-stráin,
And chécking mý poétic véin,
Prick on géntly ó'er the pláin,
With my Pégasus tight in réin,
Spáring the nóble ánimal's bówels,
Kéeping the pólish ón my rówels,
And léaving tó some gréater máster
Óf the mánege tó ride fáster.

## CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her first.
That Rómulús and Rémus núrsed;
You 'll séc her ín the Cápitol stánding,
Whén you 've móunted thé first lánding
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,
Ón whose site Rome's áncient glóry,*
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

* See Servius on Virgil, Ec. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,
That wáved abóve a cónquered wórld.
In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;
Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúlf
On which the sáilor's lóok is cást
When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,
Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,
Ánd he féels her séttling mótion
Ín the míddle óf the ócean,
Ón a stórmy night in winter,
And, láying hóld of spár or splinter,
Gázes appálled one móment róund,
Then cléars the táffrel with a bóund:
Not blácker lóoks the ráging déep
Ás he tákes his désperate léap,
Heaven's bléssing ón his Líla práying,
Thán that grím and gáunt Wolf báying,
While, with gáping móuths uptúrned,
Squát, beside her thúnder-búrned
And rént hind-lég, sit ón bare bréech
The róyal cúbs, too shórt to réach,
By góod six inches át the léast,
The téats of thé ill-fávored béast,
Túrgid to búrsting with Rome's glóry,
Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

## CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —
My sécond cháunt — what sháll it bé?
It shóuld have béen the Cúriátii,
At déadly grips with thé Horátii,
Hád ye not héard the óther dáy

A thróstle sing that véry láy,*
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,
It wére impértinénce in mé,
A mínstrel óf a róugher gráin,
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,
And Cícero spóke so lóng and wéll,
And Vírgil póured his tíde of sóng,
And Hórace, pláyfullý alóng
The Lésbian lýre his fíngers flínging,
Ánd his Róman Sápphics sínging,
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,
And tóok the stráight way tó the héart;
Whither bý some róund I 'll fóllow,
Withóut the pássport óf Apóllo.
Let thóse who wíll, stand bý the rúles
Of crábbed másters ánd their schóols;
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins
Ínto some winding páth that léads
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;
And thróugh Imáginátion's déll,
Midwáy 'twixt Réason's frígid céll,
And Pássion's éver-bóiling wéll,
And róunding thé heart's citadél,
That still in frónt 's defénded wéll,
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

To lét the fóragérs go óut
And ránsack áll the cóuntry abóut.
Énter, únobsérved, unknówn,
As if I wére of the gárrisón.
Secúre, once éntered thére, of living
For éver jóyous, ánd joy-giving.

## CHAUNT THIRD.

What hínders thát I táke the wórd
Frómmy sécond chaunt fór my third?
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'
The árchitéct's and scúlptor's hóme;
Where, póised in áir, thrice fífty métres
Abóve the pávement, hángs St. Péter's
Néver tó be équalled dóme,
Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;
So gránd, so beaútiful, so bright,
So sólid, yét so áiry light,
You gáze and gáze, untíl your sight
Áches with thé unmíxed delight,
And túrns to rést on méaner thíngs,
Ás a bird lights to rést its wings,
Then sóars up tó its héaven agáin,
And léaves belów this wórld of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?
The páinter's fóstering, fóstered hóme:
Where Gúido his Auróra drew,
Of súch ethérial, róseate húe,
So sóft and swéet, so frésh and fáir,
So frée from táint of éarth or cáre,
You cánnot knów what ángels áre,
Unléss you 've hád a síght of hér;

Unléss you háve behéld her rún
Befóre the cháriot óf the Sún,
Scáttering those déw-besprínkled flówers,
Fóllowed bý those dáncing Hóurs;
Ah, háppy Sún! ah, háppy Hóurs!
How jóyous Í too, ó'er those flówers,
Hánd-in-hánd with thóse gay Hóurs,
Would fóllow thróugh heaven's chámpaign wíde
The fóotsteps óf that ángel guíde!

## CHAUNT FOURTH.

Wére it fór my húndredth cháunt,
Cóuld I in Róme a súbject wánt?
Pénetráte yon sánctuarý;
Ásk the márble gróups that sígh
Óver the rélics óf the júst,
The wárrior's bónes, the státesman's dúst;
What ánswer cómes from that mássy tómb,
Dímly séen in the cháncel glóom?
"Hére the tenth Léo wáits the dóom."
What sáys that gráve where, his sóns betwéen,
Énglánd's third Jámes has fóund a scréen
Agáinst the bíllows ánd a gále
Áll too stróng for his véssel fráil? —
But thére in péace let the shípwrecked líe;
In sílence páss that mónument bý;
"Lást of the Stúarts" their élegý;
And cóme and sée where Manútius sléeps,
And óver Bémbo Léarning wéeps,
And Frá Giovánni da Fiésolé
Lies wrápt in ímmortálitý,
And Rósa's áshes sánctifý
Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pílgrim of Sion, réverent tréad
Óver thy Tásso's láurelled héad,
Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle
It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.
Túrn, Nature's vótary, híther túrn;
Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?
No téar for him that blíghted díed
Ín his súmmer's súnny pride,
Léaving on chúrch and pálace wáll,
Inscríbed in létters mágicál:—
"Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir
Thán man's dázzled síght might béar,
And tóok me tó hersélf or ére
Compléte my séven-and-thírtieth yéar;
Práy that my sín may bé forgíven —
It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

## CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó would láurels wéar
Must bíte his náil, and twírl his háir
Betwéen his fínger ánd his thúmb,
Cóaxing the right pat thóught to cóme;
And, whén it háth come, múst take cáre
It máke its éntree with the áir,
As fár from fórward ás from shý,
Of óne used tó good cómpaný,
Who, thróugh the thickest óf the bévy
Át the dráwing-róom or lévee,
Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,
Then bóws polítely, ánd takes his pláce.
"What 's áll this símilé abóut?"
Ásks your púzzled áir of dóubt;
So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's nót enóugh a thóught be júst,
Grand, beaútiful; it álso múst,
Befóre it cán be póetrý,
With its néighbour thóughts agrée,
Like children óf one fámily,
Like nótes of thé same mélody,
Like féathers in the sáme bird's wing,
Like díamonds sét in thé same ring,
Like flówers intó one nósegay tied,
Ór embróidered síde by síde,
Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,
Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and réd,
Blénding in óne harmónious whóle,
Wárm from the épic páinter's sóul,
Some Íliad ór some Ódysseý
Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé.

The náil is bít, the lóck is twírled
Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrled;
The néw thought 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!
And yét at bóttom ít 's good stúff;
Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;
It bríghtens hére; anóther rúb;
Brighter and brighter évery minute;
I knéw there wás good métal ín it;
There, sét it ín the próper líght;
Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-níght;
Stay, ísn't it tóo large fór the ring?
That cólor tóo 's not júst the thíng;
You dó not méan to sét a béryl
Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?
I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,
Fít for a róyal díadém,
But hére it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in thé glass-cáse
With your ámethýsts apárt,
Till you 're sétting your córal héart;
For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe
Whose sáyings you knów are álways trúe,*
Rúby and émeráld with péarl,
Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason whý
Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý
The thóught that stóod prepáred for thís,
Or táke its ábsence hére amíss?

## ROME.

(CONTINUED.)

I lóve to rise betímes
To héar Rome's mátin chímes,
And sée the lústy sún
Begín his ráce to rún,
These first bright dáys of Márch,
Lighting up tówer and árch,
And pínnacle and dóme,
Óver the expánse of Róme;
From Pórta Pópoló,
And Mónte Márió,
And Sánto Spíritó,
And frówning Ángeló,
And ímmense Váticán,
Alóng the slóping ván
Of hígh Janículine,
On bý the Áventíne,
And róyal Pálatíne,
And Árch of Cónstantíne,

* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.

And óld John Láterán,
And ólder Lábicán,
Quite róund to the Ésquiline,
And stéep Capítoline,
And diadem'd Quirinál.
Ánd my own Viminál,
Whére, from high balcóny
O'erhánging dárk Negróni,*
Séated in éasy cháir,
I enjóy the próspect ráre,
And drínk the bálmy áir,
And méditáte on chánge
As my wándering eye doth ránge,
And from rúined Látian Jóve,
Long Álba's hills abóve,
A timid glánce lets fáll
On St. Péter's cróss and báll;
Then túrn my cháir abóut,
And shút the próspect óut,
And rést my wéary síght,
And colléct my wits to wríte
The grétings mý heart sénds
To my fár-off Írish friends.

## CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérriment
At léast this óne day shall be spént,
To-night at twélve begíns the Lént;
So túrn the pháëton óut, Giovánni,
And páck betwéen the séats so mány
Wide-mouthed págs of súgar-plúms,
And cómfits big as mý two thúmbs,
Thát there may bé no róom for féet,
Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

* Villa Negroni, formerly Villa Massimi, is overlooked by the Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is separated only by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria Maggiore to the Baths of Diocletian.

Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,
Four, five, six bágs; there, dón't you sée
Fór anóther bag thére 's room yét? —
Bléss me, hów these hórses frét!
Postílions, cán't you kéep them stéady
Till the Signorína 's réady?
There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,
And nót come báck yet with the flówers;
Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy
We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;
Come, Káthariné, put ón your másk,
And give me míne; well! ít 's a tásk
To gét so mány tráps togéther —
What think'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?
I 'm súre I 'm néither fóol nor sót,
Yét the main thing I 'd nígh forgót —
The móccolí, the móccolí;
The mátches ánd the móccolí;
Less péniténtial fár to mé
Were bácon without bróccolí,
Than múmming without móccolí.
Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;
And nów we 're réady áll to gó,
For yónder Í see Ángela cóming
With the nósegays fór our múmming:
Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!
Préttier nósegays néver wére;
Why, Ángelá 's a créature ráre.
Nów, postílions, áre ye réady?
Stáy one móment — stéady, stéady —
Crick-crácк, crick-crácк, and dówn the stréet;
Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —
But whát comes in yon cáraván?
Sáve us, Chríst! a whóle diván

Of únbelíeving Mámelúkes,
With their hórse-tails ánd chibóuks.
Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem crów;
What búsiness hére has Túrk or Jéw?
Cómfits, cómfits, lárge or smáll;
Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;
Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizíer —
"Kátharine — child — what dó you féar?"
"Papá, they 've hít me ón the éar:" —
"Don't mínd it, child, it 's áll in fún,
Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,
Mérriest féast benéath the sún."
"Papá, they 're gétting úp behínd:" —
"It 's áll in pláy, child, néver mínd."
"Papá, they 're móunting úp befóre:" —
"Kátharine, I vów you 're quíte a bóre."
"Papá, they 're climbing thé coach-dóor:" —
"Dówn, sirs, dówn! why áll this róut?
Postílions, whát are yé abóut?"
"Your Hónor sées how wé are jámmed,
And hów from síde to síde is crámmed
The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,
Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians."
"Why, Kátharine, we 're in a shówer
Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:
Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eyes are blínded:" —
"Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;
Fór the Cárnival 's júst begún,
Mérriest féast benéath the sún;
And thóugh you 've gót a míller's hát,
And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?
'Tis but the frólic óf the séason,
That móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And Í for mý part wón't compláin,
Íf we gét home without ráin:" —
"Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us;
Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;
For, nót to spéak of cólds or féver,
Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,
Sínce Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,
Hás not given us óne umbrélla,
Ánd the first drops óf a shówer
Would ínto páste turn áll this flóur.
Ráin, child! — ráin would quite destróy us,
Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —
Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bríght?
Postílions, hóld the hórses tíght;
Why! it 's almóst as dárk as níght.
Was éver héard such a thúnder-crásh?
And thére 's anóther brighter flásh,
And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —
Hów the walls sháke, and windows ráttle —
And úp, and dówn, and éverywhére,
Ínto café and pórte-cochère,
Únder pórticos, ínto shóps,
Flýing fróm the bíg rain-dróps,
Rún the múmmers hélter-skélter,
Ánd in the véry chúrches shélter:
It 's néither háil, rain, fíre, nor wind,
But wind, hail, ráin, and fíre combíned,
All fórms at ónce of winter wéather,
Áll the foul élements lóosed togéther,
As íf on this devóted tówn
The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówn;
Or Jóve and áll his héathen Góds
Hád regáined their óld abódes,

And ópened ón the arch-énemý
Áll the bátteries óf the ský."

"Thóugh our clóthes are míddling wét,
Déar papá, we 're nót drowned yét;
I wónder yóu 'd so fúme and frét.
This pórticó 's a pléasant cóver,
Ánd the shówer will sóon be óver;
For yónder cómes the blúe agáin,
Ánd less héavy fálls the ráin;" —

"Míghty pléasant, tó be súre,
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,
Drípping wét from héad to tóe,
Shívering, quívering, hére to gó
Fór some twó good hóurs or só,
Úp and dówn this pórticó,
Sómetimes quick and sómetimes slów,
Blówing ón our fínger-énds,
Wáiting till the wéather ménds,
Thínking ón the spórt we 've lóst,
Móurning ó'er our fórtune crósséd,
Cóunting úp the dámage dóne
To hórses, líveries, pháëtón;
Our súgar-plúms to sýrup mélted
Ére a dózen wéll were pélted;
Our nósegays withered, tórn, and báttered,
Clóthes, hands, fáces, áll bespáttered —
Míghty pléasant, tó be súre,
And équal tó a wáter-cúre,
For óne who stréngth has tó endúre,
And dóes not díe at ónce outright
Of shámc, vexátion, ór mere spíte."

"Cóme, papá, let 's léave our cóver,
Fór the stórm 's entírely óver,
Ánd the súnbeams bréaking óut —
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?"

"Quick, child, quick, or we 'll lóse the pláce
We have táken fór the póny-ráce;
Quick, child, quick, we múst run fást,
Ór the pónies will be pást:
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,
Bláck, white, píebald, gréy, and dún,
Bút it 's the sórrel I 've bét upón;
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót
Ín good time at lást we 've gót,
Número one húndred twénty-fóur,
Two pláces, bálcony first-flóor."
"Your tickets, sir." — "Our tickets? whát!
By Jóve! the tickets I quite forgót
Ín the pócket of mý wet cóat,
And hóme they 're góne in the pháëtón —
Now, Kátharine, what 's tó be dóne?"
"Come, lét 's run dówn intó the stréet,
And trý if wé can't gét a séat
Ón a plátform or in a shóp."
"Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —
I 've lóst my púrse, if it 's nót forgót
With the tickets in mý great cóat.
Stólen it is, I 'm súre it 's stólen,
Fór my pócket thére 's no hóle in.
Thieves, sirs, thieves! I 'm róbbed, I 'm plúndered!
Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!
Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme
We 're twénty times worse hére in Róme;

For while at home there 's not a man
But is as honest as he can,
In Rome there 's not a man but would
Rob you if he durst and could,
Or cut your throat, no matter which,
And throw your body in a ditch."
"Dear papá, don't be so vexed:" —
"Well, child, well, what worse comes next?
In this curs'd town another day
I wouldn't, if I could get away,
No, not for twenty Carnivals, stay.
For though the poet truly sings
That patience is the best of things —
But stop! what 's that? — the ponies' feet
Clattering, battering down the street;
The ponies' feet — the ponies' bells —
How the heavenly music tells
On every fibre of my heart;
Oh, that we had but seen them start!
Then, then, indeed, could no one say
That we had misspent our day,
Or laugh at us when we get home
For missing the finest sight in Rome.
Six lovelier ponies never ran
Since the race of time began:
Six ponies of one age and strength,
One height, one weight, one breadth, one length,
Long-maned, long-tailed, wide nostrils flaring,
Broad-hoofed, long-pasterned, eyes red glaring:
One glossy black, from Barbary brought;
One pearly white, in Sicily caught;
A pieball from Majorca island;
A stout grey shelty from Scotch highland;

A créamy Árab, néarer dún;
And the bright sórrel I 've bét upón,
That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó
With thát great áss of an Óudinót.
But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,
This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?
Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?
Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,
To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —
"Papá, I héar the cánnon fíring;
Papá, the sóldiers áre retíring" —
"'Hurráh! hurráh!' that wás a shóut:
'Hurráh! hurráh!' what wás it abóut?
'Hurráh! hurráh! the ráce is dóne.'
'Hurráh! hurráh! the bláck has wón.'
The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;
Confúsion táke that sórrel póny,
And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —
But dáng it, háng it, lét it gó;
It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,
And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?
It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,
And thén good-bý́e to this cursed tówn:
A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,
'Twon't máke me thínner, nór much fátter;
But mínd, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,
From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.
There, Kátharine, blów that táper óut,
And líght your ówn: what áre ye abóut?
Give mé the mátches: whý! they 're wét;
Run, búy a bóx; stop, dón't go yét;
The rógue that óf my púrse beréft me
Not éven a hálf-baiócco léft me.

Whát 's to be dóne? we múst get líght;
But hów? 's anóther quéstion quite.
See whére they 're láughing ás they páss,
And gíbing át me: — 'Whát an áss!
In Róme, upón Shrove-Túesday night
Másqueráding without líght!'
I wón't, I cán't endúre it; nó:
I 'll gét a líght, or hóme I 'll gó:
For néver wás a trúer sáying
Than, 'Pláy what yóu see óthers pláying;
And íf you 'd wéll the wórld get thróugh,
Just dó in Róme as óthers dó;' —
For Nícholás in Rússia stánd;
In Gérmaný for Fátherlánd;
In Túrkey bé a Músselmán;
In Fránce a stáunch Repúblicán;
In Énglánd á dim Púseyíte,
Wáiting fór the pérfect líght,
Sídeways tó the Pópe inclíning,
On Sáturdáys with Wíseman díning;
Or, bétter stíll, Free-tráder bé,
And crý, 'Down with Monópolý,'
Máke her dischárge her íll-got pélf,
And crám it áll intó yoursélf;
In Íreland bé a béggarmán,
Or béggar-guárdian; whát you cán,
Excépt landlórd or géntlemán;
And hére in Róme, Shrove-Túesday níght,
Róbber or róbbed, it 's équal quíte,
Províded ónly yóu 've a líght —
But stáy; what 's thís? where áre we nów?
They 've pút out évery líght, I vów —
And nót a gás-lamp! — Góths and Vándals! —
And súch a sténch of snúffed-out cándles!"

The cánnon 's bóoming Shróve-tide's knéll;
Dear, mérry Cárnivál, farewéll. —
And só we jóg home, wét and wéary,
Tó our Strózzi Vílla chéery,
Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrow,
Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrow.
Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:
'Tís a strange róundabóut we tréad.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

## AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I viewed
A rócky íslet, whére it stóod
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter wight
It wás in trúth a prétty sight,
That íslet's bóld and rócky héight,
Whére in the évening light it stóod
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

No living thing was séen or héard,
Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:
The lóvelier in its sólitúde
That rócky íslet, whére it stóod
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

The wáters fóamed and the wáters fláshed,
And higher still and higher láshed
The stéep sides óf that rócky ísle,

So cálm and úndistúrbed the whíle,
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,
And sáy, could ít be únderstóod:—
"Dash ón, dash ón, ye wáters rúde."

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde
Gained still upón that íslet's síde;
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,
The billows, with a bróader swéep,
And héavier still and héavier shóck,
Búrst upón that íslet róck.

My néver ídle phántasý
Péopled that sólitúde for mé:
Yon íslet ís a cítadél,
Bý its strong wáll defénded wéll
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;
Yon émerald billows gláncing bríght,
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,
Are wárriors ín green ármour díght;
Sée how they tóss their crésts of white,
Sée how they rúsh with swórd and shóut
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.
What thóugh, repélled from thé steep wáll,
Ín disórder báck they fáll,
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;
They 'll díe, or wín that cítadél,
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.
Still frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún
Behínd the dárkening séa went dówn,
And, wrápt in clóuds, the níght came ón;
The lóng bent shivered ín the blást,
The rácк acróss the ský sped fást;
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.

I túrned me fróm that dréary shóre,
I túrned me fróm those billows' róar
And sóught the shélter óf my dóor,
Cúrtains and shútters fástened tight
Agáinst the hówling stórm and night,
And, dráwing my téa-table tówards the héarth,
And míngling ín the kítten's mírth,
Forgót the rócky ísle that stóod
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.

That night, as I láy in my béd, the ráin
Báttered agáinst the window-páne;
That night it bléw a húrricáne;
I sáw the árrowy lightning's flásh,
I héard the péaling thúnder's crásh,
And thóught of the rócky ísle that stóod
Amóng the dáshing wáters rúde.
I féar, I féar for that citadél,
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.

Fléd are the clóuds, and stórm, and night;
The rócky ísle basks ín the light
Of the mórning sún so frésh and bríght;
Scarce tipped the émerald wáves with white;
Eýe hath not séen a fáirer sight;
My héart flows óver with delíght,
And I lóve that rócky island móre
Than éver I lóved an ísle befóre.

Man, tóo, may a súnny mórning scé
Ríse on his night of advérsitý,
And hármless búrst life's billows rúde
Upón the róck of his fórtitúde.

Via Maggio, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

## NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF B. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,
Where stárry hósts in rival spléndors glísten,
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:
Then think within mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánse of spáce;
And yét I hóld within my swélling bósom
The bóundless nótion óf Infínity,
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught
The illímitáble únivérse itsélf:
But Límited holds nót Illímitáble;
And Ínfinite is fór Etérnity;
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to líve for éver,
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thínking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

## WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture
Guárds her fair fáce agáinst the winter cóld,
An émblem, nót unápt, of mórtal mán:
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, creáted;
Defíled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,
And ré-absórbed intó Etérnity.

His lóok is sínister; I líke him nót;
Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,
His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,
His squínting eýes do álmost tóuch each óther.
'Twas bút just nów I sáw him, with an áir
Of íll-dissémbled lévity and éase,
Dróp a dark whísper in his cómrade's éar,
Whó with a líke mystérious whísper ánswered.
'Twas bút just nów I sáw him ón his cháir
Wríggling and fídgetty, then rísing súdden,
And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking
As thóugh his cónscience tóld him sóme one márked him,
And díved intó his púrpose: thén, agáin,
Stánding stock-stíll, withóut more sign of lífe
Than gláred in thát malignant férret eýe
That, piercing ánd pursúing áll things, ránged
Incéssant úp and dówn the gáy assémbly;
And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the time
To dó the déadly, méditáted déed,
I sáw, distínctly sáw, the rápid plúnge
Óf his right hánd intó his léft breast-pócket,
In séarch of dírk or dágger thére concéaled,
Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod
Ran cóld with hórror át the instant flásh
And spárkle óf the —— diamond-stúdded snúff-box,
From which, thrice géntly with forefínger tápped,
And délicátely ópened, first his fríend,
And thén himsélf, took éach so vást a pinch,
So púngent, rich, and ódoríferous,
As míght have pút their nóses in good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

## PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not búilding néw:
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;
Whén I obsérve a thinning, nót an increase,
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissioners;
Grass grówing in your láw courts, ánd fell spíders
There láying snáres for flíes, not mén for mén;
And stámped recéipts, recógnizánces, wríts,
A tále of thé old, Págan, iron time,
Nót of this cháritable, Christian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chécks,
What time they cringe, and bów, and lick the shóes
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,
For léave to pút a mótley livery súit
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,
To kill and rób and éxtirpáte, wheré'er
Kílling and róbbing ánd extirpating
Ópens a wider field to British cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me
Your city bánker, ór East Índia mérchant,
Áfter his fórty yéars of cóunting-hóuse,
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight

Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon mérchant
Contént with his full bágs, and nót intént
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage
Some hálf a dózen, aýe, some thrée, some twó,
Some síngle sólitáry óne that dóes not,
Éven in the mátter óf front séat or báck,
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a window,
Exhíbit his invéterate, ingráined,
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;
Ánd I 'll begín to thínk ye are máking prógress.

Here ám I réady tó belíeve in Prógress
First time I héar your líttle girls cry "Sháme!
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,
With hórse, and hóund, and críes of sávage jóy,
For spórt, mere spórt, and nót to appéase his húnger,
The póor, weak, timid, quívering háre to déath;
And twice a cóward's ánd an ídler's sháme
On him that skúlks, hours, dáys, beside a bróok,
Pútting forth áll the tréachery and cúnning
That lúrk within the dárk den óf man's bráin,
To entráp the sílly tróutling, ánd infíx
Déep in his wríthing gílls the slý, barbed hóok.

Thát ye are máking prógress Í 'll believe
The first time Í percéive your cónscience twinge ye,
For ánswering your quéstioning child with líes,
Or chíll evásion óf the lónged-for trúth;
Denýing him the advántage óf that knówledge
Ye púrchased fór yourselves with mány a héartache,

And mány an ágony and blóody swéat;
And sénding hím to sáil the wíde, wide wórld,
As hélpless, ignorant, and únprotécted,
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on high,
As bý your párents yé were sént yoursélves,
To swim, if quick to léarn; to sínk, if nót.

First time I héar ye sáy that yóur devótion
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,
And séldom ís exáctly át the fúll,
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twélve on Súnday;
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy
To gó to chúrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm
Or cóld, and dámped with wórldly cáres and búsiness,
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,
In órder thát your children, friends, and néighbours,
May háve the bénefit óf your góod exámple:
That móment Í 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lónger báckward stárt with hórror
At sight of géntle Déath, and wring your hánds,
And wéep, and crý that yé will nót go with him,
Though ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some prógress.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.

# SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

# THE HEROIC TIMES.

I. The foundation of Carthage.
II. The fall of Troy.
III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido, Queen of Carthage.
V. Funeral games.
VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841, and, after many attempts in various measures, and several times printing and reprinting different parts of the work, completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

# I.

I am the sáme that wárbled ónce
On óaten réed a sléndер sóng,
Then tóok my wáy forth fróm the wóods,
And fórced the néighbouring tillage fields
To obéy the fármer whát though gríping;
A wórk that pléased the húsbandman.

But nów with trúmpet-nóte I chánt
Mars' bristling árms and thát great mán
Whom Fáte, of óld, brought réfugée
From Trójan clime to Ítalý,
And ón Lavínium's séa-bord lánded.

On lánd and séa sore tóssed was hé
(Fell Júno's lóng-remémbering íre,
The might divine against him móving);
Sórely with wár, too, hé was hárassed,
Whilst into Látium his Gods bringing,
And fóunding thére a cápital city.
From him derived our Látin ráce,
The Álban sires and high Rome's tówers.

Téll the cause, Múse; the próvocátion;
For whát offénce against her Gódhead
The quéen of héaven from tóil to tóil,
From wóe to wóe so dróve a mán,
Éminent for évery ténder virtue.
Is't póssible Góds can bé so ángry?

The moúths of the Týber
And Ítaly fácing,
Beyónd sea afár,
Florished ónce on a time
The áncient and pówerful
City of Cárthage,
A cólony Týrian,
Bitterest, most práctised
Of wár's bitter ádepts.

This dwélling, they sáy,
More than ány on eárth,
Móre even than Sámos,
Was Júno's delíght;
Her cháriot was hére,
And hére were her árms.
This city alréady
The Góddess designed,
And with fónd care was núrsing
To wield, might the Fátes
But by sóme means allów it,
The sway of the wórld;

Fór she had héard
There was nów beng réared,
From Tróy's stock, a nátion
Wide-rúling and mártial
Which should sómetime o'erthrów
Her citadels Týrian,
And dévastate Líbya;
Ánd that the Párcae
Were rólling things róund so.

Satúrnia, this féaring,
And remémbering moreóver
The invéterate wár
That, of óld, she had wáged
At Tróy, for dear Árgos —
Nor hád she forgót yet
The kéen stinging smárt
Which occásioned those íres;
In the dépths of her mind stored
Lies Páris' wrong júdgment.
And slight of her béauty;
From how ódious a first stock
The ráce had descénded;
What an insult to hér
Kidnapped Gánymede's hónors.

With thése thoughts, too, fired,
From Látium she képt far,
And ó'er the whole máin tossed
The rémnant the Dánaï
And rúthless Achílles
Had léft of the Trójans,
And mány a séa round,

For mány a lóng year,
Impélled by the Fátes,
They went wándering ón.
Such a cóil was there fóunding
The nátion of Rómans.

Óf the Sicílian land
Scárce had they lóst sight,
And awáy to the high deep
Were jóyfully sáiling,
And with brázen bows dáshing
The sált sea-fóam,
When, within her bréast núrsing
The wóund everlásting,
Thus tó herself Júno: —

'Am I to desíst, then, o'ercóme
And too wéak from Itália to túrn back
The king of the Teúcri?
Forbíd by the Fátes, to be súre!
But wás the strength wánting to Pállas
The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,
And whélm the crews in the deep séa
For the single offénding of Ájax,
Oíleus' mad són?
Jove's rápid devoúring flame dówn
From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót,
And túrned up the séa with the winds,
And scáttered their véssels abóut,
And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth
The fíre that had shót him was blázing,
With might and main húrling a róck,
With its shárp, craggy póint pierced him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's síster and wífe
Whom the Góds, as I wálk, salute quéen,
Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nátion.
Will ány one hénceforth adóre Juno's gódhead,
Or láy on her áltar the súppliant's gíft?'

Déep in her fláming breast
Thése thoughts revólving,
The Góddess arrives at
The cóuntry of stórms,
Eólia, land téeming
With ráging south-wésters;
Where king Éolus rules óver,
And, with bárrier and cháins
In a vást cave restráins
The stróng-struggling winds
And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high
Sceptred Éolus sits,
And sóftens their pássion,
And témpers their íres,
Else, be súre, they would béar,
And awáy through the áir
In swift flight sweep with them
Lands, séas, and deep ský;
But the Fáther omnipotent,
This fearing, stówed them
Awáy in dark cáverns,
And on tóp of them pláced
A máss of high móuntains,
And gáve them a king
By the términs of his cómpact

Bound to hóld the reins tighter
Or lóoser, as órdered:
Whom Júno addréssed then
In thése suppliant wórds: —

'O Éolus, fór unto thée
The Góds' sire and king of mankind
Has given the wáves, to be sóothed
Or lifted up high with the wind;
A péople with whóm I'm at wár
Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,
Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium
And Ílium's cónquered Penátes.
With áll thy winds át them, and scátter them wide,
Or dówn in the séa's abyss plúnge them,
And strew the whole déep with their córpses;
To reward thy desérvings, I'll give unto thée
Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are míne,
Déiopéia, the lóveliest,
To líve with thee álways, thy wédded wife,
And máke thee the sire of a béauteous óffspring.'

'Be it thý task, O quéen, to detérmine thy wish',
It was thús replied Éolus thén,
'To obéy thy behést shall be míne.
For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,
And the fávor of Jóve I'm indébted to thée;
Through thy gráce I recline at the féasts of the Góds,
Over stórmcloud and témpest through thý grace I réign.'

Having thús said, he púshed
With his lévelled spear's póint
The móuntain's side hóllow,

And out through the vent,
As it were in battalion,
The winds rushed, and blew
With a whirl the lands through;
And down on the sea
Dashed at once and together
South-east and Sirocco,
And Africus squally,
And turned it all up
From its lowest bottom,
And rolled to the shore the vast billows.
What shouting of men then!
What creaking of cordage!
From the eyes of the Teucri
Sudden clouds snatch away
Both the sky and the day;
Dark night on the deep broods,
Loud thunder the poles,
Ether fast flashes lightning,
And every thing 'round
Threatens death instantaneous.
Chill sudden unstrings
Enéas's limbs;
And, with hands stretched toward heaven,
Deep groaning, he cries:—
"Happy, thrice happy, they
Whose lot 'twas to die
Troy's high walls before
In the sight of their sires!
Ah! why could not I
By thy hand have fallen,
O Tydides! most brave
Of the race of the Danaï?

Ah! why could not I
Have poured my life out
On the Ilian plains,
Where fell Hector lies low
By Eacides' spear,
Low, mighty Sarpedon;
And Simoïs' waters
Away in such numbers
Sweep helmets, and bucklers,
And brave heroes' corpses?"

In the midst of his raving,
A whistling north-blast
Strikes the sail right aback,
And lifts the waves up to the stars;
The oars smash; the prow veers,
And turns its side round
To the steep mountain pile
Of the billow that down
On the top of it 's bearing;
On the crest of the wave
These here hang suspended;
The wide-gaping trough
Shows those yonder the bottom;
The surging tide, furious,
Rolls with it the sands.
Sirocco three sail takes
And whirls on the rocks
The Italians call "Altars,"
That, lurking a-midsea,
Just raise their huge hummock
To the level of the water.
Away from the deep

South-east drives other three
To shállows and Sýrtes,
A pity to sée!
And ón the banks dáshes,
And gírdles with dúnes.
Befóre his own eýes
A huge séa tumbles dówn,
And strikes on the póop
The véssel that cárried
The Lýcians and faithful Oróntes;
Out próne on his héad
The cáptain is tóssed,
And the véssel itsélf,
Thrice róund and round whirled
By the rápid sea-éddy, and swállowed.
Here and thére in the swéll
An odd swimmer is séen;
Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,
Float wide on the wáters.
Of Ílioneus' stóut ship
The stórm now is máster;
And nów of the ships
Of Achátes the bráve,
Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthes;
Through timber-joint lóose,
And wide-gaping séam,
They let in every óne
The wátery fóe.

Meantime perceives Néptune,
With nó small emótion,
The séas troubled róaring,
The témpest let lóose,

And the still under-wáters
Thrown úp from the bóttom;
And óver the billow
His héad serene raising,
And táking the high sea
In próspect all róund,
Behólds o'er the whóle deep
Enéas' fleet scáttered,
And the Trójans o'erpówered
By the might of the wáves,
And the dówn-rushing ský;
When, at ónce recognising
The guile of his sister,
The ánger of Júno,
He cálls to him Éurus
And Zéphyrus stráight,
And in thése words addrésses:—

"Cóunt ye so múch on your clán's strength, ye winds,
That, unármed with my sánction divíne,
Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn topsy-túrvy,
And ráise all this húbbub and póther?
I'll téach ye—
But thése troubled wáves I must pácify first;
With fár other pénalty símilar déed
Next time ye shall rúe.
Aváy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your king:—
Not his lot, but míne, the domáin of the séa
And the térrible trident;
Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion.
Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,
And whén he has shút up the winds in their prison,
Tyrannize as he líkes, autocrát paramóunt."

He said; and the swóllen waves,
More quick than he spóke, stilled,
The gáthered clouds róuted,
And bróught back the sún.
At the sáme time Cymóthoë
And Tríton the véssels
With might and main púshing,
From the shárp rock heave óff;
Himself lévers with trident,
The vást Syrtes ópens,
The séa surface témpers,
And on light wheels glides óver
The tóps of the wáves.
And ás oftentímes,
When the pópulace músters,
A túmult arises,
And the lów, vulgar mind
Is inflámed to a ráge;
Brands and stónes they are flýing,
Fury wéapons supplýing—
Should they thén chance a mán
Of tried weighty mérit
And piety sée,
They áll stand by sílent,
And with éars intent listen,
While that mán with his wórds
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.
So subsíded the whóle
Crashing róar of the séa,
As sóon as the síre,
Looking óut o'er the wáters,
Gave the lásh to his cóursers,
And benéath the clear héaven

Flew caréering alóng
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so frée.

For the néarest shore striving
The wéary Enéadae
Toward Líbya's coast túrn;
Defénded in frónt
And made into a pórt
By a shéltering íslet,
On whóse seaward síde
The bréaking waves rún up
In mány a créek,
Lies a cóve far retíred;
On eách side vast rócks
And a clíff to heaven tówering;
Betwéen, in the glóom
Of the dárk forest-lándscape
That clóthes the steep bánks
And hangs shímmering óver,
The cóve spreads its wáters
In sáfety and sílence;
In the ópposite blúff
Hanging rócks overárch
A cáve, with fresh wáter
And nátural stone séats,
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no ánchor's
Cróoked tooth fástens,
Where nó hawser bínds
The wéary véssel,
Enéas with séven ships
Oút of his whóle fleet

Collécted, puts in.
The Trójáns, enámoured
Of lánd, disembárking,
Take possession with jóy
Of the wished-for stránd,
And ón the shore strétch
Their brine-famished límbs.

And first strikes Achátes
The spárk from the flínt,
In fóliage receíves it,
Spreads nútriment róund it,
And rápidly into flame
Géts the dry kíndling;
Then, sick, sore, and sórry
They pút into órder
Their séa-damaged córn
And implements Céreal,
And prepáre for the róasting,
And crúshing in quérns,
The grain they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,
And óver the wide sea all róund cast his view,
Any témpest-tossed Ántheus thére to discérn
With his Phrýgian birémes, or else Cápys,
Or the árms of Caícus upón his high póops.

Not a ship is in sight; on the shóre he sees stráying
Three stágs, and behind them the whóle trooping hérd
Coming brówsing alóng through the válleys:
He stópped, and his bów and swift árrows
From faithful Achátes' hand snátching,

The léaders themsélves with their hígh heads
And wide-branching hórns first laid lów;
Then the whóle vulgar créw with his shafts
Through the léafy glades dróve in disórder;
Nor céased till his víctory strétched
Seven cárcases húge on the swárd,
For éach ship a cárcase.
Retúrned to the pórt then the préy
Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,
And distríbuting tó them the wíne
Which in wéll-plenished cásks good Acéstes
Had on bóard their ships pút, when the héro
Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácria,
Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes: —

'O yé, not fór the first time nów
Compánions óf my wóes,
Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,
This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dínning réefs
Of rábid Scýlla yé have sáiled,
Éven of the Cýclops' rócks
Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,
Yóur sad féars dismíss;
Perháps even thése woes tóo
Ye máy with sátisfáction
Some fúture time remémber.

Through áll these chánces várious,
These mány critical conjúnctures

We tend toward Látium ón.
Where tó our view the Fátes
Hold óut a quiet hóme,
And whére to rise agáin
Troy's émpire is permitted.
Endúre, and fór good times
Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,
And with feigned look of hópe
His sóre trouble híding,
Pressed déep in his héart down
His sórrow and cáre.
The repást to get réady
His cómrades set tó then;
From the gáme strip the skín,
And láy the flesh báre;
Then ínto junks cút it,
And spít it still quívering;
While sóme in brass cáuldrons,
Dispósed on the shóre,
Heat wáter for wáshing.
Alóng the grass strétched then
Their stréngth they recrúit
With a héarty regále
On the vénison rich,
And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the góod cheer
Their húnger had sáted,
And the bóard was remóved,
On their míssing friends túrns
Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sómetimes the hópe is
They 're living and wéll,
And sómetimes the féar is
They 've súffered the wórst,
And cánnot the cáll hear
That bids them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief
Of kindly Enéas himsélf,
As inly he móurns the misfórtune
Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,
And the déstiny cruel of Gýas,
Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking
From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,
And cóasts, and wide péoples, and ship-traversed séas —
As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,
With his eýes on the Líbyan realms stéadfastly fixed,
And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,
Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,
And her bright eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal sway
Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,
And wíeldst the thúnder's térrors,
So grievously agáinst thee hów
Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,
That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered
The whóle wide wórld agáinst them still
On Ítalý's accóunt is clósed?
'Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars
The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revive in thém,

And from them come the Romans, come those chiefs
That should rule paramount o'er land and sea;
What change of sentiment is this? O sire!
For the sad ruin and downfall of Troy
I found my consolation in thy promise,
And the one fate repaid me for the other;
But now the same ill-fortune follows still
Men who so long by fortune have been harassed.
What end, great king, appointest of our toils?
Escaped out of the midst of the Achivi
Antenor could his Teucrian colony
And city of Patavium found
Far up th' Illyrian gulf explored in safety,
Beyond the utmost realms of the Libúrni,
Beyond where through Timavus' fountains nine
The sea outbursting makes the mountain rumble.
And with a roaring deluge whelms the fields;
The arms of Troy withal he there hung up,
The name of Troy gave to the state, and there
Reposes now in settled peace and quiet;
But we, thine offspring, unto whom thou grantest
Heaven's royal palaces, are victimised
To gratify an individual's ire;
Have lost, O horrible! have lost our ships,
And from Italia's coasts are wide dissevered.
Is this the guerdon thou award'st the duteous?
Is 't thus to throne and sceptre thou restor'st us?"

The sower of Gods and men, with that aspect
Which stills the storms and smooths the ruffled skies,
Touched with his lips his daughter's lips and smiled: —
"Spare thy fear, Cytherea," then he said;
"Thy Trojan fates stand steadfast;

Lavínium's prómised tówers thou shált behóld,
Ánd to the stárs of héaven shalt béar alóft
Magnánimous Enéas;
Nor knówns my séntiment chánge.
But since this ánxious cáre so gnáws thee
The sécrets of the fúture Í'll decláre,
And, fúrther ón, the fátes unróll befóre thee.

"In Ítaly a gréat war hé shall wáge,
Crúsh tribes ferócious, fóund a cápital city,
And téach his péople civilizátion's árts,
Tíll the Rutúlians, for three winters' spáce,
Have cálled him cónqueror, and the third súmmer
Behéld him réigning páramóunt o'er Látium.
But hé that Ílus wás while Ílium stóod,
The bóy Ascánius, nów Iúlus súrnamed,
Thírty great yéars through áll their rólling mónths
Shall with his réign compléte, and from Lavínium
To Lónga Álba, máde a fórtress stróng,
Transfér the góvernméntal résidence.
The dýnasty Hectórean hére shall rúle
Three húndred yéars, until queen-príestess Ília,
Prégnant by Márs, shall bríng twain búrthen fórth.
Then wólf-nursed Rómulús, delighted wéaring
His táwny wólfskin, shall recéive the nátion,
Fóund the strong-fórtified Mavórtian city,
Ánd from his ówn name cáll the péople Rómans.
To thém I sét no bounds of time or spáce,
Bóundless the sway I háve bestówed on thém;
Even shé, harsh Júno's sélf, that with her féars
Nów in a férment kéeps earth, séa and sky,
Shall bétter cóunsel táke, and with me chérish
The tógaed Rómans, másters of the wórld.

Súch my decrée, and só to mé seems fít.
Elápsing *lústra* shall bring ón a time
Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae
Assáracus' hóuse shall fix the victor's cháin,
And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.
Of Tróy's fair stóck shall César thén be bórn;
Whose émpire, óccan, whóse high fáme, the stárs
Alóne shall límit; César, Július cálled
From thine Iúlus, his great áncestor.
Him tóo, with óriéntal spóils all láden,
To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,
And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.
The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórld
Shall thén grow méllow, and lay wárs aside;
Vésta and hóary Faíth shall législáte,
Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirínus.
Fást shall be clósed those gátes of íron díre.
Those stróng-clamped *Béllí Pórtae;* and within,
Unpitying Fúry, with his hánds behínd him
Pínioned with a húndred knóts of brass,
On instruments of hávoc shall sit, prísoner,
Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ignorance óf the Fátes
Dído might from her bounds warn óff the Téucri,
Sénds from on high the són of Máia dówn,
To ópen to them hóspitably wide
The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.
Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flíght
Toward Líbya's cónfines, and, there quick alíghted,
Procéeds forthwith to éxecute his bídding.
The Póeni at the Gód's will lay aside
All bítterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit
Of géntleness and góodwill tóward the Teúcri.

But, áll night thróugh, affféctionáte Enéas,
Much póndering, resólves to issue fórth
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,
And, for he sées untílled the chámpaign lie,
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;
And to his cómrades with repórt retúrn.
Within a wóoded bight he hides his flèet
Únder a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádows róund
On áll sides clóse it in: then in his hánd
Grásping two jávelins with broad bládes of iron,
Walks fórth, atténded ónly by Achátes.

To him full in his páth his móther
Amidst the wóod presénts hersélf,
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,
Ánd as Spártan máid accóutred,
Or like Harpálycé of Thráce
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,
And whóse swift flight outstrips swift Hébrus;
Fór from her shóulders she had húng
The húntress' úsual hándy bów,
And fréely her long trésses given
Tó the bréezes to dishével;
Náked her knée, and in a knót
Her gárment's fúllness at the bréast,
Tied, and confined from flówing:—

"What, hó! young mén"; she prior thús;
"Sáy, have ye chánced a síster míne,
With spótted lýnx-hide girt and quiver,
This way tó have séen a-stráying,
Ór with whoop-whóop-halló the cháce
Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing."

So Vénus; and thus ánswered Vénus' són:—
"No síster thíne have Í or héard or séen,
O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót
Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;
O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo's síster?
Ór of the nýmphs' blood? ón us lóok propítious,
Ánd our toils lighten, whósoé'er thou árt;
And 'néath what ský we 're tóssed abóut at lást,
In whát world-district, téach us: óf the pláce
And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,
Híther by winds compélled and vásty wáves.
Mány the víctim which, in thánks to thée,
By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar."

"Of súch high hónor", Vénus thén,
"I déem me áll unwórthy.
'Tis the Týrian máidens' úse
To béar the quíver ánd to láce
The mídleg hígh with púrple búskin.
Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,
A city of Agénor's sóns,
A Týrian cólony amídst
Líbya's indómitable tríbes;
Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther
And Týrus city híther fléd.
'Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:
The principal points alóne I'll tóuch.

"A spóuse was hérs, by náme Sicháeus,
Richest of Phóenicia's lándlords,
And déarly díd the póor soul lóve him;
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,
Ánd in á first wédlock joíned.
Bút Tyre's áutocrát, Pygmálion,
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,
Th' unnátural bróther, blínd with góld-lust,
Ánd of his síster's lóves regárdless,
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;
And lóng time thé deed híding, mócked
With mány a wicked glózing líe
And émpty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsíckness.
Bút in a dréam the véry ímage
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,
And, vísage wóndrous pále uplífting,
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;
Her kín's dark crime, the crúel áltars;
Then spéedily to flée advises,
And léave behínd her fátherlánd;
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, disclóses
An áncient hóard, hid in the éarth,
A wéight unknówn of góld and sílver.
In déep emótion Dído flíght
And pártners of her flíght prepáres;
Who bítterly the týrant háte,
Or shárply féar, togéther méet,

Ships at hand séize, and lóad with góld;
Griping Pygmálion's stréngth and súbstance
Awáy beyónd the déep are bórne;
A wóman héads the énterprise.
Yónder arríved, where nów the húge
Strong-búlwarked tówers and citadel
Óf new Cárthage thóu see'st rísing,
They buý — and from the circumstance
Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd
Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —
But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?
Hither from whénce come, whither bóund?"

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,
He ánswers her inquíry sighing: —
"O Góddess, hádst thou lístening léisure,
And wére I from the first begínning
The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,
The dáy would clóse befóre my stóry,
And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.
From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars
Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,
Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,
A témpest's chánce hath hére at lást
Upón the cóast of Líbya thrówn us.
My náme 's Enéas, éther hígh
Fámous for déeds of chárity;
Acróss the séa I cárry with me,
Sáved from the fóe-midst, mý Penátes,
In séarch of fátherland Itália,
Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve supréme.
Pursúing pré-appóinted fátes,
My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten véssels Í embárked
Upón the Phrýgian séa-plain;
Sháttered by Eúrus and the wáves,
Scarce séven are nów surviving;
From Eúrope and from Ásia dríven,
Mysélf unknówn and néedy hére
The Líbyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permítting,
Thús interrúpts him mídst his gríef: —
"Not whólly únacéptable
Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,
Bréath'st thou the vital aír,
O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hére
Drawest nígh the Týrian city;
Ónly procéed, and hóld thee ón
Hénce to the précincts of the Quéen.
For, if the árt of áugury
Not vaínly my fond párents táught me,
Í am the hérald of the néws
Thát thy véssels with their créws
Bý the véering róund north-éaster
Háve been brought báck, and lódged in sáfety.
Yon tróop of twice six swáns behóld
Which but just nów the bird of Jóve,
From tráct ethéreal swóoping dówn,
Thróugh the ópen ský was dríving;
How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy
Nów on the gróund alíghting,
And nów upón the wíng agáin,
Alréady séeming to look dówn
With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:
Júst as those swáns on whírring wings

After their safe return are sporting,
And wheel their circles round the sky,
And sing their song of jubilee,
Thy ships and crews are safe in port,
Or enter in full sail the road.
Only proceed and let thy steps
Follow the guidance of the path."

She said: and as she turned away,
Her neck shone rosy bright,
From her long hair and crown of her head
Breathed a divine ambrosial odour,
Down to her foot-sole flowed her robe,
And her gait told the Goddess.

He recognised, and with these words
His mother, as she fled, pursued: —
"Ah cruel thou too! why thy son
Mock'st thou so oft with shapes illusive?
Why not to join right hands permitted,
And converse hold in terms unfeigned?"
With such words of reproach he turns
His footsteps toward the city.

But Venus round them, as they go,
Throws a thick fence of murky air,
And in an ample cloudy cloak
The Goddess wraps them up;
That no one see or touch them may,
Or work them stop or work them stay,
Or why they come inquire;
Away for Paphus then she soars,
And the seats revisits joyful,

Whére of fresh wréaths
Her témple bréathes,
Ánd her húndred áltars glów
With fránkincénse Sabáean.

Meanwhile, where the páth points the wáy,
They have hástily bóuned them alóng,
And alréady the gréat hill are climbing,
That, óver the city immédiately rising,
Looks dówn on the citadel's ópposite tówers.
Enéas with wónder the vást fabric viéws
Which ónce was no móre than an África kráal,
With wónder the gátes views, and lóud noisy stréets;
The Týrians, they úrge their work árdently ón;
The wálls some are réaring, or rólling up stónes,
And búilding the cástle; selécting sites sóme,
Or with a plough-fúrrow the whóle round enclósing.
They are búsy with láwgiving tóo, and eléct
The sácred sénate and mágistrátes;
Here sóme dig the hárbour, while óthers thére
The théatre's déep foundátions are láying,
And the húge columns quárry that shall the stáge
So lóftily órnamént hereáfter.

Só, through the flówery chámpaign wide,
Toíl busy bées benéath young súmmer's sún,
The nátion's fúll grown prógeny bringing óut;
Or pácking in the célls, until they búlge,
The hóney's líquid ánd nectáreous swéets;
Or lightening the arrivers of their lóads;
Or márshalling battálions, ánd awáy
Driving the lázy dróne-crew from the stálls;

Wárm glows the wórk, and frágrant smélls of thýme
The sávory hóney.

"Háppy, whose tówers alréady rise!"
Enéas sáys, the city súmmits
Eýeing with úpward glánce;
Thén, in his clóudy mántle wrápped,
Énters, and mixes with the crówd,
Wóndrous to téll! unséen of ány.

Amídst the city stóod a gróve
Of móst delíghtful sháde;
Where érst the wind- and- wáve-tossed Póeni
The méttled cóurser's héad exhúmed,
Tóken, by róyal Júno given,
That thére, a wéalthy wárrior nátion,
Áges on áges théy should flórish.

To Júno hére Sidónian Dído
A témple's fábric vást was búilding;
Rích in thank-ófferings was the fáne,
Ánd in the Góddess' grácious présence;
On brónze steps róse its frónt of brónze,
With brónze doors ón their hínges gráting;
Its brónze roof ón bronze píllars résted.

In this grove first presénts itsélf
A néw and féar-assuáging síght;
Here first Enéas dáres to chérish
A hópe of sáfety, and to trúst
That áll perháps is nót yet lóst.

For whilst, in the húge fane, awáiting the quéen,
He survéys every óbject aróund,
And with wónder reflécts on the city's good fórtune,
With wónder obsérves the harmónious resúlt
Of the várious artíficers' skíll,
And pónders the tóil of the wórk;
He behólds there in séries the Ílian báttles,
And the wárs by fame públished now thróugh the whole wórld;
The Atrídae and Príam he thére behólds,
And Achílles, the féll foe of bóth.

He stood still; and with téars said: "What plácc now, Achátes,
What région on éarth is not fúll of our tóils?
See Príam: desért even hére hath its guérdon,
Even hére human misery tóuches the héart.
Fear nót: for believe me this fáme here
Will bríng us some sáfety."

So sáying, he féd his mind ón the void picture,
Much gróaning, and flóods of tears wétting his fáce;
For he sáw, in the wár around Pérgamus wáging,
How hére fled the Gráïï, and Tróy's youth pressed ón;
Whilst, by crésted Achílles pursúed in his cár,
There the Phrýgians were fléeing;

Nor far óff, through his fást flowing téars recognises,
With their snów-white tent-shéets, the pavílions of Rhésus:
Which Tydídes all blóody, and réeking with cárnage,
In the first faithless sléep has surprised and laid wáste,
And awáy toward his cámp turns the fiery cóursers,
Befóre they have tásted the fódder of Tróy,
Or drúnk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróïlus; unfórtunate yóuth,
Who would cope, though no mátch, with Achílles!
His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,
And his hórses they drág him alóng,
To the émpty car clínging, and hólding the réins;
Nape and shóulders and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,
And the póint of his spéar, trailed behínd, marks the dúst.

All súppliant, sád, with dishévelled háir,
And smiting their bréasts with their pálms,
To the témple of únjust Pállas meanwhíle
The Ílian mátrons are wénding,
And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:
But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her eyes
Keeps stéadfastly fíxed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achílles
In fúry dragged Héctor thrice,
And for góld was now sélling the córpse.
Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,
When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,
And the bódy itsélf of his fríend,
And Príam forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chíefs of the Achívi in mélee
Himsélf too he récognised thére,
And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ránks Eóan;
And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón
Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shielded;
With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,
She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,
A wárrior máiden with mén coping féarless.

Whilst Dárdan Enéas these wónders is viéwing,
And fixed in one gáze stands astónished,
With large éscort of yóuths to the témple the Quéen comes,
Most beáutiful Dído.
On Cýnthus' heights só, or the bánks of Eurótas,
Diána comes dáncing, with quíver on shóulder,
And áll overtópping her góddess tráin
Of a thóusand encírcling Óreads,
Whilst sílent joy thrílls Latóna's bréast.
Such was Dído, and só through the mídst of the thróng
She bóre herself jóyous and státely alóng,
And pressed ón with the wórks of her fúture kíngdom.

In frónt of the dóors of the Góddess' cell thén,
High ráised on a thróne, she tákes her séat
Undernéath the váulted dóme of the témple,
And fénced round with guárds, issues édicts and láws,
Into équal pórtions the wórks divides,
Or by lóttery assígns to éach his pórtion.
When, áll on a súdden, Enéas sées,
Accómpanied bý a great cóncourse, appróaching,
Ántheus, Sergéstus, and bráve Cloánthus,
And thóse other Teúcri, whom óver the séa-plain
The bláck whirling témpest had scáttered abóut,
And quíte carried óff to óther shóres.

With gládness, and féar, and astónishment útter
Himsélf and Achátes are bóth struck alíke,
And, though éagerly búrning to clásp their friends' right hands,
Dare not vénture, in ignorance hów stands the cáse;
They dissímulate thérefore, and wrápt in their clóud,
Reconnóitre what fórtune their fríends has befállen,
On what shóres left their ships, and whý they come thither;

For óut of each ship represéntatives thére
To the témple were hícing with lóud cries for gráce.

So, whén they have éntered, and léave
To spéak in the présence is gránted,
With wórds, such as thése, from his cálm breast
Ílioneus míghty begíns: —
"O Quéen, on whom Jóve has conférred
The privilege to fóund a new city,
And with láw's curb restráin haughty tríbes,
Wé wretched Trójans, o'er áll seas
Blown abóut by the winds, beg and práy thee,
Save our ships from the thréatened flames' hórrors,
Spare a péople well móralled and hónest,
And ínto our cáse look more clósely.
We cóme not with hávoc and sláughter
To dévastate Líbya's hómesteads,
Or dówn to the shóre drive a bóoty;
To mén, like us cónquered, belóngs not
That violent high-daring spírit.

"There's an áncient land, wárlike and fértile,
Hespéria the Gráiï cáll it,
Which ónce the Oenótriï tílled,
Whose succéssors, fame sáys, name it nów
From the náme of a chíeftain, Itália.

"Thíther our cóurse was, when, rísing
With súdden surge, stórmy Oríon
With his bóisterous sóuth-westers whólly
Dispérsed us, and cást us awáy
On blind shóals and impássable rócks,

With the briny surf over us breaking:
To these coasts of yours we few have floated.

"But what race of men this? or what country
So barbarous a usage permits?
They meet us with war, and forbid us
On the edge of the land to set foot.
If men ye contemptuous spurn,
And man's retribution, remember
At least that the Gods keep account
Of what 's righteously done, and what wrong.
Enéas our King was, than whom
None was ever in martial deeds greater,
More correct in his conduct toward others,
Or in life's tender charities richer:
If, not yet to the cruel shades sunk down,
That man the ethereal air breathes,
And the Fates still preserve him alive,
Fear not thou shalt ever repent thee
Of getting the forehand of him
In courtesy's offices kind.
In Sicily, too, we 've a city
And friends who know how to wield arms,
And of Trojan stock comes famed Acestes.

"Permit us our sea-shattered vessels
On dry land to draw up, some timbers
To fit in the woods, peel some oars;
That with joy we may steer for Italia,
Should it be in the fates that once more,
With comrades recovered and King
For Italia and Latium we steer;
But if our salvation 's quite gone,

And the dépths of the Líbyan sea hóld thee,
O most éxcellent síre of the Teúcri,
And lóst to us álso for éver
The prómise we hád in Iúlus,
At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,
Left behínd us on Sícily's cóast,
And táke King Acéstes for King."
So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae
Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mind then briefly Dído thús,
With módest, dówncast lóok delívers: —
"Dismíss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,
Your ánxious cáres cast fár awáy;
A stérn necéssity compéls me
To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd
My néw-made réalms with wátch and wárd.
Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?
Troy's city únto whóm unknówn,
Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,
Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?
We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,
Nór from this our Týrian city
Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,
So túrn awáy his fáce with hórror.
Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,
Ánd the fields, called áfter Sáturn;
Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,
Ánd the domáins of King Acéstes,
I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,
Ánd with all nécessaries hélp you.
Shóuld you prefér to séttle hére
In thése my réalms alóng with mé,

Draw úp your shíps upón the lánd;
Yóurs is the city Í am búilding:
Trójan and Týrian sháll by mé
On équal térms be tréated éver;
And wóuld that hére were présent nów
Your King Enéas, bý the sáme
South blást compélled; at léast I'll sénd
Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,
And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,
Lést by some chánce, in wóod or city
A shípwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve
And síre Enéas fróm the clóud
To bréak forth fór some time were búrning,
And first Achátes to Enéas: —
"What thínkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?
That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,
Thy fléet and fríends recóvered áll,
One ónly missing whóm oursélves
Behéld amídst the bíllows súnk;
All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce
The circumámbient clóud divides itsélf,
And cléars awáy intó the ópen éther,
And fórth Enéas stóod in the clear light
Refúlgent, fáce and shóulders like a Gód;
For ínto the son's eýes the móther's sélf
Had bréathed bright gládness, and his fáce adórned
With yóuth's fresh róseate húe and ringlets fáir;
Like ívory he lóoked which wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéen he thén addrésses, and to áll
Thús, unexpécted, of a súdden spéaks: —
"Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séek,
Trójan Enéas, snátched from the Líbyan wáves.
O thóu, who sóle Troy's crúel súfferings pitiest,
Whó to be pártners of thy hóme and city
Tak'st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaï léft,
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;
Becóming thánks excéed our pówer, O Dído,
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they're scáttered.
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor
On húman déeds of chárity and kíndness,
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,
Bestów a wórthy récompénce upón thee.
So lóng as rívers rún intó the séa,
And hóllows in the bósom óf the móuntains
Are slówly cóursed round bý the móuntain shádows,
And bý the fírmamént the stárs are féd,
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, praise, glóry,
Let mé be cálled to whátе'er lánds I máy."
He sáid, and with his right hand clásped the hánd
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus' hánd
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus ánswered thén Sidónian Dído: —
"What évil chánce, O Góddess-bórn,
With áll these périls pursúes thee?
To thése uncóuth wild shóres of óurs
What fórce supérior dríves thee?
Art thóu that sáme Enéas whóm
Boon Vénus tó Anchíses Dárdan
Bóre beside Phrýgian Símoïs' wáve?
And wéll I récolléct when Teúcer,
Fróm his nátive réalms expélled,
To Sídon ánd my fáther cáme,
In séarch of á new réalm in Cýprus,
Frúitful lánd, just thén o'errún
By my fáther Bélus' árms,
And át his ábsolúte dispósal.
From thát time fórth well knówn to mé
The Trójan city's évil fórtune,
Thy náme, and thé Pelásgian Kings.
Himsélf, the fóe, used tó extól
With no cómmon práise the Teúcri,
Ánd from the áncient Teúcrian stóck
His ówn descént was fáin to tráce.
Come thén, young mén, my dwélling énter:
Hére in this lánd at lást to séttle,
Áfter long búffetings abóut,
A fórtune like your ówn has willed me.
Expérienced in misfórtune, Í
Have léarned to hélp th' unfórtunáte."

She sáys; and ínto thé house róyal
Át the sáme time léads Enéas,
Át the sáme time ín the témples
Tó the Góds bids thánks be óffered;

Nór meantime neglécts to sénd
Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades
Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred
Brístly bróad-chined swíne imménse,
Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,
Ánd the Gód's enlívening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal
The hóuse far within is laid óut for the bánquet;
Of crímson supérbness the richly wrought clóths;
The vast sérvice, of silver and góld;
Where tráced in relief were th' explóits of their sires
From the first ancient rise of the nátion dówn
Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquíet —
Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,
To acquáint, and condúct to the city, Ascánius;
Ascánius, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:
Gifts tóo bade him bring, snatched from Ilion's rúins,
The mántle all stiff with embróidered gold fígures,
And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wímple;
Attire ornaméntal of Árgive Hélen,
Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,
And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,
When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núptials illícit.
The scéptre too, whilom by Ílione bórne,
Of the dáughters of Príam the éldest,
Ánd the pearl cháin which she wóre on her néck,
And dóuble gold córonet stúdded with jéwels.
To despátch these commissions Achátes
His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a néw scheme ís plánning,
A néw cunning schéme in her bréast,
How Cúpid his fígure and féatures should chánge,
And, góing in swéet Ascánius's pláce,
Kíndle to fúry the Quéen with the présents,
And ínto her ínmost bones wórk the fíre;
The fámily duplícity 'tís she 's afráid of,
And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéen;
And sórely atrócious Júno fréts her, *[illegible]*
And still with retúrning night cómes back her cáre.
So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

"O són, my great stréngth and efficience;
O són, who alóne at nought séttest
The supréme Father's wéapons Typhóean,
To thée I fly súppliant, implóring thy Gódhead.
How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówst,
From shóre to shore róund by unfáir Juno's spíte,
And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathised;
Him Dído Phoenícian has hóld of, and, cóaxing
With sóft soothing wórds, makes to stáy;
And Júno, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,
And in só great a crísis will nót sit ídle.
To bé beforehánd with her thérefore I'm plótting,
And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéen,
That with lóve strong as mine she may dóat on Enéas,
Beyónd any Gód's power to swérve her or chánge.
How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opínion.

"The róyal bóy, my cáre most espécial,
At his déar sire's súmmons to gó is prepáring
To the city Sidónian, and béars with him gifts
Which the séa have survíved and the flámes of Tróy.

Ínto a déep sleep lethárgic I'll pút him,
And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius
Within the sánctified précincts híde him,
That by nó possibílity he may knów,
Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.
Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre
Than óne single night, his known féatures put ón,
That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,
And flów of the líquor Lyáean,
To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,
And húg, and imprint with sweet kisses,
Thou mayst ínto her bréathe the fíre occúlt,
And póison her únsuspécted."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wings,
And wálks with the gáit of Iúlus, delíghted.
But Vénus the límbs of Ascánius bedéws
With plácid sléep, and, cúddled in her bósom the Góddess
Bears him úp to the hígh sacred gróves of Idália,
Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers
And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,
Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,
Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.
The Quéen had her pláce at the héad of the táble,
Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa
Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.
Now arrives sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arrive,
And recline in their pláces on cóverlets crímson;
Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands presént them,
And fine napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.
Fifty máids are within, charged to sét in due órder,

And prepáre for the táble the lóng stock of víands,
And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fíre.
Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány
The plátes plenish héavy, and sét down the wíne-cups;
And ín through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,
And on bróidered cloth cúshions recline each where bíd.
With wónder they gáze on the gífts of Enéas,
And ón the God's mímic Iúlus with wónder,
How flúshed are his féatures! how éager he tálks!
And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wímple
With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoenissa,
Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,
By the bóy and the gífts alike fíred, gazes ón,
And, the lónger she gázes, the lónger would gáze.
But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,
Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,
Is awáy to the Quéen, who, with her eyes, ón him,
And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap tákes him,
And cúddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! líttle wots Dído
What a míghty God thére of her láp sits posséssor.
Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,
He begíns from her bósom to blót out Sichéus,
And tries from a déad love to túrn to a líving
Her lánguid and lóng unaccústomed héart.

The sérvice remóved, and the féast at a páuse,
They sét the great wine-cups and crówn them;
The dín the whole hóuse fills, as thróugh the wide hálls
They send rólling their vóices;
Burning lámps hang suspénded from céilings of góld,
And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the night.

Here the Quéen for the jéwelled and héavy gold bówl calls
Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,
And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,
And sáys after sílence obtáined through the building: —
"O Júpiter, fór in all thíngs, appertáining
To the rights of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;
May this day a dáy of joy bé to the Týrians,
A dáy of joy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,
And by thóse to come áfter us héld in remémbrance;
May jóy-giving Bácchus and bóuntiful Júno
Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting
With warm héarts and kind wishes, O Týrians, take párt."

Having thús said, she póured on the táble the hómage,
Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,
And hánded to Bítias with chállenge and chíding;
Nor lóth at all hé took the swílling gold bówl,
And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;
So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Iópas sang tó his gold lúte
The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the míghty,
The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,
Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fíre;
Of Arctúrus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,
And óf the two Béars; and whý in such húrry
To díp in the ócean are mídwinter's súns,
While its nights dip so slów — what is it delays them?
Repéated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;
The fórmer the wáy lead, the látter come áfter.
With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dído
Protrácted the night, and of lóve deeply dránk;
Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,

And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;
Now, the hórses of Díomede whát were they líke;
And nów, was Achílles of státure so míghty: —
"Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale", she sáys,
"From the véry beginning; the Dánaï, their ámbush,
Thy cóuntry's misfórtunes, and hów, for seven súmmers,
Over áll lands and wáves thou art wándering abóut."

## II.

All gázed intént, and lístened,
When fróm the high sófa thús
Enéas síre begán: —

"Thou bídst, O Quéen, revíve
That ágony of grief;
How lámentábly féll,
By the Dánaï o'erthrówn,
The puissant réalm of Tróy;
What hárrowing sights I sáw,
Mysélf a súfferer chief.
Who cóuld from téars refráin,
Súch a théme discóursing,
What Mýrmidon, or Dólops,
Or hárd Ulýsses' sóldier?
And nów down fróm the ský
Precípitous spéeds damp night,
And stár-set cóunsels slèep;
Yet, if to háve acquaintance
With óur misfórtunes' stóry,
And bríefly héar reláted
The clósing wóe of Tróy,
So stróng be thý desire,
I will the tásk attémpt,

Though with hórror mý sad sóul
Shrinks from the récolléction.

"War-wórn, and bý the Fátes repúlsed,
The chieftains óf the Dánaï,
So mány yéars awáy now glíding,
Build, with Palládian árt divíne,
A hórse with ríbs of clóven píne,
And húge as ány móuntain;
Fór their retúrn preténd it vówed,
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,
Bút ín its dárk side prívily
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers ármed,
By lót selécted, ánd complétely
Filling its vást cavérnous wómb.

"Withín view óf the Trójan cóast
Lies Ténedós' most fámous ísle,
Wéalthy, whilst Príam's émpire stóod;
Nów but a báy, and fáithless róadstead;
Thíther they sáil acróss, and líe
Enscónced on the deserted shóre:
We máke no dóubt but théy have léft us,
Ánd depárted fór Mycénae.

"All Teúcria hér long móurning nów
Has thérefore cást aside:
'Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes
To sálly fórth, and sée
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —
''Twas hére the bánd Dolópian pitched,
Dréadful Achílles thére;

This was the státion for the shíps,
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórse,
Vírgin Minérva's déadly présent,
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guíleful,
Ór becáuse the fátes of Tróy
Nów at lást that wáy were béaring,
Exhórts within the wálls to dráw it,
And pláce it ín the citadel.
But Cápys and the wíser sórt
Ínto the séa would héadlong thrów
The strátagem of the Dánaï;
Ór, with flámes set úndernéath it,
Thé suspícious présent búrn;
Or élse bore ínto, ánd explóre
The hóllow hídings óf its wómb.

"Divíded bétwixt ópposite cóunsels,
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,
When fóremost thére befóre them áll
Fróm the high citadel runs dówn,
Bý a great crówd accómpanied,
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,
While yét afár: — 'What só great mádness,
O wrétched citizens, is this?
The fóe's depárture crédit ye?
Or thínk ye thére can présents bé
Óf the Dánaï, without guíle?
Is this your knówledge óf Ulýsses?
Either, shut úp within this wóod,
Concéaled Achívi lie,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have buílt,
Our hóuses to espý,
And ón our tówn, despíte our wálls,
To cóme down fróm on hígh.
Trúst not, O Teúcri, ín this hórse;
Some látent chéat is hére;
Howé'er it bé, with áll their gífts,
These Dánaĭ I féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact síde
Óf the béast's well róunded bélly
Húrled with pówerful stréngth his spéar:
Fíxed in the wóod
Quívering it stóod;
With a hóllow groaning sóund
The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permítted,
Nór infátuate béen our mínds,
He hád impélled us tó demólish
With rude stéel the láir Argólic,
And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,
And Príam's high citadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drágging
With great clámor, tó the King,
A yóuth with hánds behínd his báck bound;
Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf
Unknówn had ín their wáy presénted,
This véry púrpose tó effect,
And ópen Tróy so tó the Achívi;
Assúred of spírit, ánd alíke
For éach altérnative prepáred;

Tó succéed with his impósture,
Ór submit to cértain déath.

"The yóuths of Tróy on évery síde
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;
And strive, who móst will móck the cáptive.
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaï,
And fróm the síngle villainy léarn
What villains théy are áll.

"For ás full ín the géneral gáze,
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —
'Alás! in whát land ór what séa
Can Í take réfuge nów?' he críes;
'Or whát resóurce left fór a wrétch
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaï 's lóst,
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?'

"Chánged by that crý our mínds, and áll
Víolence représsed: we úrge our prísoner
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;
What blóod flows ín his véins, on whát
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

'Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,
Lét it háve been whát it will,
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.
Ín the first place, Í dený not
Thát I'm óf the Argólic nátion;
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wrétched,

Néver sháll that réprobate
Máke a chéat and liar of Sínon.

'Tó your éars repórt perháps has
Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme
Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;
Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,
Á nefárious ínformátion's
Guíltless víctim, whóse sole críme was
Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,
Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,
Ánd lamént, now thát he 's déad.

'Mé, that Pálamédes' kínsman,
Hither with him ás compánion,
Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,
Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sent.
Lóng as hé stood fírm, and flórished
A prince amóng consúlting prínces,
Í too bóre some náme and hónor;
Bút when Ulýsses' cózening málice —
Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —
To quít this úpper wórld compélled him,
Í, with sháttered fórtunes, drágged on
A life of glóom and misery;
And ó'er my guíltless friend's misfórtune
Cháfed within mysélf, indignant;
Nor, mádman thát I wás, kept silence,
But róused agáinst me bítter hátreds
With thréats of véngeance, shóuld chance óffer,
And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos
Éver retúrn with víctory.

"Hénce my first blight óf misfórtune,
Hénce Ulýsses with new chárges
Still térrified me; wórds ambíguous
Still amidst the rábble scáttered;
Still sought wéapons whérewithál
To éxecúte desígns close hídden
From áll excépt his sécret cónscience;
Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —
But whý th' ungráteful tále
Thús repéat in váin?
Or whérefore dálly?
For yóu, who thínk the Achívi
Are áll of thé same kind,
'Tis enóugh that ye have héard
I am óne of the Achívi;
Take the pénalty at ónce
Ye should lóng ago have táken:
'Tis the véry consummátion
Which Íthacus desíres,
And which at a great príce
The Atrídae fain would púrchase.'

"Then, thén indéed, we 're áll on fíre
To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar
Some éxplanátion óf the mátter;
Little awáre of thé deep guíle
And villainy of thé Pelásgi.
Trémbling he góes on with his glózing."

'Oft times the wéary Dánaï
Desíred to táke their flíght,
To léave Troy behínd them,
And abándon the long wár;

And I wish to héaven, they had;
But the rough and stormy séa
Intercépted oft the wáy,
And Áuster oft detérred them,
When on the point to gó.
Abóve all, when of máple-planks
Firmly knit togéther
This hórse here was sét up,
Óver the whole éther
Stórm-clouds brattled.

'We, in our suspénse,
Send Eurýpylus to consúlt
The óracle of Phóebus;
And hé back from the shrine
Brings these words of sórrow: —
'With a sláughtered vírgin's blood
The winds ye appéased,
When first to Ílium's cóasts
Ye came, O Dánaï;
With the blóody sácrifice
Óf a life Argólic
Ye must púrchase your retúrn.'

"As soon as that wórd
Reached the ear of the públic,
All minds were astounded,
And through the bones' pith
Thrilled an icy-cold trémor: —
'For whom prepares Fáte this?
Apóllo calls whóm?'

'Here Íthacus drágs
Forth into the midst,

With a great túmult,
Sóothsaying Cálchas,
Ánd to expóund
That blessed will of the Góds
Impórtunate présses.
And mány alréady
Foretóld me the fúture,
Or, ónlooking múte,
The víllainy réad
Of the crúel intríguer.

'Twice five days he 's sílent,
And clóse housed refúses
Any óne to denóunce,
Or hand óver to déath;
Till, bý the loud clámors
Of Íthacus hárdly
At lóng and last fórced,
He speaks óut, as arránged,
And dooms mé to the áltar.
All assént and on óne
Poor wrétch's head túrn,
And discháarge the destrúction
Each had féared for himsélf.

'The hórrid day 's cóme;
For the ríte they 're prepáring;
The méal 's mixed with sált,
The tíar 's round my témples —
Awáy from the sláughter
I bróke, I dený not,
And my bónds left behínd me.

In an óozy moráss
Amóng the sedge lúrking,
All the night I lay híd,
And awáited their sáiling,
If háply they wóuld sail.

'And nów I 've no móre hope
To sée my old cóuntry,
Or the síre I 've so yéarned for,
Ánd the sweet chíldren,
Who perháps must accóunt
With their líves for my críme,
And wrétchedly éxpiate
This my escápe.
Bút, by the Góds above,
Ánd by those Déities,
To whóm truth is déar,
And who knów I speak trúth;
Ánd by whatéver
Fáith uncorrúpted
Is still anywhére
Among mén to be fóund,
I práy you, take pity
On hárdships so gréat;
On a mind, not desérving
Such hárdships, take pity.'

"These téars win his lífe,
And móre — even our pity —
And first Priam's sélf
His mánacles tíght
Commánds to take óff,
And spéaks to him kindly: —

'Whoéver thou árt,
Henceforward forgét
The Gráiï thou hast lóst,
(For óurs thou shalt bé)
And trúe answer give
To the quéstions I ásk thee;
This húge monstrous hórse
For what púrpose set úp?
By whóm? with what méaning?
Is it émblem religious?
Is it éngine of wár?'

"He sáid; and the wrétch,
In Pelásgian arts vérsed,
Toward the héavenly lights úpwards
His úntied hands lífting,
'Bear witness', excláimed,
'Ye fíres everlásting,
Whose Gódhead 's inviolate;
Bear witness, ye áltars
And hórrible knives,
From which I have fléd;
And yé, sacred fillets
My victim brows wóre;
I sin not in bréaking
The Gráian sánctions;
I sín not in háting
The Gráiï themsélves,
And tó the light bringing
Their évery sécret,
Whaté'er it may bé;
Nor ám I bound lónger
By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise
Stánd stedfast Tróy,
And thy sáviour sáve,
If I téll thee the trúth,
If I récompense ámply.

'Éver in the áid of Pállas
Pláced the Dánaï théir whole hópe
And cónfidénce of háppy íssue
Tó the wár they had úndertáken;
But fróm what time Tydides ímpious,
Ánd Ulýsses, críme invéntor,
Fróm the sácred fáne attémpted
To téar awáy the wéird Palládium,
And sláying the high citadel's gúards,
Séized on the sácred éffigy,
Nór with blóody hánds not dáred
To tóuch the Góddess' vírgin tíar:
Ébbed from that time the hópe of the Dánaï,
Bróken their strength, estránged the Góddess' fávor.

'Nor wás it bý ambíguous pórtents
Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;
Scárce placed in the cámp the ímage,
Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fíre;
A sált sweat bróke out ón its límbs,
And thríce, O wónderful to téll!
Úp from the gróund it spráng entíre,
Béaring its shield and quívering spéar.

'Immédiatelý their flíght must bráve
The házards óf the séa', chaunts Cálchas;
'For Pérgamús is nót to bé
Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving táken
New áuspicés, they cóme back hither,
Bringing with them thát same héavenly
Gráce and bléssing thát has nów
To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive
Mycénae sáiled home, théy 're prepáring
New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;
Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,
Ánd be hére when léast expécted.
Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas
Át the análysis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,
And éxpiate the mórtal crime
Óf the théft of thé Palládium,
Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up
This státue hére, but át the sáme time
Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,
And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,
That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,
Nór be drawn úp intó the city,
Thére to succéed the fórmer ímage,
Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did víolence
Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,
Great rúin — ón the próphet's sélf
Dischárge the próphecý, ye Góds! —
Would whélm Priam's émpire ánd the Phrýgians;
Bút, if your ówn hands drew it úp,
And pláced it high within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn
Beóme aggréssor, ánd agáinst
The Pélopéan rámparts cóme
With míghty wár: such wére the fátes
That wáited óur postérity.'

"By thése insídious árts of pérjured Sínon
The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néither
Tydídes, nór Achílles of Larissa,
Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand ships
Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy
Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight
Fílls with alárm our míserable bréasts;
Laócoón, by lót drawn príest of Néptune,
At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,
Whén, behold yónder! 'cróss the tránquil déep,
From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,
Come twó imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,
And máking, síde by síde, diréct for lánd;
Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves erécted, réar
Their blóody wáttles hígh abóve the wáters;
Whíle, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse
And hínd parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot eýes glare fíre;
With swíftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues
They líck their hissing jáws: aghást we sée,
And flée in áll diréctions: tó Laócoon
They táke their márch diréct; and fírst the bódies
Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents clásp,
And brówse upón, and bíte, their wrétched límbs;

Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with wéapons,
Lay hóld on, ánd with húge coils bínd; and nów
Twice clásping him abóut the míddle; twice
Circling his néck round with their scály trúnks,
Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.
Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tíar,
Ás with his hánds their knóts he stríves to súnder,
Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts hígh
His shóuts horrífic; béllowing like a búll,
Thát from his néck the unstéady áxe has tóssed,
Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.
Bút the two drágons áway glíding flée
To dréad Tritónia's lófty citadel,
Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,
Behínd her shield's orb, líe in cóvert clóse.

"'Twas thén, indéed, that évery bréast
Quáked with a néw and thrílling féar;
And righteously deserved, they sáid,
The pénalty Laócoon páid,
Whó, with póinted spéar accúrsed
Húrled agáinst the síde of the béast,
Had hármed the sácred wóod.

"Tó the Góddess' témple,
Áll shout óut togéther,
The ímage múst be bróught,
Ánd the grácious clémency
Óf the bléssed Déity,
Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

"We bréach the city wálls,
We throw the fórtress ópen,

All gird their lóins, and fáll to wórk;
Benéath its féet, some, róllers sét,
Some, hémpen córds throw róund its néck.
Téeming with its fréight of árms
The fátal éngine scáles the wálls;
Bóys and girls sing hýmns aróund,
And tóuch the rópe, delíghted.
It énters, ánd glides ménacing
Ón through the city's mídst.

"O Ílium! O my cóuntry!
Habitátion of the Góds!
City of Dardánidae,
Váliant and renówned!
Ín the very éntrance
Fóur times it stopped shórt;
Clánging within the wómb
Árms four times were héard.
Ónward, nót the léss,
Unhéeding, fúrious, blínd we préss,
Ánd in the cónsecráted hígh-place
Set úp the unlúcky mónster.

"Then tóo Cassándra's móuth
To the cóming fáte gave útterance,
That móuth which, bý the Góds' will,
The Teúcri bélieved néver.
We, wrétches who were nót
Anóther dáy to sée,
Déck with féstal fóliage
The shrines throughóut the city.

"Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,
And Night from Océanus rúshing,
Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,
And the ský, and the wíles Myrmidónian.
And nów that, all óver the city,
The Teúcri outstrétched lie and sílent,
And déep sleep their tired limbs embráces;
From Ténedos, fúlly equípped,
To the shóres that it knówsso wéll,
In the stílly moon's fríendly sílence
The ármament Árgive sails óver,
When the King's ship has húng out its light;
And Sínon, safe in the protéction
Of the Góds' partial déstinies, lóoses
All stéalthy the wómb's piny shútter,
And léts out the Dánaï.

"To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;
And fórth from the hóllow wood jóyful
The chieftains Thessánder and Sthénelus come,
Alóng the let-dówn rope glíding,
And díreful Ulýsses, and Thóas,
And Ácamas, ánd Meneláus,
And Machάon the fóremost of áll,
Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,
And himsélf, the snare's ártist, Epéus.

"They máke their attáck on the city,
As it líes in sleep búried and wine,
Cut dówn the night-wátch, and admítting,
At the wide-opened gátes, all their cómrades,
Unite into óne their leagued bánds.

"It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,
When thát most gráteful gift of héaven
Begíns to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:
Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,
Héctor, methóught, all wóe-begone
And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;
Frésh from the cháriot whéel, --
As érewhile Í had séen him,
And áll begrímed with dúst and blóod;
Ín his swollen féet the thóngs.

"Alás me, whát a Héctor!
How gréat a chánge was thére,
From the Héctor thát retúrned
Clád in Achílles' spóils!
From the Héctor thát had húrled
Phrýgia's lighted bránds
At the shíps of the Dánaï!

"Squálid was his béard,
Clótted his lócks with blóod,
His bódy gáshed all óver
With the wóunds he had recéived
Befóre his nátive wálls.
I wéeping tóo, methóught,
Addréssed of my own mótion
These sád words tó the héro: —

'O líght of Dardánia!
O Teúcrian hope súrest!
What gréat delay képt thee?
Or whénce comest at lást?
O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths
Of thy friends look we ón thee!
After hów many tróubles,
And hárassing tóils,
Both of péople and city!
Thy vísage seréne
Why fóuled thus unséemly?
And whát wounds are thése?'

"He ánswered nót my ídle quéstions,
He wróught me nó deláy,
Bút from his bósom's ínnermost
Groaned héavily and sáid: —
'Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,
And sáve thee fróm these flámes:
The fóe is máster óf the wálls,
And in rúin from its súmmit
Down túmbles lófty Tróy.
For Príam and thy cóuntry
Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;
Had Pérgamus' defénce
In ány right hand láin,
This right hand thé defénce
Of Pérgamus had béen.
Tróy to thy cáre comménds
The óbjects shé holds sácred;
Take thése Penátes with thee,
To bé thy fátes' compánions,
With thése Penátes gó,
And fóund the mighty city
'Tis thy déstiný to fóund
After mány a long wándering
Áll the wide sea óver.'

"He sáid, and in his hánds
Brought óut, from the intérior,
Potent Vésta, and the Fillets,
And the éverlasting Fire.

"Meantíme within the city fár
'Tis wóe all ánd confúsion,
And thóugh my síre Anchíses' hóuse
Stóod among shéltering trées retíred,
Yet lóuder still, and lóuder grew,
And néarer still and néarer drew
War's hórror, and the dín of árms.

"Stárting, and róused from sléep
I climb the róof's steep ridge,
Ánd with pricked éars stand listening.

"Twás as whén through stánding córn
By ráging sóuthwinds flámes are bórne,
Or móuntain tórrent's rápid flóod
Próstrates fields and smíling cróps,
Próstrates the lábors of the óx,
And héadlong drágs with it the wóod.
Fróm the high top of a róck,
The shépherd, ignorant whát has háppened,
Héars with astónishment the sóund.
Then, thén indéed, the trúth was cléar,
The ámbush of the Dánaï ópen.
Nów has Deíphobús' large hóuse,
By Vúlcan óverpówered, fallen ín;
And nów Ucálegon 's on fíre,
His néxt adjóining néighbour;
And fár and wíde
Sigéum's fríths

Reflect the glare;
And clanging trumpets,
Shouting men,
Their larum raise together.

"Distracted I take arms, though small
The good from arms to be expected;
But my soul burns to gather round me
Some gallant handful of companions,
And throw myself into the castle;
Madness and wrath impel me headlong,
And, what a charming thing it is
To die in arms, comes 'cross my mind.

"But see, escaped out of the midst
Of the Achaian weapons, Pantheus
Toward our house comes running wildly;
Pantheus Othryades, the priest
Of the Phoebus of the castle,
In his own hand the conquered Gods
And *sacrárium* carrying with him,
And dragging on his little grandson: —
'Quite lost? Or not yet quite lost, Pantheus?
The castle — can we hold out in it?'

"Scarce had I the words uttered,
When with a groan he answered: —
'Th' inevitable day,
Dardania's last is come:
We Trojans are no more;
Ilium 's dead and gone,
And the high Teucrian glory.
Wild and savage Jove
To Argos has transferred

Áll that ónce was óurs;
The Dánaĭ́ have fíred,
And are másters óf the city;
Withín whose véry córe
The tówering hórse teems wárriors,
Ánd victórious Sínon
Flíngs his bránds, insúlting.
More númerous thóusands néver
Cáme from gréat Mycénae
Than are yónder at the gátes,
That stánd with bóth wings ópen:
Hére their bristling fíles
Besét the nárrow stréets,
With náked swórds in hánd,
Glístening, prepáred for sláughter.
Scarce thóse upón the édge
And fórefront óf the dánger,
The níghtwatch óf the gátes,
Attémpt the dárkling fíght,
And óffer blínd resistance.'

"Ínto the midst of árms and flámes
By thése words óf Othrýades
Ánd the Gods' will I'm bórne;
Whither sevére Erínnys cálls,
Whither the dín calls, ánd the shóut
Hígh to the éther vólleyed.
By fávor of the móonlight,
Ripheus, and váliant Épytus,
And Hýpanis, and Dýmas
Gáther abóut and jóin me,
And Mýgdon's yóuthful són
Coróebus, whóm the víolence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,
Júst at that time, it chánced,
Had bróught to Tróy, to assíst,
With the árms of a són-in-láw,
Príam and the Phrýgians;
Unháppy! that not listened
To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

"Whóm when I sáw so bóld,
And bánded for the báttle,
To shárpen still their coúrage,
With thése words Í endéavour: —
'Youths of brávest héart,
Brávest I féar, in váin;
If résolute your desíre
My désperate léad to fóllow,
Fórtune's áttitúde ye sée:
Forsáking shrine and áltar
The Gods have áll depárted,
That ónce sustáined this émpire:
'Tis tó a búrning city
Thát ye bring your súccour.
Ínto the fight's thickest
Lét us rúsh and die;
To cást awáy all hópe
Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.'

"Tó the yóung men's cóurage
Fúry thus is ádded,
Ánd like wólves rapácious,
Rávening in a dárk fog,
Whén the villainous pínch
Of húnger hás enráged them,
Ánd their whélps expéct

With párched jaws their retúrn,
Ón through the mídst of fóes,
Ón through the mídst of wéapons,
Tówards no dóubtful déath,
We márch alóng the hígh street,
Únder the hóllow sháde
Of dárk Night flítting róund us.

"Of thát night's hávoc sláughter
Whó has wórds descríptive?
For the sórrows of that níght
Whó has téars sufficient?
The áncient city fálls
After mány a yéar's domínion;
Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,
And Góds' religious témples
Dead bódies évery whére
Lie strówn abóut in númbers.
Nor páy the Teúcri sóle
The blóody pénalty:
Éven to the cónquered bréast
Cóurage at times retúrns,
Ánd in their víctory's mídst,
The Dánaï are laid lów.
Cruel wóe is éverywhére;
Éverywhére is féar
And mány a shápe of déath.

"Andrógeos, first of áll,
Ín our wáy presénts himsélf
With a great tróop of Dánaï;
And, ignorantly believing
Thát we 're óf his párty,

Thús, of his ówn accórd,
With friendly wórds accósts us: —
'Make háste, my gállant féllows,
What láziness is this,
Thát so láte has képt you?
While your cómrades Pérgamus
With fíre and swórd are sácking,
Yé, from the lófty ships,
Are bút just nów arríving.'
"He sáid, and ón the ínstant —
For óur reply was nót
Sufficiently straight fórward —
Percéived that hé had fállen
Ínto the midst of the fóe,
And astóunded chécked his spéech,
And retréated on his stép.

"As óne, that ón a snáke
Ín a thórny bráke
Unexpéctedly has tród,
And báckwards in dismáy
Stárts, and flées awáy
Befóre its rísing íre
And blúe and swélling górge;
Just só, at sight of ús,
Andrógeos trémbling fléd:
We rúsh on, ánd aróund them
Póuring in dénse armed númbers,
Róut them in áll diréctions,
Ígnorant óf the gróund
And stricken with a pánic.
Ón our first emprise
Fórtune breathes auspicious.

"And here, flushed with success,
Coroebus cries exulting: —
'Where propitious Fortune
Now first points out the way,
That promises to save us,
O comrades, let us follow;
Let us interchange
Bucklers and appointments
With these Danaï here,
And as Danaï equip us.
So the battle 's won,
Who ever questions whether
'Twas by artifice or valor.
Our enemies themselves
Shall furnish us with arms.'

"Androgeos' bushy helm
And handsome emblemed shield,
So saying, he put on;
And the Argive sword
Adapted to his side;
Ripheus does the same,
And the same does Dymas,
And all the joyous youths;
Each and every one
In the fresh spoils arms him.

"Then, with the Danaï mingled,
We march without the escort
Of our own accustomed Gods;
And in many a close-hand fight,
In the darkness of the night,
Full many of the Danaï

Despátch to Orcus dówn;
And sóme of them fly scáttered
To the ships and fáithful shóre,
And sóme, in a vile pánic,
The húge horse climb agáin,
And stów themselves awáy
Ínto its wéll known páunch.

"Alás! there 's nó succéss,
If héaven 's not só inclíned:
See whére, with háir dishévelled,
Cassándra, Príam's dáughter,
Óut of the fáne is drágged
And fróm Minérva's shrine;
Stráining, but áll in váin,
Toward héaven her árdent eýes:
Her eýes, for fétters hóld
Her délicate hánds confíned.

"That sight Coróebus bróoks not,
And ín a frénzy flíngs him
Ínto the mídst, to díe.
We fóllow ín a bódy,
And in amóng them rúsh
With thick and héavy báttle.

"Here first we 're óverwhélmed
Fróm the high top óf the témple
Bý our ówn friends' míssiles,
Ánd a most píteous sláughter
Arises fróm the fálse show,
Máde by our Gráian árms
And búshy hélmet-créests.

Then, with gróans and indignátion
At the réscue óf the vírgin,
From évery síde collécting,
The Dánaï fáll upón us;
Ájax móst redóubted,
Ánd the twáin Atrídae,
Ánd the whole bánd Dolópian.

"So sómetimes á tornádo búrsts,
And winds with ópposite winds conténd,
Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,
Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:
The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmour,
Néreus with his trident fóamy
Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttom.

"Those tóo appéar whom ín the dárk night
Bý our strátagem wé had róuted,
And húnted óver thé whole city;
The fírst are théy to récognise
Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk
The discrepance betwéen our vóices,
Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.
That ínstant, númbers óverwhélm us,
And fírst Coróebus próstrate líes
Strétched by the ríght hand óf Penéleus
Beside the armípotent Góddess' áltar.
Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest
Ánd most ríghteous óf the Teúcri;
Bút the Gods ótherwise decréed.
And Hýpanis and Dýmas pérish,
Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thée, as dówn thou sánkest,
Thy gréat and mánifold piety, Pántheus,
Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

"Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,
Ye pýre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,
I fáced in thát your hóur of rúin
Évery wéapon óf the Dánaï,
Bráved unshrínking áll their táctics;
Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,
Bý my hands' déeds well éarned my fáll.

"Our párty 's víolently sévered:
Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;
Héavy with yéars the látter, Pélias
Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulýsses:
To Príam's pálace bý the clámor
Immédiatelý we 're cálled awáy.

"'Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,
As if elsewhére were nóne,
No déaths beside in thé whole city;
So fúriouslý was rámping hére
Indómitable Márs,
So strénuouslý the Dánaï
Úp the stéps were striving,
And hóused benéath the slóping cópe
Of shields compácted firm togéther,
The véry dóor were sieging:
Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,
With búcklered léft hand wárded míssiles,
With right hand séized the párapets.

"Agáinst them thé Dárdanidae,
For wéapons óf defénce in this
Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,
Uptéar rooftóps and túrretings,
And gílt beams dówn upón them róll,
Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.
Óthers belów in á dense bánd
Within the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,
Intént to guárd the éntrance, stánd.

"To bring assistance tó the cónquered,
Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,
My spírit ríses frésh within me.
Behínd there wás a sécret éntrance
And pássage óf commúnicátion,
Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,
Betwéen the párts of Príam's pálace.
Through this door, while the státe stood firm,
Hápless Andrómache full óft
Was wónt to páss withóut atténdants,
Her fáther-and móther-in-láw to vísit
Ánd to his grándsire, ín her hánd,
The bóy Astýanax condúcted.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss
Úp to the hígh roof súmmit,
From whénce the wrétched Trójans dówn
Their míssiles váin were húrling.
Óut of the róof, high tóward the stárs
A tówer rose pérpendícular
Óver the frónt wall óf the búilding;
From whénce there wás a próspect wide
Of áll Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:
Attácking ít with crówbars róund,
Where ínsecúrely ít was jóined
Tó the roof-térrace, wé uphéave
And púsh it fróm its hígh foundátion.
With wíde and súdden crásh it fálls
Upón the squádrons óf the Dánaï;
But óthers tó their pláce succéed,
Nor ís there, in the méan time, páuse
Of stónes or ány fórm of wéapons.

"Befóre the véry thréshold
Óf the véstibúle itsélf,
Ín his wéapons' brázen líght
Exúlting Pýrrhus glístens;
As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen
Únder the shéltering gróund
Áll the cold wínter thróugh,
Now háving cást his slóugh
And crópped his póisonous hérbs,
Tó the líght comes fórward,
Renéwed in yóuth and beaúty,
And ón his slímy spires
Cóiling himsélf eréct,
His bréast rears tó the sún,
And báck and fórward shóots
His twínkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

"Alóng with hím huge Périphas,
And hé that dróve Achílles' stéeds,
Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,
Alóng with hím th' whole Scýrian yóuth
Úp to the hóuse come, ánd fling hígh

The firebrands tó the báttlements.
Pýrrhus himsélf amóng the fóremost,
Séizing a dóuble-héaded póle-axe,
Búrsts the dóor's hard éntrance ópen,
Ánd from the pívots of the hínges
Fórces the brázen-pláted dóorvalves.
And nów he has héwed the pánel óut,
Ánd a húge wide-yáwning lóophole
Ín the hárd wood éxcavated.
The intérior óf the hóuse stands ópen;
Expósed to viéw are thé long hálls,
Expósed to viéw the privacies
Of Príam ánd the áncient Kings,
Ánd they behóld men stánding ármed,
Immédiatelý inside the thréshold.
But fár within 'tis áll confúsion,
And gróans, and miserable húbbub:
The whóle *caváedium* thróugh and thróugh
Wáils with the wáilings óf the wómen;
The clámor smítes the gólden stárs;
Affríghted mátrons éverywhére
Wildly róam through thé vast búilding,
And húg and print the dóors with kisses.

"In the might of his síre
Pyrrhus présses right ón:
No bárriers may stáy him,
No guárds may deláy him;
Befóre the ram's shóck
The báttered door tótters,
Displáced from their pívots
Lie próstrate the válves;
Main strength bursts a pássage,

The éntrance is fórced,
Ín rush the Dánaï,
Sláughter the fóremost,
And the whóle place with sóldiery
Fíll far and wide.

"Less fúriously the fóaming river,
Whose gúshing flóod has óvercóme
And búrst the dám's oppósing máss,
And léft its chánnel, ón the fields
Rúshes ahéap, and drágs alóng
Cáttle and stáll o'er áll the pláin.

"Mysélf have séen upón the thréshold
Neoptólemus ánd the twáin Atrídae,
Fúrious, and réeking sláughter:
Hécuba ánd her húndred dáughters
Mýself have séen, and, mídst the áltars,
Príam defíling with his blóod
The fíres himsélf had cónsecráted.
Low líe those fífty spóusal chámbers,
So rích hope óf a téeming óffspring,
Low líe those fífty dóors supérb
With cónquered spóils and góld barbáric;
The Dánaï ór the fíre have áll.

"Thou ásk'st perháps the fáte of Príam:
Whén he behéld his city cáptured,
The éntrance óf his pálace forced,
Ánd in his prívacies' mídst the fóe,
The óld man his age-pálsied shóulders
In lóng disúsed arms váinly cáses,
Girds on the úseless swórd, and rúshes
Ínto the thíckest óf the fóe, to díe.

"Ín the pálace cóurt intérior,
Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis
Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it
A láurel óf most áncient grówth
Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing
Ín its shádow thé Penátes.
Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,
Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,
Clásping the ímages óf the Góds,
And clóse togéther cówered like dóves
Bý the black pélting témpest flúrried.

"But whén in yóuthful árms equípped
Príam hímself she sáw: —
'Ah! whát so díreful ímpulse
Most wrétched spóuse', she críed,
'Hath girt thee with these wéapons,
Or whíther rúshest?
'Tis nót of súch assístance,
Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,
The présent time has néed,
No, nót, if stánding hére
Wére my own Héctor's sélf.
Submít, I dó beséech thee,
And híther déign to cóme;
This áltar shíelds us áll,
Or with us thóu shalt díe.'
"The fúll of yéars, this sáid,
Untó hersélf she tóok,
And pláced in the sácred séat.

"But sée where yónder, thróugh the lóng
And émpty hálls and pórticoes

Fléeing disábled, fróm the midst
Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,
Fróm the midst of fóes and wéapons,
Cómes Polítes, són of Príam;
And, behínd him, glówing hót
Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplífted —
Now, nów, nay nów the clútch is ón him,
Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,
Till, at the móment whén he énters
His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,
Ánd in a gúsh of blóod expires.

"Nor Príam thén, what thóugh he stóod
Alréady in the tóils of déath,
Abstáined from íre or spáred his wórds: —
'But máy the Góds in héaven,' he cried,
'If ány ténder Góds there bé,
Who mínd atrócities like this,
With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe
For this audácious oútrage páy thee,
Thée, who hast máde the síre eyewítness
Óf the son's déath, and with his chíld's blood
Defíled the présence óf a fáther.
Far óther fóe was thát Achílles,
From whóm thou líest that thóu art sprúng,
Who blúshingly a súppliant's right,
A súppliant's sánctity revéring,
Héctor's pale córse réstored to Príam
For sépulture, and sént me hóme
In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.'

"Thús having sáid the óld man flúng
His pówerless inefféctual wéapon,

Which máde the shield's brass-pláting ring,
And, fóiled at ónce, hung whére it strúck."

'Thén to my síre Pelídes póst,'
Pýrrhus replíed, 'and béar these tídings:
The náughty ánd degénerate déeds
Of Néoptólemus be súre
That thóu remémber wéll to téll him;
Now díe.' "The óld man, with these wórds,
He drágged to the véry áltar, trémbling,
And ín the plásh of his son's blóod
Slipping; twined in his háir the léft hand,
And with his right the fláshing swórd
Uplífted hígh, and ín his síde
Úp to the hílt-guard búried.

"Súch was the clóse of Príam's fátes;
Súch the allótted bóurne of hím,
Whó, of so mány Ásiátic
Nátions and lánds proud rúler ónce,
Saw Tróy in flámes, and Pérgamus fállen:
Upón the shóre he líes,
The héad lopped fróm the shóulders,
A húge and námeless cárcase.

"Then first in áll its pówer I félt
The hórror thát surróunded me;
I stóod aghást: my déar sire's ímage
Róse to my mínd, when I behéld
The équal-áged King his life fórth
Exháling át a crúel wóund;
Forlórn Creúsa tóo rose to my mínd,
Ánd my sacked hóuse, and líttle Iúlus' cáse.

"I cást a lóok round óf inquíry,
What fórce there máy be yét abóut me.
All tíred out hád desérted me,
And éither léaped down tó the gróund,
Or thrówn intó the flámes
Their wórn and févered frámes.

"And nów I wás alóne remáining,
Whén in Vésta's sécret séat
Týndarus' dáughter Í behóld,
A lúrking sílent vísitant;
The bríghtness óf the cónflagrátion
Lights me, ás abóut I wánder,
And éverywhére cast róund my eýes:
Shé, in dréad anticipátion
Of rétribútion fróm the Teúcri
For Pérgamus ó'erthrów and fáll,
In dréad no léss of chástisement
At the hánds of th' ángry Dánaï,
Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:
Tróy's and her cóuntry's cómmon Fúry,
Óbject óf the géneral hátred;
Óut of the wáy had pút herséIf,
And thére was sítting bý the áltar.

"With súdden fláming íre
My sóul is áll on fíre,
To avénge my cóuntry's fáll,
Ánd the críminal chastíse:"
'And sháll this wretch unscáthed,
Spárta behold agáin,
And fátherland Mycénae?
In quéenly triumph hóme

Tó her spóuse and chíldren,
And tó her síres retúrn,
By crówds of Ílian dámes
And Trójan serfs atténded?
And Príam have been sláin?
And Tróy in ashes láid?
Ánd the Dardánian shóre
So óft have sweated blóod?
No, néver! for althóugh
He wins no glorious náme
Who púnishes a wóman,
Nor hás such victory práise,
Still I shall bé extólled
For extírpating a núisance,
And inflicting on the guilty
The chástisement desérved.
Twill bé some comfort tóo,
To have gíven myself enóugh
Of the fíery flame of véngeance,
And glútted my friends' áshes.'

"With súch ejáculátion,
I was rúshing in a fúry,
When, néver by mine eyes
So bright before behéld,
My móst benignant móther
Stood vísible befóre me,
Refúlgent in pure líght,
Midst the dárkness of the night,
A góddess undisguised,
In such májesty and gréatness
Ás to heaven's inhábitants
She is wónted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,
And held me back and added
From her rosy lips these words:—

'What fury 's this, my son?
What poignant pain excites
This ungovernable ire?
Or whither away fled
Thy wonted care of us?
Wilt thou not first a look
Bestow where thou hast left
Thine age-worn sire Anchises?
Whether thy spouse Creusa,
Whether thy boy Ascanius
Survives yet? round all whom
The Graian files are roaming,
And whom the foeman's sword,
But for my care's resistance,
Had swept away ere this,
Or the devouring flame.

''Tis not the hateful fair face
Of Laconian Tyndaris,
Not criminated Paris,
But the stern will of the Gods,
The Gods' stern will o'erthrows,
And prostrates, from its summit,
The power and might of Troy.

'See here — for from thine eyes
All the cloud I 'll take away
Which, drawn across them, dulls
And damps thy mortal vision,

And spréads thick dárkness róund:
And thóu, fear nót to dó
Every bidding óf thy párent,
Ánd to hér instrúctions
Refúse not thine obédience —
Hére, where thóu behóldest
These húge disrúpted másses,
These stónes awáy from stónes forced,
These úndulating cólumns
Of míngled smóke and dúst,
Néptune is úndermíning,
And fróm their déep foundátions
With his great trident héaving
The wálls and thé whole city.
Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,
Júno, fóremost léading,
Óccupies the Scáean,
And, swórd at side, calls fúrious
Her állies fróm the ships;
Alréady óf the high Cástle,
Tritónian Pállas, (sée
Behínd thee thére,) sits mistress,
Ín a beamy clóud's
Effúlgent halo bright,
Bright with her fell Górgon.
The sire of héaven himsélf
Fúrnishes the Dánaï
With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;
Stirs úp the Góds himsélf
Agáinst the Dárdan árms.
Awáy, my són, flee swift;
Let thy lábors have an énd:
Éverywhere I'm with thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe
Ón thy patérnal thréshold.'
Thús having sáid, she plúnged
Ínto the night's thick shádes:
Ánd befóre me pláinly
I sáw the díreful fígures
Óf the gréat divínities,
Inímical to Tróy.

"All Ílium thén appéared to mé
To sínk in flámes, and fróm its báse
Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.
'Twás as when hínds, with stróke on stróke
Of dóuble-héaded íron áxe,
Have nigh cut thróugh, and émulous strive
To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,
Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;
With trémbling lócks, and crówn concússed
At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,
And thréatens still, till, grádually
With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórn,
Ánd, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,
Down túmbles ón the hílls, a rúin.

"Descénding thénce, I máke my wáy,
Únder the guídance óf the Gódhead,
Thróugh the mídst of flámes and wéapons;
Wéapons give wáy and lét me páss,
The flámes retíre befóre me.
But whén the whóle way Í have tráversed,
And réached the óld patérnal mánsion,
My síre, whom fírst I sóught, and fáin
Had cárried fírst to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survíve Troy's fáll,
Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—
'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh.
Whose fírm strength ón itsélf reliés,
Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger
Hád the celéstial dénizens wished,
They hád preserved for mé this hóme.
Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé
Ónce to have séen the city táken,
And ónce outlived its óverthrów.
Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,
Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:
I 'll fight until the fóe, in pity,
Ór to obtáin my spóils, despátch me.
Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.
Ódious to héaven, and úseless hére,
This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,
Since the Gods' síre and kíng of mén
Blew ón me with his thúnder's blást,
And strúck me with his fíre.'

"Só he persisted sáying,
Unchángeable ánd resólved:
Wé, on the óther hánd,
With flóods of téars beséech him —
Í and my spóuse Creúsa,
Ascánius, ánd the whóle house —
Beséech him, the house-fáther,
Nót to súperádd
Préssure tó fate's préssure,
Nór with himsélf the hóuse
And áll of ús undó.
Ábsolute hé refúses,

And immóvable sits fixed
In the same spót and púrpose.

"I rúsh to árms agáin,
And in my misery's dépth
Wish déath; for nów what cóunsel,
What chánce of sáfety 's léft:—
'And hást thou hóped, O síre,
That Í would stír one fóot,
And thóu left hére behínd?
And fróm a fáther's móuth
Hath súch impiety fállen?
Íf of so gréat a city
The pówers abóve are pléased
That nóthing sháll be léft,
And if thou 'rt quite detérmined,
And think'st it right to ádd
Thy fámily ánd thysélf
To the fáll of fálling Tróy,
That gáte to déath lies ópen;
Pýrrhus will sóon be hére,
Who mássacres the són
In présence of the síre,
And mássacres the síre
Beside the very áltar.

'Ís it for this, kind móther,
Thou snátchest mé unhúrt
Óut of the mídst of flámes,
Óut of the mídst of wéapons,
Thát I may séc the fóe,
In the bósom of my hóme,
And Ascánius and my síre
And Creúsa, lýing bútchered,

And wéltering side by side,
Éach in the óther's blóod?
Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;
The lást day cálls the cónquered;
To the Dánaï gíve me báck;
To the fíght let mé agáin;
Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;
This dáy we sháll not áll,
Not áll die únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-girt,
And ínto my shield's hándle
Insérting my left árm,
I was rúshing óut of dóors,
When, behóld! upón the thréshold
My spóuse clings róund my féet,
And ín her árms forth strétches
Little Iúlus tó his síre:—

'If to díe thou depártest,
Take ús with thee tóo
Into áll the worst dángers;
But if thine expérience
Has hópe still in árms,
Defénd this house first.
To whóm left thy síre,
And líttle Iúlus?
To whóm left am I,
Whom thou ónce call'dst thy wífe?'

"With súch loud críes and gróans
She was fílling the whole búilding,
When a pródigy rose súdden,
And wónderful to téll;

For thére, among the hánds,
And befóre the very fáces,
Óf the sórrowful párents,
Ló! a light and póinted fláme
From the típ top óf the héad
Of Iúlus séemed to shéd
A bláze of light aróund,
And with innóxious tóuch
Lick lightly his soft háir,
And féed abóut his témples.

"In trémbling féar and flúrry
We sháke the fláming háir,
And búsily with wáter
The sácred fire extínguish;
But síre Anchises jóyful
His eyes lifts tóward the stárs,
And tóward the héaven dirécts
His vóice and óutstretched hánds:—
'O thóu, almíghty Jóve!
If ány práyers may bénd thee,
Dó but lóok upón us;
And thén, if thóu shouldst find
Our piety desérving,
Give us thy hélp, O síre!
And rátify this ómen.'

"Scárce had the óld man sáid,
Whén with a súdden crásh
It thúndered on the léft,
And dárting from the sky
A stár with lúminous tráin
Shót acróss the dárkness.
We sée it ó'er the hóuse top

Glíding alóng, and trácing
Its bright path, till it plúnges
Ínto the Idéan wóod.
A lóng and lúminous stréak
Is léft where it has pássed,
And, fár and wide aróund,
The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

"'Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,
The síre aróse, and wént
Fórth to the ópen áir,
And adóred the hóly stár,
And thús the Góds addréssed:—
'Now, nów, there 's nó delày;
I fóllow, ánd where'er
Ye léad, am présent thére.
Góds of my fátherlánd,
O! presérve my fámily;
My grándson, O! presérve;
This aúgury is yóurs,
And Tróy 's in yóur protéction.
I yield indéed, my són,
Ánd to kéep thee cómpany
Refúse not ány lónger.'

"He sáid, and nów the fíre
Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,
Ánd the cónflagrátion
Néarer rólls its tide:—
'Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt
Upón my néck and shóulders;
To cárry yóu will bé
To mé no irksome tóil:

Betide what máy betíde,
For ús two thére shall bé
One cómmon risk, one sáfety;
Little Iúlus kéeps
In cómpany with mé,
And in my stéps far óff
My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.
Ye sérvants, give atténtion
To whát I nów shall sáy:—

'Fácing thóse who léave the city
Thére 's an ántique túmulus,
And sólitáry fáne of Céres,
Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,
Bý our sires religiously
Presérved through mány a yéar:
Át that spót from different quárters
We méet togéther: thóu, O síre!
Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,
Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:
For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage
Óf so gréat war, it were ímpious
To láy hand ón them, till I 've máde
Ablútion in the rúnning stréam.'

"I sáid; and ón my shóulders bróad
And bént neck first a gárment spréading,
And thén a táwny líon's skin,
Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.
Little Iúlus in my right hand
Intwines himsélf, and tó his síre,
With a child's shórter stép, keeps clóse;
My wife comes ón behind.

"Through dárk ways wé move ón,
And Í, whom bút just nów
No shówering míssiles rúffled,
Nor oppósing tróops of Gráiï,
By évery áir am fríghted,
By évery sóund excited,
In ánxious féar alíke
For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

"And nów I néared the gátes,
And thóught I hád made góod
The whóle way, whén, close bý,
Áll of a súdden, séemed
Upón our éars to fáll
The sóund of trámping féet,
And thróugh the sháde my síre
Forthlóoking críes:— 'My són,
O! flée, my són; they 're cóming;
I sée their búrning brás,
I sée their fláshing shields.'

"I knów not whát malignant Pówer
Of récolléction hére deprived me,
And flúrried ánd confúsed my mind;
For ás, the róad's diréction léaving,
I táke my wáy through páthless pláces,
Alás! some víolent déath snatched fróm me
My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful
Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,
Or tíred sat dówn, but tó our eyesight
Néver since thén was shé restóred:
Nor did I bácкward túrn my lóok,
Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to the old tumulus
And Ceres' sacred seat we come:
When here at last we 're all collected,
She only to our number 's wanting,
And had not either by her comrades,
Or by her son, or spouse been seen.

"Whom of Gods or men,
Whom did I not reproach
In my raving and delirium?
What sight more cruel saw I
In the sacking of the city?
Ascanius, sire Anchises,
And the Teucrian Penates
I hide in a curved valley,
And commend to my companions.
In glittering arms I'm girt,
And seek again the city,
Resolute to brave
All chances once again,
Through the whole of Troy return,
And to every danger
Expose my life once more.

"First I seek the walls,
And obscure gate-portal
By which I had passed out,
And my footmarks backwards
Explore with searching eye,
And through the night retread.
'Tis horror everywhere;
The very silence self
Strikes terror to the soul.

"Thence hóme, if bý some chánce,
If bý some chánce that wáy
Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;
The Dánaï hád rushed ín,
And were másters óf the building.
Úp to the highest róof-top
Bý the wind that instant
Rólled the devóuring fire;
Abóve the hóuse rise high,
And crácle tó the ský,
The ráging héat and fláme.
Thence ónward Í procéed,
And the résidénce of Príam,
And the citadél revísit.
Ín the vácant pórticoes
Of Júno's fáne alréady
Phóenix and dire Ulýsses,
Gúards seléct, were wátching
The héaped up piles of bóoty.
Thither from all sides,
Tórn from the búrning shrínes
Troy's tréasures wére collécted:
Thére were the cáptured véstments,
And sólid gólden góblets,
And tables óf the Góds.
Bóys and trémbling mátrons
In lóng arráy stand róund.

"I dáred even tó cry óut,
And thróugh the dárkness shóut,
And in sórrow cálled "Creúsa",
Until I filled the stréets
With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,
And óver agáin in váin,
And óver agáin, repéated.

"As thróugh the city's hóuses
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,
Befóre mine eyes appéared,
Lárger than life, the sháde,
Sémblance, and imaged fórm
Of Creúsa's hápless sélf,
And ín these wórds addréssed me,
And sólaced thús my cáre:—
'What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,
Such mád grief tó indúlge?
These evénts do nót occúr
Withóut the will divíne:
To táke Creúsa with thee,
Compánion óf thy trável,
His órdinánce forbids
Who réigns o'er high Olýmpus.

'Áfter á far éxile,
Áfter thóu hast plóughed
The vást tract óf the séa,
Thou shált at lást arrive
Át the Hespérian lánd,
Whére with géntle cúrrent
Lýdian Týber flóws
Through rich and péopled fields.
A róyal spóuse, and kingdom,
Ánd prospérity there wáit thee.
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;
Néver will Í, a Dárdan,

And Góddess Vénus' dáughter,
The háughty séats behóld
Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,
Or gó to bé a sláve
Tó a Gráian místress;
The gréat Gods'-móther mé
Hére in these shóres detáins.
And nów farewéll, and éver
Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,
Desérting me she fléd,
And léft me wéeping múch,
And múch to sáy desíring.
Abóut her néck there thríce
I stróve my árms to thrów;
Thrice from my frústrate grásp,
Líght as the winds, the sháde,
Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the night, at lást
To my párty Í retúrn:
And hére I find with wónder
Great númbers óf new cómrades
From áll sides hád flowed ín;
Matrons and mén and yóuths,
A miserable crówd,
Réady with héart and súbstance
To fóllow me to éxile,
Ínto whatéver lánds
I might think fit to léad them
Awáy beyónd the séa.

"And nów o'er Ída's tóps
Lúcifer was rising,
And léading ón the dáy;
Strong bódies of the Dánaï
Had possession of the gátes,
And évery hópe was lóst;
I yield: uplift my síre,
And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

## III.

"After the Gods
Had thought fit to destróy,
By a dóom it deserved not,
The réalm Asiátic,
And líneage of Príam,
And próud Ilium féll,
And áll Troy Neptúnian
Smóked from the gróund,
Divine áuguries dríve us,
To séek out far lánds,
Desert pláces of éxile,
And close únder Antándrus
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,
We búild our fleet's fábric,
And our crew get togéther,
All úncertain whíther
The fátes may convéy us,
Where allów us to hált.

"'Twas the véry beginning
And fírst of the súmmer,
When fáther Anchíses
Gave órders to spréad out
Our sails to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave
Of the shóres of my cóuntry,
And the pláins where Troy ónce was,
And sáil out of pórt,
And awáy to the high deep
An éxile am bórne
With my cómrades and són
And the gréat Gods Penátes.

"From Tróy's coast far distant,
The Thrácians inhábit
A lánd to Mars sácred,
Vast wide-spreading pláins,
By dóughty Lycúrgus
In óld time reigned óver,
And clósely united
With Tróy in relátions
Fríendly and sócial,
While Tróy was a city.

"I sail thither, and lánding
By nó kind fate sánctioned,
Amóng the shore's windings
Begin straight to build,
And fróm my own náme,
Call my péople Enéadae.

"A sléek, shining búll
To the King of the Góds
On the shóre I was óffering,
And práying the móther
Dionéan to bléss
The wórks I 'd begún:

It chánced that a túmulus
Néar hand was stánding,
O'ergrówn with shrub córnel,
And stíff spikes of mýrtle.
I went tó it, and stróve
From the swárd to tear úp
Some gréen wood for bóughs,
To gárland the áltars,
When a pródigy hórrid,
And stránge to reláte,
To my eýes was presénted:
For fróm the first sápling,
Pulled óut of the gróund,
Black dróps of blood drip,
Where 'twas bróke from the róot,
And the éarth stain with góre.
Cold hórror my límbs shakes,
My blóod with fear fréezes.
Procéeding to púll up
Anóther tough withe,
And the hídden cause síft
And explóre to the bóttom,
From the óther's rind tóo
The black dróps of blood issue.
I búsy my mind
With conjéctures, and óffering
To the rúral nymphs hómage,
And to fáther Gradívus,
The Gétic plains' lórd,
Besécch them to shéd
On th' appéarance their bléssing,
And avért the bad ómen:
But whén I attémpt

With a still greater effort
The third rod to wrench,
And with my knees, pushing
Against the sand, strain —
Shall I speak out or hush? —
I heard from the tomb's depth
A piteous groan issue,
And thus a voice answer:—

'Why lacerate so
A poor wretch, Enéas?
Dead and buried let rest;
And thy kind, tender hands
With such a crime stain not.
Thine own Troy produced me,
And the blood from this stalk
Drips not stranger to thee.
Ah! flee this land cruel,
These shores covetous flee,
For I'm Polydorus,
And this spiky crop
Has shot up from the lances,
Sharp-pointed and thick-set,
That here pierced me through.'

"Then indeed I was frightened,
And stood hesitating
In doubt and amazement;
My voice to my throat clave,
My hair rose erect.
This Polydore, erewhile,
With gold a great weight,
To the Thracian King's keeping

Was privily sént
By unfórtunate Príam,
When he sáw the besiegers
Invésting his city,
And begán to distrúst
The Dárdan arms' stréngth.
His hóst, when the might
Of the Teúcri was bróken,
And their fórtune at ébb,
Takes párt with the cónquering
Arms Ágamemnónian,
And évery tie bréaking,
Kills Polydórus,
And clútches the góld.
O cúrsed thirst of góld,
To whát crime persuád'st not
The bósom of mórtals!

"When the fright left my bónes,
I reláte to selécted
Chief mén of the péople,
And first to my síre
The pórtents celéstial,
And ásk their advíce.
All are óf the one mínd,
To give the sails lóose
To the bréath of the Áustri,
And the wicked land léave,
That bróke a host's fáith.

"We sólemnize thérefore
The fúneral of Pólydore,
And the túmulus héap huge,

And pile up with earth;
And to the Manes
Raise altars, festooned
With dark violet fillets
And sorrowful cypress.
The women of Ilium
Stand round, as of wont,
With long hair dishevelled.
Foaming milk-boats funereal
Of warm milk we offer,
And bowls of blood sacred;
Then invoke with a last shout,
And in the tomb bury,
The soul of the dead.

"Then as soon as the winds
And the sea had grown placid,
And seemed fair to promise,
And Auster's mild rustling
To the high deep invited,
Our crews o'er the shores spread,
And haul down the vessels;
We sail out of port;
Lands and cities recede.

"Amidst the sea lies,
Most delightful to dwell in,
A land consecrate
To Neptune Aegean
And the mother of the Nereids;
Which, in old time wide floating
About the coasts round,
The affectionate Bowbearer

Bóund between lófty
Mýcon and Gýarus,
And stéadied secúrely,
That it might receive cúlture,
And at nóught set the winds.

"My cóurse I shape thither;
That móst placid ísland's
Safe hárbour recéives us
Fatigued with our vóyage.
Disembárked, we bow dówn
With réverence befóre
Apóllo's own city.
We are mét by King Ánius,
Ánius who King is
And high priest of Phóebus;
With his témples encírcled
With láurel branch sácred
And diadem he méets us,
And sóon recognizing
His óld friend Anchíses,
Clasps the hánds of his guésts,
Who clasp his in retúrn,
And we énter the dwélling.

"In his time-worn stone témple
I wórshipped the Gód:—
'O gránt us, Thymbréus,
A hóme of our ówn;
To our wéariness gránt
A fórtified strónghold,
A pérmanent city,
And nátional line.

Tróy's second Pergamus
Ó save in ús,
In ús, the poor résidue
Léft by the Dánaï
And rúthless Achílles.
Whóm bidst us fóllow?
Which wáy shall we túrn?
Or whére shall we séttle?
Advíse us, O síre,
And glíde into our mínds.'

"Scárce had I sáid,
Whén of a súdden
All thíngs seemed to róck,
And be pút into mótion,
Both the flóor of the témple,
Ánd the God's láurel,
And the whóle mountain róund;
The shríne was thrown ópen;
And from únder its cúrtain
Forth béllowed the Trípod.
To the gróund we fall próstrate;
A vóice to our éars comes:—

'Hárdy Dardánidae,
That lánd, whence the primitive
Stóck of your ráce came,
Will wélcome with jóy
Your retúrn to its láp:
Search ón, till ye find out
Your áncient móther:
Enéas' house thére
And his children's children

For éver and éver
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phóebus; and gréat joy
In áll rose tumúltuous;
And whére may that lánd be,
They ásk one anóther,
To which Phoebus bíds them
Their stráy footsteps túrn,
And thére found their city.

"Then my sire, turning óver
The óld-time traditions,
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;
And from mé learn your hópes.
In the séa's midst lies Créte
With its móuntain Idéan;
The ísle of great Jóve,
And the crádle of our ráce;
A rich teeming réalm
With a húndred great cities.
From thénce came of óld
Our míghty sire Teúcer,
If whát I have héard
I récollect rightly,
And chóse for his réalm's site
The séacoast Rhoetéan.
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,
And as yét was no Ílium,
No Pergámean tówers.
Hence bórrowed those rites,
That may nót be discússed,
Of the Móther that lóves

The háunts of Cybéle;
Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,
Hence Ída's grove bórrowed,
And the líons yoked únder
The cár of our Lády.
Cóme then, let 's fóllow
Whither the Góds lead;
Let 's propítiate the wínds,
And the Gnóssian realms séek,
No léngthy run distant:
With Júpiter's hélp,
The third dáy sets our fléet
On the séa-bord of Créte.'

"He sáid; and the Góds
With due ófferings hónored;
To Néptune a búll slew,
To thée, fair Apóllo,
A búll on the áltar;
To Hiems, a bláck sheep;
A white, to fair Zéphyrs.

"Expélled out of Créte
And the réalms of his sires
'Twas repórted that chieftain
Idómeneus had fléd,
And léft us a hóme there,
And nóne to molést us.
Ortýgia's port léaving
We skím swiftly óver
The ísland-sown séa,
Through the clústering Cýclades,
By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy-white Páros,
And vérdant Donýsa,
And the Bácchanal-révelled
Móuntains of Náxos.
Chéerily sáilors call;
Búsy the hánds of all:—
'For the lánd of our fóresires,
For Créte,' is the cry.
A wind rises áft,
And goes with us alóng,
Ánd to the shóres
Of the áncient Curétes
At lást we come glíding.

"I sét about thérefore,
And éagerly wórk at,
The wálls of the city
I 'd so lónged to see rísing;
And cáll it Pergámea;
And my péople exhórt
To cling clóse to a hóme
By so déar a name cálled,
And réar high their cástle.

"But scárce were the shíps
On the drý shore drawn úp;
And the yóung people búsy
With fárming their néw lands,
And márriage contrácting;
And with láw-giving, Í,
And assigning of dwéllings;
When ón the limbs súdden,
And ón trees and cróps,

From the póisonous áir
Of the únhealthy séason,
Came a péstilence pútrid,
A wrétched diséase,
That killed the sweet life
Or léft the frame sickly.
Burning Sírius the gráss
And the fields shrivelled úp;
And the dry, blasted cróp
No nóurishment yielded.
O'er the séa back agáin,
My sire bids us méasure
Our wáy to Ortýgia;
There to bég Phœbus' gráce,
And the óracle ásk,
To whát quarter nów
Is our cóurse to be sháped,
Whére may our wéariness
Hópe to find rést,
What énd, what relief
He appoints to our lábors.

"'Twas night; and all things
That had life were asléep;
When the Phrýgian Penátes,
Whose images sácred
I bróught with me óut
Of the midst of Troy's flámes,
Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,
To stánd manifésted
In múch light befóre me,
Where the fúll moon was thróugh
The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thús to addréss me,
And sólace my cáres: —

'What Apóllo would téll thee
Arríved at Ortýgia,
Behóld! he sends ús,
Of his ówn free accórd,
To decláre to thee hére.
Since the fíre of Dardánia
Thy fórtunes we 've fóllowed
And thóse of thine árms;
We have sáiled in thy shíps,
And alóng with thee méasured
The swóllen sea acróss;
'Tis wé that shall émpire
Confér on thy city,
And ráise to the stárs high
The héirs of thy líne.
But thóu, from thy trável's
Long lábour not shrinking,
Prepáre a great city
For gréat men to dwéll in:
It wás not on thése shores,
It wás not in Créte,
The Délian Apóllo
Báde thee to séttle;
Thou must séek other quárters.

'Hespéria 's the náme
Which the Gráiï bestów
On an óld warlike lánd,
Of a rich fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótriï ónce tilled,
Ánd at the présent time
Cálled, it is sáid,
By the yóung race, Itália,
From the náme of a chief.
There our rightful abóde;
Thence Dárdanus spráng,
And fáther Iásius,
The héad of our ráce.
Úp, up, and jóyfully
Téll thine aged síre
These trúths beyond quéstion.
Let him Córythus séek,
Ánd th' Ausónian lands;
Jóve to thee gránts not
The fields Dictéan.'

"By the vísion astónished,
And vóice of the Góds,
(Nor wás it mere sléep,
For I pláinly obsérved
The fílleted háir,
And lóok of the Déities
Présent and spéaking;
And the cóld sweat wás stréaming
My whóle body óver,)
I spring from the cóuch,
And my vóice, and the pálms
Of my úpward-turned hánds,
Dirécting towards héaven,
Póur on the héarth-fire
The unmixed wine libátion.

"The wórship compléted,
I téll the whole cáse,
With jóy, to Anchises.
He admitted the twófold,
Ambíguous, extráction;
Ánd that he hád now
A sécond time érred
Abóut these old pláces;
Then sáys:— 'O my són,
So by Ílium's fates hárassed,
Cassándra alóne
Such advéntures foretóld me.
I récollect nów,
Her próphecies prómised
These réalms to our ráce,
And oft cálled them Itália,
Hespéria oft cálled them.
But whó could belíeve
That the Teúcri would cóme
To the cóasts of Hespéria?
Or whó had faith thén
In Cassándra's foretéllings?
Let us gíve way to Phóebus,
And, táught by this lésson,
Do bétter in fúture.'

"He sáys; and we áll,
Huzzáing and jóyful,
Obéy his commánd;
This séttlement tóo
Desért, and a féw
Behínd in it léaving,
Set sáil, and awáy

In our hóllow ships scúd
The vást sea-plain óver.

"And nów o'er the high deep
We were hólding our wáy on,
And no lánd was in sight,
But on évery side róund us
Sky ónly and séa,
When, right óver our héads
And the dárk curling wáves,
Stood a lívid cloud lówering,
With night charged and témpest.
In an instant the winds
Raise the vást raging séa,
And dispérse us and tóss us
Abóut on the billows.
Through rifts in the stórmclouds
That hide from our sight,
And láp in damp night,
The sky and daylight,
Shoots the lightning in vólleys.
We are dríven from our cóurse,
And drift about blíndly
Óver the wáters.
Palinúrus himsélf
Protésts he 's unáble
Day in the sky
To distínguish from night,
Ór, in the midst
Of the séa, find his wáy.
Three dáys dim-distínguished,
Three stárless nights, só
In blind dárkness we drift;

On the fourth day at length
Land is first seen to rise,
And brings into view mountains
Away in the distance,
And shows curling smoke.
Down drop our sails,
To our oars we rise up,
And without more ado
Away pull the crew,
And twirling the dripping foam
Sweep o'er the blue.

"The Strophades' coasts
Are the first to receive me,
Saved from the waters;
The Strophades, so
By a Graian name called,
Are islands that lie
In the great sea Ionian,
Where direful Celeno
And the rest of the Harpies
Dwell ever since
From their former carouse
They were frighted away,
And against them was closed
The palace of Phineus.
More foul pest than they
The Gods' wrath sent never;
Never from Stygian wave
Rose direr monster.
Faces of damsels,
Bodies of birds,
With foulest dung-droppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,
And vísages éver
Pállid with fámine.

"When, híther arríved,
We hád the port éntered,
Lo! we sée, everywhére
In the fíelds, without kéeper
Glád herds of óxen
And flócks of goats grázing.
Sword in hánd we rush ón,
Ánd to a sháre
Of the préy call the Góds,
And Júpiter's sélf;
Then ráise dining cóuches
Upón the curved shóre,
And splέndidly féast;
Bút, on a súdden,
Dówn from the móuntains
The Hárpies are ón us,
With hórrible clápping
And clánging of wings,
Maráuding, despóiling,
Ánd with uncléan touch
Pollúting the víands;
Screaming dire all the whíle,
And a nóisome stench shédding.

"Agáin we lay óut,
In a pláce far remóte,
Undernéath an o'erhánging
Rock's shélter, our tábles,
With trées closed all róund

And thick branching úmbrage,
Ánd on the áltars
Agáin place the fíre.
Agáin come the clánging pack
Óut of their hídings,
Ánd from a dífferent
Quárter round glíding,
Pollúte with their tálons
And fóul mouths the víands.
I thén bid my cómrades
Betáke them to árms,
And that wár with the díre crew
Múst needs be wáged.
They dó as commánded,
Ánd in the hérbage
Swórds hide and shíelds.
Só when the whírr
Of their dównward flight sóunded
Alóng the curved shóre,
And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,
Fróm his high lóok-out,
Has gíven them the sígnal,
My cómrades rush ón,
And the nóvel fight trý,
To wóund with their swórds
The séa's birds obscéne.
But théy take no húrt
Or on plúmage or bódy,
And awáy toward the ský
In rápid flight glíding,
Their hálf-eaten préy
Leave behind and foul tráces.
On a lófty-browed róck

One, Celéno, her pérch takes,
And, únlucky sóothsayer,
Cróaks forth these wórds:—

'And wáge ye war tóo,
O Laómedon's sóns,
War tóo for the óxen
And stéers ye have sláughtered?
And will ye the ínnocent
Hárpies expél
From their cóuntry and réalm?
Hear thérefore my wórds
And ín your minds fix them.
What the Fáther almíghty,
To Phóebus Apóllo,
What Phóebus Apóllo
To mé hath foretóld,
I, the chief of the Fúries,
Revéal now to yóu.
For Itália you 're bóund,
Ánd to Itália.
Áfter your vóws
Ye have máde to the winds,
Ye shall sáfely arríve,
Ánd to land ón it
Shall be allówed you;
But ye shall not wall róund
Your appóinted city,
Until áfter dire fámine,
Avénging this úndeserved
Ónslaught on ús,
Has compélled you to níbble
And gnáw round your trénchers.'

"She sáid; and fled óff
To the wóod on her pínions.

"Then with súdden fear fréezes
The blóod of my cómrades,
Their cóurage is fállen,
Nor will they on árms
Rely any lónger,
But with práyers and entréaties
The góod will implóre
Of those béings, whatéver
Their náture may bé;
Góddesses whéther,
Or díre birds obscéne.
And fáther Anchíses
With pálms wide spread óut,
As he stánds on the shóre,
Invókes the great Góds,
And ordáins the due hónors:—
'Avért, ye kind Góds,
The catástrophe thréatened,
And your wórshippers sáve.'
Thén bids them lóosen
And sháke out the rópe coils,
And the stay cáble
Haul óff from the shóre.
South bréezes our sáils stretch,
And, fóllowing the cáll
Of the stéersman and wind,
We scud óver the fóam.

"And nów midst the wáves
Shrub Zacýnthus appéars,

And Dulíchium, Sáme,
And Néritos' stéep cliffs:
We flée far awáy
From Láërtian Íthaca's
Rócky domáins,
And déep curse the lánd
That núrsed fell Ulýsses.
By and bý Mount Leucáta's
Súmmits tempéstuous,
And the fáne of Apóllo,
The térror of sáilors,
Upón our view ópens.
Our wéary course thíther
We túrn, and heave tó
Beside the small city.
From the prów drops the ánchor,
The stérns line the shóre.

"And só of firm lánd,
Beyond áll expectátion
At lást in posséssion,
We perfórm our lustrátions,
And Jóve's altars kíndle;
And sólemnize gámes
In dischárge of our vóws,
And let Áctium's shores witness
The pástimes of Ílium;
Our fólk (in delíght
To have máde good their flíght
Through the mídst of the fóe's
Many cities Argólic),
Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóulders
Their nátive gymnástics.

"In the méantime the sún
Round the gréat year is rólled,
And frore winter's north-éasters
Róughen the séa.
I bíd them their pláces
Take ón the row-bénches,
And sét out from pórt.
But first in the frónt
Of the gáte I set úp
The cóncave brass búckler,
Great Ábas once cárried,
And with this scroll inscribe:
*From the cónquering Dánaï*
*Enéas these spóils took.*
Then évery oar strives
Which will smíte the sea stóutest,
And brávely we swéep
O'er the fáce of the déep.

"Straightwáy from our viéw
Slip awáy the Pheácian
Citadels áiry.
Alóng by the cóasts
Of Epírus we skím,
The Chaónian port énter,
And líe to befóre
Buthrótus' high city.

"An incrédible rúmour
Here réaches our éars,

That of Phrýgian Eácides'
Cónsort and scéptre
Nów in possession,
Príam's son Hélenus
Rúled far and wide
O'er the Gráian cities,
Ánd that Andrómache
Cálled once agáin
A compátriot, lórd.
I was strúck with amázement;
My bréast was inflámed
With a wóndrous desíre
To spéak with the héro,
And héar from himsélf
Of advéntures so stránge;
I léave fleet and shóre,
And walk úp from the pórt.

"It chánced, in a sácred grove
Óutside the city,
By the side of a mímic
Símois' wáters,
Andrómache wéeping,
To the cínders of Héctor
Was póuring libátion,
The Mánes invóking,
And óffering the sólemn
And sád viand-óffering,
At the Cénotaph túmulus,
And twó sacred áltars,
She had built of green túrf.

"When she sáw me appróaching,
And abóut me men ármed
With the ármour of Tróy,
Séized with wild fright
At the márvellous sight,
She grew cold and stíff,
And sank dówn in a swóon;
And, áfter a lóng time,
Thus hárdly at lást said:—

'Ís it a réal face,
And cóm'st thou thysélf,
Substántial and líving,
Ó Goddess-bórn?
Or if unsubstántial
And nót of this wórld,
Then whý comes not Héctor?'
"She sáid; and with téars
And láments the whole pláce filled.

"With mind discompósed,
And stámmering útterance
I can scárce to her ráving,
In sýllables bróken
These féw words replý:—
'I líve indeed — dóubt not,
For réal what thou sée'st —
And thróugh all extrémities
Drág on exístence.
O thóu that hast fállen
From a wédlock so hígh,
Ah! whát 's thy lot nów?
Is Pýrrhus thy lórd still?

Ór does a súitable
Fórtune at lást
Visit hér that was ónce
Héctor's Andrómache?

"She cást down her lóok,
And with húmble voice sáid:—
'Oh! háppy was shé,
Above áll Príam's dáughters,
Who benéath Troy's high wálls,
At the énemy's tómb
Was commánded to díe;
No lotcásting for cáptives
Had shé to endúre,
No béd ever tóuched
Of a cónqueror and máster.
But Í, made a sláve
When my cóuntry was búrned,
Over fár seas must trável,
And the próud humors béar
Of the háughty young shóot
Of the stóck of Achílles;
Who áfter a chíld's birth
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,
To Hélenus his bóndsman,
And awáy went a-wóoing
Ledéan Hermíone's
Hand Lácedemónian.
But Oréstes, inflámed
By the lóss of the bríde
He so ténderly lóved,
And his thóughts' even ténor

Distúrbed by his ówn crime's
Retributive Fúries,
Pounces ón him unwáry,
And sláys him in fróntof the áltar doméstic.

'Neoptólemus déad,
A párt of his émpire
To Hélenus féll;
Who, from Cháon the Trójan,
These pláins called Chaónian,
And the náme of Chaónia
Bestówed on the kíngdom;
Ánd with this Pérgamus'
Stróng castle Ílian
These híll tops compléted.
But whát winds have blówn thee
To thése coasts of óurs?
Or whát fate hath léd thee,
What Gód driven thee, híther,
In ignorance tótal
Of áll that has háppened?
And hów does Ascánius?
Is stíll the boy líving
Whom while Tróy was a city —
Is the lóss of his párent
A grief to him sómetimes?
Does his bréast ever glów
With the óld martial spírit?
Does he éver remémber
He 's són of Enéas,
And néphew of Héctor?'

"As thús she was póuring
Her lóng lamentátion,
And áll in vain wéeping,
Forth óut of the fórtress,
By a gréat suite escórted,
Comes Príam's son Hélenus,
His fríends recogníses,
And léads with joy ín;
And with éach word he útters
Sheds mány a téar.
I obsérve on my wáy
How like to great Tróy
Their mímic Troy city
And Pérgamus tíny,
With the scánty dry stréamlet
They cáll after Xánthus,
And clásp to my bósom
Their Scáean gate's pórtal.

"Nór, at the sáme time,
Enjóyed not the Teúcri
Their city of fríends;
The Kíng entertáined them
In pórticoes ámple;
In the mídst of the háll
Stood the gólden-served bánquet;
And with bówls in their hánds
They libáted to Bácchus.

"And só, as awáy
Fleeted dáy after dáy,
And the bréezes of Áuster,
Infláting the lint-sheet,

Invíted to sáil,
I accóst in these wórds,
And inquíre of, the séer:—
'O thóu Trojan-bórn,
Who intérpret'st the Góds;
Who Phóebus' divíne will
Percéivest and féel'st;
Who expóundest the Clárian's
Láurels and trípods,
The signs of the stárs,
And the lánguage of bírds,
And the ómens derived
From the swift-flying wing,
O sáy — for the Góds,
With one ónly excéption,
To Ítaly cáll me,
And the lánds reserved fór me
Commánd me to trý;
And religion my whóle course
Has prómised me prósperous,
Only Hárpy Celéno
With áwful wrath thréatens,
And predicts us a fámine,
Foul, stránge, and prodígious,
And súch as no píous soul
Dáre even spéak of —
Say whát 's the chief dánger;
These difficulties hów
Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

"Here Hélenus, first
Having sláughtered the stéers

By the ritual required,
Entréats the heaven's gráce;
And, unlóosing the tíar
From his sánctified héad,
Me, in ánxious suspénse
And áwe of the Gód's
Great mánifestátion,
Leads himsélf, in his hánd,
To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.
Thén in prophétic strain
Fróm his divíne mouth
Thús sang the príest:—

'O bórn of a Góddess!
Since the gréatness is pláin
Of the áuspices which
O'er the hígh deep escórt thee —
Since the mónarch of Góds
Appóints the Fates só,
So dispóses evénts
In succéssion and órder —
Sóme out of mány points
I'll explain tó thee,
That thou máy'st with more sáfety
The séa take for hóst,
And secúrely at lást
In Ausónian port séttle.
To knów more than this,
Or móre than this téll,
The bán of the Párcae
And Júno Satúrnian
Hélenus hínders.

'First of áll, that Itália
Thou déem'st near at hánd,
And whose pórts thou prepár'st,
As if clóse at the dóor,
(Ah how líttle thou knów'st!)
All at ónce to inváde,
Beyond mány a lánd's
Wide impássable tráct
Lies fár far awáy.
Thine óar thou must túg
In Trinácria's wáters,
The bríny Ausónian
Must návigate róund,
The Inférnal Lakes vísit,
And páss by the ísland
Of Circe Eéan,
Befóre thou canst séttle
On sáfe land thy city.
I 'll téll thee the tókens:
Keep them stóred in thy mínd.

'When thóu, in the mídst
Of thy tróuble and cáre,
Benéath the holm óaks
That bórder the bánks
Of a ríver retíred,
A great white sow shalt fínd
Stretched at léngth on the gróund,
Giving súck to her fárrow
Of thírty young pígs,
Each as white as hersélf,
That spót 's thy sure rést
And the síte of thy city.

III.

Cut Ítaly óff ... trénchers;
From the s'a wáy find,
Só that,n cálled on
Will cóme to thine áid.

'But avóid the edge néxt us
Of Ítaly's shóres;
Wicked Gráiï inhábit.
And fill with their cities,
All that trácт which is wáshed
By this séa-surf of óurs;
Here the Lócri Naryćian
Their city have built,
Ánd with his sóldiery
Lyćtian Idómeneus
Óccupies wide
The Sállentine pláins.
Here tóo on the stréngth
Of her wáll Philoctétian
Relies with all cónfidence
'hief Melibóeus's
As Petília.

'Even whén on the óff side
Thy fléet has arrived,
And ón the seashóre
Thou art ráising thine áltars
And páying thy vóws,
Thy lócks thou must shróud,
And thy fáce cover úp,
With a wrápper of púrple,
Lest, whílst at the blázing

III.

And sánctifi[illegible] that Itália
Thou art hónori[illegible]at hánd,
An énemy's fáce prepár'st,
By some chánce meet t[illegible]
And már all the ómens.
Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,
This cústom obsérve,
Thy postérity éver
In hóliness kéep,
And abíde by, this rítual.

'But whén on thy wáy
Thou hast sét out from hénce,
And the wind wafts thee néar
To the cóast of Sicília,
And the stráits of Pelórus
Begín to grow wíde,
Keep awáy from the wáters
And shóre on the stárboard,
And, awáy to the lárboard
In lóng círcuit tácking,
The léft shore sweep róund.

'They sáy that these lánds,
At first óne and contínuous,
Have, at sóme time or óther,
With míghty convúlsion
And vást wreck and rúin
In twáin leaped asúnder,
(So powérful is time's lapse
To bríng about chánges,)
And thát the sea, fórcibly
Ín between rúshing,

Cut Ítaly óff
From the side of Hespéria,
Só that an interposed
Frith's narrow wáters
Now wash ópposite cities
And ópposite fields.

'The right side by Scýlla
Is gárrisoned stróng;
Charýbdis implácable
Sits on the léft,
And into her whirlpool,
Sheer dówn perpendícular
Three times in succéssion
Each vást billow súcks,
Ánd to the úpper air
Thrice aloft flings each,
And láshes the stárs:
But Scýlla the fáce has
Óf a fair máiden,
And húman her búst is
As fár as the gróin,
Where it énds in a mónstrous
Huge trúnk of a grámpus,
To a wólf's belly knít
And the táil of a dólphin:
And óut of the dárk
Cavern-hóle that concéals her
She thrústs her face fórth,
And drags ships on the rócks.
Far bétter to cómpass,
Althóugh it delây thee,

Trinácrian Pachýnus,
With lóng circuit róund,
Than one single look cást
On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla
In her vást cavern cróuching,
Or the rócks that resóund
With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

'Besides, (if in Hélenus
Áught be of wísdom,
If ány reliance
May be pláced in the séer,
And if but with trúth
Apóllo his mind fills,)
Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,
This one póint I'll forewárn thee,
This one póint above áll,
And óver and óver
And óver agáin
Will repéat and impréss it;
To Júno's great Gódhead
Addréss thy first vóws,
To Júno thy gifts bring,
To Júno thy práyers sing,
And, with héart and soul póured forth
In húmble entréaties,
Subdúe to thy wishes
The pówerful dónna:
So shált thou at lást
From Trinácria be pássed
To Ítaly's cónfines,
Succéssful, victórious.

'When Itália thou 'st réached,
And the city of Cúma,
And rústling Avérnus'
Divine woods and lákes;
Thou shalt sée the crazed máid
That benéath the coved róck
Writes her vérses prophétic
On plúcked leaves of trées:
So lóng as the dóor
Of the cáve remains shút,
These presérve their due órder,
Arránged as she léft them;
But whén the door ópens,
The first puff of wind
Sends the ténder leaves flitting
The whóle cave abóut,
And the máid never cáring
To cátch, and dispóse them
Anéw in their órder,
Inquirers awáy go
As wise as they cáme,
And túrn with disgúst
From the cáve of the Síbyl.

'Here listen not thóu,
Though thy cómrades may chíde thee,
And a fáir wind may cáll thee,
And préss thee to sáil;
Nor the time lost to trável
Estéem of such válue,
As nót to gó páy
Thy respécts to the séer,
And bég she may pléase

Her clósed lips to ópen.
And give to her próphecies
Útterance óral.

'Duly wórshipped, the príestess
Will cléarly explain thee
The nátions Itálian,
The wárs that awáit thee,
And hów thou may'st bést
Flee or béar every tóil;
And ón thy way prósperous
Fórward will sénd thee.
With thése admonitions
My vóice is permitted
To wárn and advíse thee.
Now gó, and alóft
With thy bráve deeds exált
Mighty Tróy to the éther.'

"The séer, when with friendly mouth
Thús he had spóken,
Bids mássy gold présents
Be bróught to the véssels,
And on bóard of them gréat store
Of sílver plate stóws,
And ívory fíllagree,
Bówls Dodonéan,
And the línked coat of máil
Neoptólemus wóre
Of tríple gold wire,
And his hélmet so spléndid
With hórse-tail appénded
To high towering crést.

Gifts appropriate, too,
He bestows on my sire;
And presents us with horses,
Presents us with pilots,
The number of rowers
Fills up complete,
And with rowing implements
Rigs us out new.

"Meantime to get ready
Our masts and our canvas,
And not lose the fair wind,
Anchises gives counsel:
And thus, with much honor
Addressing him, says
The prophet of Phœbus:—

'O thou, worthy deemed
Of Venus' high nuptials,
Special care of the Gods,
Anchises, twice rescued
From Pergamus' ruins,
Behold stretched before thee
The land of Ausonia;
Sail away for it straight.
This near side, however,
Skirt along without touching;
Far from it apart
Lies that district Ausonian,
Apollo throws open.
On, on, of a duteous son
O happy father:
The Austri are rising.

What néed of more tálking?
Or whý should I lónger
With préaching deláy thee?'

"Andrómache tóo,
Sad at párting for éver,
Has bróught for Ascánius —
Nor ís the boy lóth
With the gift to be lóaded —
A Phrýgian-wrought Chlámys
With fígures embróidered
Upón a gold gróund;
And thús to him sáys:—

'Take thís too, my bóy;
Let this wórk of my hánds
Remind thee sometímes
Of the cónsort of Héctor,
Ánd of the lóng love
Andrómache béars thee.
Take thy rélative's lást gift.
O thóu, the sole ímage
On éarth to me léft
Of Astýanax nów;
Like thíne were his féatures,
Like thíne his hands' móvements.
His eýes glanced like thíne,
And he wóuld be, if líving,
Just nów the same áge,
Such a stripling as thóu.'

"With gúshing tears thús
I addréssed them at párting:—
'Live in háppiness yé,

Who alréady your fórtunes
Have máde and compléted.
While wé out of óne fate
Are cálled to anóther,
Rest 's provided for yóu:
No wide-spreading séa-plain
Have yé to plough óver;
No fields of Ausónia,
Still fléeing befóre ye,
Have yé to pursúe.
Ye have hére, in your sight,
An ímage of Xánthus,
A Tróy which your ówn hands
Have built, let me hópe,
With áuspices bétter
Than thóse of the óld one,
Ánd to the Gráïï
Of áccess less éasy.
If éver the stréam
Of the Týber I énter,
If I éver arrive at
The Týberine fields,
And sée the strong city
That 's gránted my péople,
We 'll blénd and unite
Into óne Troy in spírit
The twó sister cities,
The twó kindred péoples,
This in Epírus,
And thát in Hespéria,
Bóth from one fórefather
Dárdanus sprúng,
And the sélfsame misfórtune;

Ánd may our children
The bónd preserve éver.'

"Whilst alóng by the néighbouring
Ceráunians we stéer,
Whence shórtest the pássage
Acróss to Itália,
The sún sets, and dárkness
Falls thick on the móuntains:
Then dividing amóngst us,
For tént-poles, our óars,
We láy us full léngth
On the lánd's welcome láp,
And rést and refrésh us
Alóng the dry béach
At the édge of the wáter,
Till déwy sleep sóftly
Steals ón our tired límbs.

"Borne alóng by the Hóurs,
Night hád not yet réached
The mid arch of héaven,
When úp from his cóuch
Alert springs Palinúrus,
And ín his ear's hóllow
Each bréath of air cátching,
Tries hów the wind blóws:
Notes áll the stars, sílently
Ín the sky glíding,
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,
And Hýades ráiny,
And cásts his eye róund
On Orion's gold trappings;

Then séeing the whóle sky
For fáir weather séttled,
From the póop gives loud signal:
We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,
And éssay the vóyage.

"And nów from befóre
The first réd of Auróra
The stárs had retréated,
When, dim in the distance,
The hílls of Itália
And lówland, we sée.
'Itália!' Achátes
Is first to cry óut:
Itália the whóle crew
Salúte with glad shóut.
Then fáther Anchíses
Tákes a great béaker,
And fílls it with púre wine,
And gárlands it róund,
And ón the high póop standing
Cálls to the Góds:—

'Ye Góds that rule óver
Lánds, seas, and témpests,
Gránt us a fáir wind,
And prósper our vóyage.'
The wished-for breeze ríses,
And wáfts us on stéady.
The hárbour, as néar we draw,
Ópens, and gíves us
Full view of the témple
Of Cástrum Minérvae.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore
Túrn our ships' bóws in.
The créscent-shaped hárbour,
Scooped óut by the fórce
Of the éasterly billows,
Lies hid from the viéw
By a lédge of rocks, éver
With sált sea-spray fúming.
The túrret-crowned cliffs
Send dówn to the shóre,
On this side and thát,
Their lóng flanking wáll.
Betwéen, in the distance,
The témple 's seen rising.

"Here I sée the first ómen;
Four hórses snow-white
In the ópen fields grázing:
And fáther Anchíses:—
'These hórses bode wár,
For hórses are párt
Of the équipage wárlike:
O lánd, thou recéivest
Our vísit with wár.
Yet there 's hópe of peace tóo,
For these véry same cáttle
Are at óther times wónt
To be yóked to one cár,
And to dráw in one hárness
Harmónious togéther.'

"Then váiling our héads
With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armísonant
Pállas's áltars,
The bléssing and gráce
Of the déity hóly.
That héard the first jóyous
Hurráhs of our lánding;
And Hélenus' stríctest
Injúnctions obéying,
In due fórm offer úp
To Júno of Árgos
The hónors commánded;
Then, as sóon as compléted
Our vóws' presentátion,
Turn séaward the hórns
Of our shéeted yard-árms,
And the fields léave behind
And suspícious abódes
Of the bórn of the Graïï.

"Seen on óne hand the báy
Of Hercúlean Taréntum —
If fáme truly súrnames
Taréntum, Hercúlean —
While ópposite ríses
The témple Lacínian,
And Cáulon's hill fórtress,
Ánd Scylacéum's
Ship-wrecking héadland.
And awáy in the dístance
We sée from the billow
Trináerian Étna:
And héar from afár
The lóud, broken róar

Of the séa on the shóre,
As with áll its sands séething,
And billows exúlting,
It béats on the rócks.

"Then fáther Anchises:—
'This cán be no óther
Than thát same Charýbdis;
These hére are the réefs,
These the hórrible rócks,
Of which Hélenus wárned us:
Bear awáy, hearty féllows,
And évenly ón your oars
Rise all togéther.'

"They obéy the commánd;
And first Palinúrus
Róund to the lárboard
The bráying prow túgs;
Róund to the lárboard,
With óars and sails tácking,
The whóle squadron véers.
On the crést of the swéll
We rise úp to the ský,
Then sink in its déep trough
Down, dówn to the Mánes.
The hóllow rocks thrice
We heard róaring belów,
Thrice with the spirted spray
Sáw the stars dripping.

"In the méantime the wind,
With depárting day, léaves us;

Ánd to the Cýclops' coasts,
Óf the way ignorant,
Wéary we glíde.
The pórt itself 's spácious,
And fróm the wind shéltered;
But, with rúin horrífic,
Close bý thunders Étna;
Sometímes, with tornádo-burst,
Úp to the éther
A pítchy cloud thrówing
Of smóke and red áshes,
Ánd the stars lícking
With vólumes of flámes;
Sometímes to the ský aloft,
With a roar, bélching
Mólten rocks rént
From its ówn stony bówels,
And vólleys of splínters,
Ánd from its lówest depths
Séething and bárming.

"The rúmour is rife,
That benéath this huge Étna
Squéezed lies Encéladus'
Half thúnder-burnt bódy;
Which has búrst itself flúes,
And blázes out thróugh
The mass súperincúmbent,
Ánd with a smóky web
Wéaves the whole ský:
And thát, every time
He túrns himself óver
To rést his tired síde,

All Trinácria rúmbles,
And tó the core trémbles.

"Of the nóises unéarthly
We héard all that night,
As we láy in the wóods,
No cáuse could we sée;
For the skŷ's bright Ethéreal,
And stárfires were ábsent,
And through thick murky ráinclouds
Dead midnight's moon wáded.

"And nów in the éarlŷ east
Mórning was rísing,
And Dáwn had the dim shade
Dispélled from the skŷ;
When óut of the fórest
A stránge apparition
Comes súddenly fórward;
A mán, to the lást degree
Wásted and hággard,
And tó us a stránger;
Ánd, in most píteous plight,
Tóward the shore strétches
His súppliant hánds.

"We túrn our look tóward him:
Long béard, and filth shócking:
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;
In áll elsc a Gráïan,
And érst to Troy sént
In his fátherland árms.

"But hé, still afár,
At the sight of Troy's árms
And our cóstume Dardánian,
Checked his stép all at ónce,
And a while stood affrighted:
Then, áfter a little,
Rushed dówn to the shóre,
With téars and entréaties:—

'Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,
Bý the pówers supérnal,
Bý the áir we 're bréathing,
Ánd the líght of héaven,
Táke me with ye, Teúcri,
Tó whatéver lánds;
Tó whatéver lánds,
Só from this ye táke me.
I dený not Í am
Óf those Dánaï óne
Whó with wár inváded
Thé Penátes Ílian.
Óf which misdeméanour
Íf so gréat the críme be,
Ín the vást sea drówn me,
Tó the billows fling me,
Scátter mé, piecemeál;
To pérish Í objéct not,
Só it bé by mén's hands.'

"He sáid; and róund our knées
Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:
His náme and his advéntures,
Ánd what stóck he 's cóme of,

We bíd him bóldly téll:
And síre Anchíses' sélf
Óffers his hánd at ónce,
And with the immédiate plédge
Assúres the yóung man's mínd,
Who cónfidént at lást says:—

'By birth I ám of Íthaca;
My náme is Ácheménides,
Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;
To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént
Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —
Áh, that we still had póor remáined!
My cómrades, ín their trépidátion
And hásty quitting óf the vást
And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,
Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.
Huge, góry, dárk, that bánquet-háll;
Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:
Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;
Íll to lóok at, íll to accóst;
A cánnibál, that ón the flésh
And grím blood óf poor wrétches féeds.
Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy
Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,
He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed
Agáinst the róck two óf our número,
And sét the flóor all róund abóut him
Swimming ín a splásh of sánies.
Mysélf have séen undér his téeth
The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámped them
Óozy, and drípping with black góre:
Nót with impúnitý howéver;

Nor were such pranks tamely endured
By Ithacus; nor did Ulysses
Forget himself in that conjuncture.
For on the instant that dead-drunk,
And gorged with food, he drooped his head,
And lay, immense, stretched through the cave,
Eructing in his sleep a mash
Of wine, and blood, and half-chewed flesh;
We, all at once, (beseeching first
The great God's help, and to each man
By lot his several part assigning,)
From every side round pour upon him,
And with a sharp stake bore the eye,
The one, huge, sunk eye, that, as round
As Phoebus' lamp or shield Argolic,
Glared from beneath his lowering forehead;
And so, with joy, revenge at last
The ghosts of our companions.
But flee, O wretched beings, flee,
And break the rope off from the shore:
For everywhere these curved coasts round
A hundred other Cyclops dwell,
Or in the lofty mountains wander,
Each one as ugly, huge and monstrous,
As that same Polyphemе, that pens
His woolly flocks in cavern hollow,
And from their udders the milk squeezes.

'The moon is now her horns with light
The third time filling, since among
The wild beasts' desert haunts and homes,
Here in the woods, I drag existence,
Eye the vast Cyclops on the rocks there,

And stárt at théir voice-sóund and fóotsteps.
Upón upróoted wéeds I féed,
And with the córnel's stóny bérries
Eke óut a pítifúl subsístence.

'As áll things róund I réconnoítred,
This fleet tóward the shóre appróaching
Mét my view first; to ít, whatéver
It might be, Í 've consígned mysélf,
Cáreless by yóur hands hów I pérish,
Íf I escápe that créw accúrsed.'

"Scárce had he sáid, when wé behóld
Upón the hill-top, mídst his shéep,
The shépherd Pólyphéme himsélf,
Unwieldily his vást bulk móving
In the shóre's well knówn diréction,
A hórrid, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.
A póllard pine-trunk, ín his hánd,
Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;
Alóng with him keep cómpany
The wóolly shéep, his sóle delight,
And ónly sólace óf his wóe;
His pástoral pipe hangs fróm his néck.

"Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,
Ánd of the high waves félt the cóntact,
The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy
He wáshes fróm his eyeless sócket,
Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;
And thóugh far in the séa he 's wálking,
No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

"We, upon our part, silently
The cable cut, and taking with us
The suppliant who so well deserved it,
Speed away in trepidation,
And bending forward on our oars,
Strive who will sweep the sea-plain fastest.

"He heard; and in the sound's direction
His footsteps turned; but when he could not
Lay hand upon us, or pursue
Fast as the Ionian waves retreated,
He raised such an immense loud shout
As made the sea with all its waves,
And the whole land of Italy tremble,
To its inmost core affrighted,
And Etna's crooked caverns bellow.

"Then from the woods and lofty mountains
Down to the port excited rushing,
The clan of Cyclops fills the shores.
With grim-scowling lowering eye,
Disappointed there they 're standing
In full view, the Etnean brothers,
A horrid divan, high to heaven
Their tall heads rearing, like a group
Of lofty-topped aërial oaks,
Or cypresses coniferous,
High sacred-grove of Jove or Dian.

"To loose our sails out to the breezes,
And flee headlong any whither,
The sharpness of our fear impels us;
But warned by Helenus' instructions

Nót to attémpt the nárrow pássage,
Séparáting déath by Scýlla
Fróm Charýbdis' néighbouring déath,
To stéer our cóurse back wé detérmine —
Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!
Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us
Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,
And Mégara's ínlet, ánd low Thápsus:
These pláces Ácheménides,
Háples Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,
Ás we bóre him báck alóng
The cóasts he fórmerlý had sáiled up.

"An ísland — cálled of óld, Ortýgia —
Strétches acróss the báy Sicánian,
In frónt of bíllowy Plemmýrium.
Fame sáys that hither Élis' ríver
Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy
Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów
Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,
Mixed with thé Sicílian wáves.
Tó the great lócal Déities hére
The réverénce prescríbed we rénder;
Then léave behínd the sóil enríched
Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,
And, únder thé tall précipíces
Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland
Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,
Cámarina, bý the Fátes
Ínterdícted fróm all móvement,
And Géla — só called fróm its ríver —
Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.
Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displays
In the dístance íts vast rámparts.
Thee tóo, with á fair wind, we léave,
Pálmy Selínus, ánd scud ón
Óver the difficult Lílybéum's
Réefy wáters. Drépanum's pórt,
And jóyless shóre recéive me thén.
Hére, after áll my búffetings
With the tempéstuous séa, I lóse,
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchises,
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;
Hére thou desértest thý tired són
O bést of síres, alás! in váin
Snátched from the mídst of só great dángers.
Néither sire Hélenús this grief,
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.
This was the lást of áll my tróubles,
The góal of mý long trávels this.
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all lístened, síre Enéas
Reláted thé divíne ordáinments,
Ánd his trávels' history tóld;
And hére at lást came tó an énd,
And céased alíke from wórd and áction.

## IV.

But áll this lóng while thé Queen 's sórely frétting,
The póison óf the wóund works ín her véins,
A slów and smóuldering fíre wastes hér awáy;
Óft to her mínd recúrs how éxcellént
The mán himsélf, honóred how múch the nátion;
His lóoks and wórds adhére fixed ín her bréast,
Nór to her fráme allóws care plácid sléep.

Mórrow's Auróra hád from héaven remóved
The húmid shádow, ánd with lámp Phoebéan
Was súrveying the éarth, when, sick at héart,
She thús accósts her sóul-accórding sister:—
"O sister Ánn, what térrifýing vísions
Distráct and fíll me with anxiety!
What néw-sort guést this, tó our séats arrived!
How dignified the expréssion óf his fáce!
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!
I think, nor váin the thóught, he 's óf the Góds' race,
For timorous éver ís the lów-born mind.
Alás, by whát fates hé was tóssed abóut!
What wárs fought tó the drégs he sáng! Were 't nót
My mínd's fixed ánd immútable resólve
No móre with ány óne in márriage bónd
To assóciate mé, since óf my first attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated ánd beguíled —
With útter tédium túrned I nót from wédlock,
I might perháps to this one fáult succúmb.
Ánna — for Í 'll confess it — since the time
My spóuse Sichéus mét his wrétched fáte,
Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide
Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolútion
Hath máde to tótter, ánd my féelings bíassed:
I knów the márks of the óld famíliar fláme.
But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,
Or with his thúnder thé omnípotent Síre
Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes,
And night profóund — than thát, O Módesty,
I víolate thée or sín agáinst thy láws.
Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre awáy
My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme
Still háve, and in his sépulchre presérve, them."
She sáid; and filled with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replies:— "O thóu, than líght more déar
Untó thy sister, shált thou lónely píne,
And wáste awáy in célibáte perpétual,
Nor children swéet, nor Vénus' guérdons knów?
The cinders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes
Have thát care? Gránt, no súitors érst thy sick
Despónding mind have influénced, in Líbya
Or prévious Týre; Iárbas wás despised,
And triumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;
Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?
Bethink'st thee nót in whóse fields thóu hast séttled?
How hém thee in on this side thé Getúlian
Cities and tríbes invincible in wár,
The bitless Númid ánd waste kindless Sýrtes;

On thát the thírsty désert, ánd Barcéi
Maráuding wíde? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's
Horízon rísing, héar'st no bróther's thréats?
With Júno's áuspicés and fávoring Gódhead,
I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld
Their híther cóurse: O síster, whát a city
Shált thou behóld this! whát a kíngdom sée
Ríse out of súch a márriage! Cómpanied
By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach
The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Gódś grace
Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrifíce;
Then gíve thy hóspitálitý free scópe,
Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:
Ships crázy — stórmy séa — watrý Oríon —
In súch rough wéather whó would think of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mind with thése words shé inflámed,
And bléw to kíndling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt
Put fírm hope, ánd turned módesty adrift.
Fírst to the fánes they gó, and mídst the áltars
Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct
Sécond-year shéep to Législative Céres,
Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll
To Júno, pátronéss of márriage bónds.
Óut of a pátera, ín her rìght hand héld,
Hérself, most lóvely Dído, póurs the wine
Betwéen the twó horns óf a brìght white ców,
Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces
Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnísing
The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnísing,
Intént pores ón the béstial's ópened bréasts,
And cóunsel ásks of thé still bréathing éntrails.
Ah, little knéw the sóothsayers! vóws what úse,

What úse are témples tó her in her frénzy?
The fláme eats hér soft márrow áll the while,
The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.
Stúng to a fúry, háples Dído spéeds
Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal city:
Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bósky gládes
So flées ahéad the hínd that shépherd's árrow
Hath pierced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,
And cárries in her flánk the déadly réed,
Nor wóts the húnter thát his shót has táken.
Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,
Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, city réady;
Begíns to spéak out, stóps in the mídst of the séntence;
Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed
Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,
Once móre hangs ón the lips of thé narrátor;
Áfter, when áll are góne, and in her túrn
The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,
Lone móurning in the émpty hóuse, she léans
Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclíned,
And sées him présent still, and héars him spéaking;
Or chármed with thé resémblance tó his sire,
Hólds in her láp Ascánius, tó beguíle,
Íf at all póssible, the miscreant pássion.
The túrrets háve ceased rising; thé young mén,
Práctising árms; ports áre no móre prepáred,
Or mílitáry búlwarks sáfe and súre;
The wórks hang interrúpted óf the húge
And frówning wálls, and éngines high as héaven.

That súch a pést had hóld of hér, so sóon
As Jóve's dear spóuse perceíved, and thát her pássion
Befóre it swépt the bárrier óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia ín these wórds addrésses Vénus:—
"Nótable práise, indéed, and ámple spóils
Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat
And mémoráble náme — by ártifíce
Of twó divínities íf one wóman 's cónquered;
Nor só purblínd am Í as nót to sée
That dréad of whát my cápitál may yét be
Mákes thee suspícious óf high Cárthage' hómes.
But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose
So gréat conténtions? whý not ráther stúdy
Péace everlásting bý a márriage cóntract?
Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thíne:
Dído 's in lóve — on fíre — through áll her bónes
The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople
Govern in cómmon, ánd with áuspicés
Équal: let hér obéy a Phrýgian húsband,
And hánd the Týrians ó'er in dówer to thée."

To hér — for shé perceíved the spéech was féigned
With púrpose tó divért to Líbya's cóast
Th' Itálian émpire — Vénus thús replíed:—
"Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,
And chóose in préferénce a wár with thée,
Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?
But Í 'm kept vácilláting báck and fórward,
Unáble Fáte's inténtion tó discóver,
And whéther ít be Jóve's will tó permít
The Týrians ánd Troý's trávellérs be blént
Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,
One city cápitál: his cónsort thóu,
The privilege thíne to trý what práyers may dó:
Ón; I will fóllow." Róyal Júno thén:—
"That tásk be mine; and nów — give héed — I 'll téach thee

In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést
Be bróught this búsiness: théy prepáre to gó —
Enéas ánd most wrétched Dído with him —
Ínto the wóods to húnt, soon ás the béams
Of rísing Titan háve tomórrow's wórld
Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment
Óf the extrémest húrry óf outríders
To ínclóse with néts the brákes where thé game pástures
Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm
Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský with thúnder;
The cómpaný, with dím night cóvered, flée
On áll sides. Dído ánd the Trójan chíef
Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be présent thére,
And Hýmen with me; ánd, on thý good will
Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll jóin her tó him,
And with a lásting márriage máke her his."
Not lóth yields Cýtheréa thé consént
Required, and smíles at thé device ingénious.

Mórn hath arísen meanwhíle, and léft the ócean;
Fórth, at the first blaze óf the stár of dáy,
Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,
With néts, and gíns, and húnting spéars broad-bláded,
Ríder Massýlian, ánd quick-scénted hóund.
The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace
Awáit the Quéen, who língers ín her chámber;
In crímson ánd in góld capárisoned stánding,
The méttled chárger chámps the bit to fóam.
At léngth with á large éscort shé sets fórward,
Clád in Sidónian chlámys with límned bórder:
Of góld her quíver; tied her lócks in góld;
Gólden the cláspings óf her púrple vést:
The Phrýgians tóo set óut, and glád Iúlus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting
And Lýcian winter, tó matérnal Délos
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;
And róund the áltars rise the míngled vóices
Of Crétan, Dryops ánd dyed Ágathýrse;
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage
Binding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóulders
The dárts clang; nó less lively móved Enéas,
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme
And déns impráctícáble; ló! the wild goats,
Dríven from the híghest óf the crággy súmmits,
Run dówn the stéep slopes; ín anóther quárter,
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups
The déer scour fúgitive, and quit the móuntains.
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascánius
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,
Past thóse now ráces, ánd would fáin to his vóws
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,
Ór from the móuntain cáme down thé tawn líon.

Begíns meanwhíle confúsion ín the ský
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;
The Týrian cómpany, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'
Grándson Dardánian, frighted, várious shélter
Séek everywhére the fields through; fróm the móuntains
Rush rivers; Dído ánd the Trójan chief
Arríve at thé same grótto; prímal Téllus

And Júno Prónubá give signal; cónscious
Éther upón the márriage flásheş lightnings,
Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry "wóe!"
That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,
First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger
Appéarancés or réputátion Dído,
Nor ís 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:
She cálls it wédlock; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Líbyan cities
Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéediést of ílls:
Whose life lies ín activity; who gáins
Vígor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll
At first; but býe and býe she réars hersélf
Hígh toward the áir, and wálking ón the gróund
Her héad amíd the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,
In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, produced her,
Encéladús' and Coéus' yóunger síster,
Swíft-footed ánd strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónster,
That cóunts for évery féather ón her bódy,
O wónderfúl! a wátchful eýe benéath,
A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a prícked-up éar.
By night, no líd to swéet sleep dróoped, she flíes
I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwíxt the ský and éarth,
Whírring; by dáy sits séntinél on róof-top
Or lófty tówer, and térrifíes great cities,
No léss of fálse and sláнderóus tenácious,
Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pópular mind
With mánifóld discóursings nów was fílling,
Jóyous; and fáct alíke and nó-fact brúited:
That Trójan-sprúng Enéas hád arríved,
And béauteous Dído déigns to máte to táke him;
And nów the lívelong wínter with each óther

They while away in luxury and riot,
Thoughtless of empires, slaves of a base passion.
Such import the foul Goddess everywhere
Spreads amongst men's mouths; then toward king Iarbas
Incontinent her course turns; with her words
Kindles his spirit, and heaps high his ires.

He was the son of Ammon by the rape
Of the nymph Garamantis, and had raised
Through his wide realms a hundred temples huge
To Jupiter, and on a hundred altars
Lighted eternal watchfires to the God.
Rich was the floor around with blood of cattle,
Blooming the doors with variegated wreaths.
Fired by the bitter rumor, he is said
To have uplifted suppliant hands supine
Before the altars, in the holy presence,
And thus besought Jove much in his distraction:—

"Almighty Jove, in honor of whom now
The Moorish nation, rising from the feast's
Embroidered cushions, pours the wine-libation,
Behold'st these things? Or, when thou hurl'st thy thunder,
Are there no grounds, sire, wherefore we should shudder,
And is the bolt that frights our souls all aimless,
Empty the noise in the clouds? A wandering woman
Who built in our confines a tiny town
On purchased site; to whom we granted leave
Our coast to till, and act the petty Queen,
Hath spurned our proffered wedlock, and ta'en home
Enéas to be lord of self and realm;
And now yond Paris, with his half-man suite,
Chin-stayed Méonian mitre, and moist tresses,

Enjóys his plúnder; tó thy témples wé
Bring gifts forsóoth, and fóndle an émpty náme."

Him práying só, and hólding bý the áltars
Th' Almíghty héard, and tóward the róyal-fórtress,
And lóvers, óf a bétter fáme forgétful,
His eýes turned; thén to Mércurý thus sáid,
And gáve commíssion:— "Gó, son, cáll the Zéphyrs;
Glíde on thy wings down; ánd to the Dárdan chief
Who nów in Týrian Cárthage whíles his time,
Regárdless óf the cities thé Fates gránt him,
Béar through the súpple áir my wórds:— 'Not súch
Prómised him tó us his most lóvely móther,
Nór for such púrpose twice from Gráian árms
Snátched him; but tó be whó should rúle Itália
Grávid with émpires, róaring wild with wár;
Whó should perpétuate Teúcer's lófty líne,
And réign lawgíver ó'er the tótal wórld.
If cóld he túrns from só great glórious próspect,
And wíll not fór himsélf moil, cán a síre
Grúdge to Ascániús the tówers of Róme?
What mákes he? ór amídst a hóstile nátion
With whát expéctance língers; nór one lóok
Cásts toward Ausónian prógeny, and fíelds
Lavínian? Lét him sáil; this is the súm;
Of thís our méssage bé ambássador."

'Twas sáid; and hé the mándates óf his gréat sire
To obéy prepáred; and fírst ties ón his féet
The gólden ánklets, which, or óver lánd
Or óver séa-plain, béar his flíght sublíme,
Swíft as the blást; then tákes the wánd with which
From Órcus hé evókes the pállid sóuls,
Ór to sad Tártarús dismísses dówn,

Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead eýes unséals.
By vírtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów
The winds to his will, and with them flóated smóoth
The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,
Dówn as he flíes, the súmmit ánd steep sides
Of hárd-endúring Átlas, whó the ský
Próps with his crówn; Atlás, whose héad piniferóus
Black clóuds perpétual gird, and winds and ráins
Bátter; with snów mantléd his shóulders; rivers
Rúsh from his áged chin down; stiff and bristling
His béard with íce. Here first Cyllénius stáyed
His éven-winged flíght; hence tóward the wáters dówn
Flúng him precípitóus. As flíes a bird
Abóut the shóres, the físhy rócks abóut,
Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal
Grándsire descénding, thé Cyllénian óffspring
Flew betwixt éarth and ský, and cút his wáy
Alóng the winds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.
Sóon as his wínged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,
Enéas méets his viéw, housés erécting
And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre
With aúburn jásper stárred; and fróm his shóulders
A clóak, the présent óf rich Dído, húng,
Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn
Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:
In wórds like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—
"Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,
And réar'st uxórious á fair city? áh,
Forgétful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!
From bright Olýmpus sénds me dówn to thée
Himsélf the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns
Éarth and the ský with his déity; himsélf
Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpple áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with whát expéctance línger'st
Ídle in Líbyan lánd? If cóld thou túrn'st
From só great, glórious próspect, ánd moil'st nót
For thíne own próper práise, regárd Ascánius,
Regárd thy rísing héir, hopefúl Iúlus;
To whóm are dúe the kíngdom óf Itália
And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cyllénius
The mórtal vísion léft abrúpt, and fár
Ínto the thín air vánished fróm the eyes.

Enéas át the sight stood dúmb and witless;
His háir with hórror brístled, ánd the vóice
Cláve to his thróat. Astónished át so gréat
Monítion ánd commándment óf the Góds,
He búrns to flée awáy, and léave that swéet land.
Ah! hów procéed? with whát accóst now dáre
Come róund the ráging Quéen? make whát exórdium?
And híther nów his súpple mínd he húrries,
Now thíther, ánd toward évery síde divides;
Tries évery wáy, and, vácilláting lóng,
At lást thus fíxes. Mnéstheus ánd Sergéstus
And bráve Serést he cálls, and bíds, the fléet
In sílence fít out; tó the shóre the créws
Down gáther; thé sea ímpleménts prepáre;
And whát the occásion óf the móve dissémble.
Himsélf meanwhíle, since únware éxcellent Dído,
Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,
Will trý how bést to appróach her; which the sóftest
Times for discóurse; what thé propítious méthod.
Tó the commánder áll yield glád obédience,
And quick perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéen —
Whó may decéive the lóver? — féaring dánger,
Becáuse there séems to bé none, is the first

To cátch an ínkling óf the inténded móvement,
And wáres the guíle befórehand. Thé same héartless
Rúmor has sét her ráging with the néws
Of óutfit óf the fléet, and préparátions
For sáiling. Fúrious, tó a frénzy kíndled,
She bácch'nals thróugh th' whole city, like a Thýias
Whóm the retúrn of thé triénnial órgies
Góads to delírium, whén the sácred stóres
Are áll put into móvement, ánd at night
Cithéron 's vócal with the shóut of "Bácchus!"
At lást, of hér own mótion, shé accósts
Enéas thús:— "And hást thou hóped, perfídious,
Thou míght'st so gréat enórmity dissémble,
Ánd, not one wórd said, fróm my lánd depárt?
Our lóve — thy plíghted right hand — nót detáins thee;
Nor Dído léft to díe a crúel déath?
Áye! thou must éven benéath the stárs of wínter
Rig out thy fléet; must húrry tó the high-deep
Éven in the Nórth wind's téeth, thou crúel! Whát?
If áncient Tróy were stánding, ánd 'twas nót
For hómes unknówn and fóreign lánds thou sáil'dst,
Wóuld'st thou for Tróy sail cróss the billowy séa-plain?
Is't mé thou flée'st? By thése tears ánd thy right hand
(Mysélf have léft my wrétched sélf nought élse) —
Bý our connúbials — bý our úndertáken
Márriage — if áught of thée I háve deserved well —
If áught of míne was éver tó thee déar —
Take pity ón a fálling hóuse, I práy
(If práyers may yét aváil), and dó that mínd off.
Becáuse of thée the Líbyan nátions háte me,
And Nómad Kings; becáuse of thée, in chóler
The Týrians; thróugh the méans of thé same *thée*
Extinct my módestý, and (ónly páth

Which léd me tóward the stárs) my fórmer fáme.
To whóm desért'st me ín my dýing néed,
Guést, since the náme of spóuse thou knów'st no lónger?
Why prolong life? Is it until my bróther
Pygmálion óvertúrn my city's rámparts,
Or the Getúle Iárbas léad me cáptive?
Hád I but hád of théc, befóre thy flíght,
Some prógený; played bút in mý pavílion
Some líttle Enéas, nót resémbling théc
Excépt in féatures, Í should nót, methínks,
So whólly óverráught seem ánd desérted."

She sáid. He, óf Jove's ádmonition míndful,
His eyelights héld unmóved, and strúggling présséd
Dówn to his héart the cáre; then ánswered brief:—
"Néver shall Í deny, O Quéen, that gréat
Are thý desérts toward mé as thóu canst find
Wórds to expréss; nor éver áught but jóy
Sháll the remémbrance óf Elísa bríng me,
So lóng as Í hold mémory óf myself,
So lóng as ó'er these límbs the spírit rúles.
Few wórds the cáse requires; I néver hóped
(Invént it nót) to híde a stéalthy flíght;
Of spóusal tórch I néver máde profession,
Nór to a cómpact óf that kínd was párty.
Í, if the fátes permitted mé to líve
Self-góverned, ánd make séttlement óf my cáres
As Í might chóose, would páy my first atténtions
Tó the sweet rélics óf my Trójan hóme;
Príam's high dwélling shóuld have pérmanénce,
Ánd I would rébuild Pérgamus fór the cónquered.
But nów to gréat Itália thé Grynéan
Apóllo bids betáke me, tó Itália

The Lýcian fáte-lots; thére then is my lóve,
My cóuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadéls,
This Líbyan city's smíle, have chárms for thée,
For thée Phoenician, whérefore tó us Teúcrians
Grúdgest a séttlement in the Ausónian lánd?
Óurs the same ríght as thíne to séek far kíngdoms.
Mé, oft as níght with húmid shádc the éarth
Cóvers, oft ás the fíery stárs arise,
The tróubled ímage óf my síre Anchíses
Admónishés in dréams and térrifies;
Me mónishés my són Ascánius' wróng,
Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian
Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fáte his ówn.
Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched
From Jóve himsélf — witnéss be bóth our héads —
Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;
Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest light
Éntering the wálls, heard with these éars his vóice.
Céase with thy pláints to inflâme both mé and thée;
Nót of my frée will Í pursúe Itália."

Him, as he spéaks, she lóng time viéws askáncc,
Rólling her eyéballs hítherwárd and thíther,
And with her sílent eyéglance scáns all óver;
Then thús, inflâmed, speaks óut:— "Nor Góddess-párent,
Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,
Tráitor; but hórrid, hárd-rocked Cáucasús
Begát thee, ánd Hyrcánian tígressés
Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should Í dissémble?
Resérve me fór what wórse? — at mý lamént
Gróaned he? bent hé his eyéglance dówn? or, sóftened,
A téar shed, ór took píty ón the lóver?
Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?

Cértain nor gréatest Júno, nór the síre
Satúrnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.
Nówhere on éarth can cónfidénce be pláced:
Shipwrecked, in néed, I tóok him in, and máde him,
Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kingdom;
Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.
Háh! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it ís
Áugur Apóllo; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;
Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir
The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himsélf sent.
A likely lábor thát for thé immórtals!
A likely cáre that tó distúrb their quíet!
I hóld thee nót; thy wórds refúte not; gó —
Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wáters
In séarch of kingdoms — Sóme hope still is mine,
That mídst the rócks — if nót quite impotént
The Góds' retríbutive jústice — thóu shalt féel
Púnishment pierce thee, ánd shalt óft invóke
The náme of Dído. With dark smóuldering fíres
My mémory shált pursúe thee, ánd when déath
Hath cóldly séparáted sóul and bódy,
My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —
Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,
Ánd the news wélcome ín the inférnal Mánes."
With thése words bréaking óff, she túrned awáy,
And flúng her óut of sight, and fléd the light,
Sicked; and there léft him hésitant, ánd afráid
To spéak the wórds that tó his tóngue were crówding.
Her máidens hér collápsed limbs in their árms
Recéive, and tó her márbled bédchambér
Béar, and place ón the cóuch. But kínd Enéas,
Though gréat be his desire her grief to sóothe,
Ánd her cares túrn awáy with wórds of cómfort,
Yet éxecútes — not without mány a gróan,

And lóvesick wávering of résolútion —
The Góds' hest, ánd his flćet visíts once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúcrians plý the wórk,
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall shíps
Draw dówn, and with hulls néw-tarred sét aflóat;
And ín their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods
Uncárpentered timber with the léaves and bránches.
Thou míght'st behóld them migratíng, and fórth
Fróm the whole city rúshing: ás when émmets,
Míndful of winter, plúnder á huge córn-heap,
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,
A blácк troop, ánd alóng the nárrow páth
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntre;
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóulders strúggling,
Púsh the great pickles fórward, óthers kéep
The tróop togéther, ánd chastíse deláy.
Évery path 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,
Dído, that sight behólding? thíne what gróans
Whén, out of thíne high cástle, thóu hadst próspect
Óf the wide shóre round ín one bústling férment,
And sáw'st befóre thine eyes there thát commótion,
That míghty shóuting óver thé whole séa-plain.
O cáitiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;
Once móre to trý the pówer of práyers, and húmbly
To lóve submít her spírit, thát in váin
She die not, while resóurce remáins untríed:—

"Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?
From évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, ánd alréady
The jóyful sáilors ón the póops have pláced
The córonáls. As súre as Í have hád

Stréngth to anticipáte this wéight of sórrow,
So súrely, sister, Í 'll find stréngth to béar it.
Yét for me miserable this one thing
Dó, Anna; fór to thée alóne that tráitor
Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,
Knów'st his soft times, and hów best tó appróach him.
Gó, sister; tó the próud foe, súppliant sáy:—
'Í never with the Dánaï at Aúlis
Conspíred the Trójan nátion tó extírpate;
Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre
The sire Anchíses' cínders fróm the tómb;
Ínto his hárd ears whý my wórds admít not?
Whíther so hásty? Ón a wrétched lóver
Lét him bestów this lást grace; lét him wáit
Till a fair wind facílitátes his flight.
'Tis not that áncient wédlock hé played fálse to,
I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm
He shóuld renóunce; mere time I ásk; some spáce
To lét subside my pássion, ánd the lésson
Of résignátion léarn from mý misfórtunes.
Pity thy sister bégging this last gráce,
Which when he háth accórded mé, I 'll gíve
Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though líving.'

Súch were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to him
And réconvéyed by hér most wrétched sister;
But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds
Persuáded; thé fates hínder; ánd the Gód
Obstrúcts his plácid héaring; ánd as whén
Bóreases Álpine strive whose blásts shall first
O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stout-timbered,
And nów from this side whistling thróugh the bránches,
And nów from thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And shake the trunk, which yet clings firm to the cliff
With root that down toward Tartarus as far
Stretches, as toward the ethereal air its top:
So on the hero beat the assiduous voice
On either side; so care his great breast thrilled:
Unalterable stands his resolution,
And tears (alas, what use!) roll down his cheeks.

'Tis then indeed that, at the fates dismayed,
Unhappy Dido prays for death; heaven's convex
Beholds with weariness. More to persuade her
To execute her purpose, and the light leave,
She saw, when on the incense-burning altars
Placing her offerings, (horrible to tell!)
The sacred liquors blacken, and the poured wines
Turn into gore obscene; this sight to none,
Not even to her sister's self she told.
Further; there was beneath her roof a chapel
Of marble, to her former husband sacred,
Much honored object of her special care,
With festal frond and snow-white fleecy fillet
Garlanded; hence her spouse's voice she thought
She heard articulate calling, when dark night
Covered the earth, and his funereal dirge
The moping owl upon the rooftop chanted;
And plained and plained in long-drawn notes of woe.
Many predictions too of pious seers
Harrow her soul with terrible monition.
Himself, savage Enéas, in her dreams
Pursues, to madness drives her; evermore
She seems to be alone left; evermore
To travel a long road uncompanied,
And seek her Tyrians in a desert land:

As whén crazed Péntheus thé Euménides' bánds
Sées, and the twó suns, ánd a dóuble Thébes;
Or ás when, ón the trágic stáge, Orést
Ágamemnónian flées befóre the firebrands
And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,
And ín the dóorway sít the avénging Dírae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,
Posséssed by fúries, shé resólves to díe;
The time and mánner with hersélf she fixes;
Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe
Hiding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing síster
Addrésses:— "Síster, Í have fóund a wáy,
(Congrátuláte thy síster) which shall éither
Bríng me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.
Ón the confínes of ócean, nígh the súnset,
The Éthiópians' útmost dwélling líes,
Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spíns
The áxis stúdded bríght with búrning stárs.
A príestess thénce of thé Massýlian tríbe
They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker
Óf the Hespérides' fáne, and úsed to kéep
The sácred bóughs intáct upón the trée
By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near
By sprínkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,
Ánd the sweet séed of thé somníferous póppy.
The sáme profésses incantátions pótent
To éase the héart of tróuble, ánd to lóad
With héavy cáres whatéver héart she will,
To stóp the flówing rivers, túrn the stárs back,
Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée
The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund
Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to witness

The Góds, and thée, and thý sweet héad, dear síster,
Agáinst my will I pút the mágic árt on;
Be sécret thóu, and ín the intérior cóurt
Eréct a pýre; and lét them ón it pláce
The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging
Ín my bedchámber; with whatéver élse
Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd
Whereón I pérished: 'tis some sátisfáction
Áll the memórials óf th' iníquitous mán
To abólish; ánd the príestess só dirécts."
These wórds said, shé was sílent; ánd her fáce
Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her síster
With thése new rites masks déath's prepárative,
Not dréams, nor hás a nótion óf such fúry,
Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds
Thán at Sichéus' déath; so dóes her bídding.

Nów has the Quéen within the ínmost cóurt
A pýre erécted húge, of hólm-oak bíllet
And tórch-pine, ánd the pláce with flówer-festóon
Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:
Ánd, knowing wéll what ís abóut to bé,
The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch
His éffigy, the swórd he léft behínd,
Ánd whate'er élse was hís; aróund stand áltars;
Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder
The príestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,
And Érebus, and Cháos, ánd the thrée
Fáces of Virgin Dían, tríple Hécate.
Aspérsion shé had máde too, with factítious
Avérnus' wáter, ánd had sóught for hérbs
Dówny and bláck-bane júiced, and réaped by móonlight
With brázen sickle; sóught too thé love-philtre,

Tórn (ere the dám's tooth cóuld lay hóld on ít)
Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungírt
Véstment, hersélf, and with one fóot unshód,
Ánd in devótional hánds the sáltmeal hólding,
Beside the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,
The Góds to béar her witness, ánd the stárs
That sée her fáte, and íf there bé a pówer
Has cógnisánce of únrequíted lóve,
Implóres that righteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas night, and évery wéary fráme on éarth
Was sóund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,
Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in mid course glíding:
Húshed were the fields, and flócks, and páinted birds,
And fár and wide the líquid láke's indwéllers,
And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,
In slúmber's árms at thé dead hóur of night
Sóothed their heart-sórrows, ánd their tóils forgót:
But nó sleep, nó forgétfulnéss, no night
Wrétched Phoenissa ón her eyes recéives
Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cáres;
Agáin love ríses in his míght and fierceness,
Agáin in á great súrf of íre she flúctuátes,
Insísting thús and with hersélf revólving:—
"Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmer súitors
Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómad márriage,
And súppliant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrned? —
Then lét me tó the Ílian flóet betáke me,
The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédient sérvant:
Becáuse forsóoth the fórmer áid I gáve them,
So stéads me nów? such míghty grátitude théirs
Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;
Whó will permít me? Ínto théir proud ships

Whó will recéive me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,
Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries
Óf the Laómedon tríbe? What thén? in sóle
And sécret flíght shall Í accómpany
The exúlting sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,
By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;
And dríve to séa, and bíd set sáil agáin,
Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídon city.
Náy, but avért pain with the knífe, and díe
Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, sister, thóu first,
Tó my tears yielding, thréw'st me tó the fóe,
And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.
I hád nót léave to léad a síngle life,
And, cóy as fórest wílding, kéep me cléar
Of mátrimónial cóuch and cáres like thése;
I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Sichéus' cínders."
Súch was the gréat wail into which she búrst.

Súre of his jóurney, ánd all things prepáred,
Enéas nów on thé high stérn was sléeping,
Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok
Presénts itsélf retúrning, ánd agáin
Séems to admónish; like, in áll respécts,
To Mércury; face, cólor, gólden lócks,
And yóuthful límbs decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,
O Góddess-bórn, in súch conjúncture sléep,
And nót perceíve what cónsequent rísks surróund thee,
Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?
Búsy is hér breast with a wórk of guile
And díre iníquity, and fíxed to díe
She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.
Fléest thou not hénce precípitáte, whilst flée
Precípitáte thou máyst? All ín commótion

The séa with ships and thé stern firebrand's gláre,
Alive the shóre with flámes, thou shált behóld,
If mórn but tóuch thee in these lánds delâying.
Awáy, awáy, this instant: várious éver
And mútable is wóman." Só he sáid,
Ánd with the dárk night mingled. Thén indéed
Enéas, át the súdden ápparition
Térrified, stárts from sléep, and his compánions
Wórries:— "Awáke, men, instant, ánd in áll haste
Táke your seats ón the rów-bench; lóose the sáils quick.
A Gód, despátched from thé high éther, spúrs us,
Behóld! a sécond time, to spéed our flight,
And cút the twisted cábles. Thée we fóllow,
O hóly déity, whoé'er thou árt;
A sécond time thine órders wé obéy
With jóyous éxultátion. Grânt us thóu
Thy présence ánd seréne aid, ánd stars rísing
Propitious in the skŷ." He sáid, and fórth
Snátched from the shéath the lightning bláde, and smóte
With the bare stéel the háwser. Thé same árdor
At ónce possésses áll; they ráp and rúsh,
And háve the shóres desérted; thé fleet hídes
Viéw of the séa-plain: with stout-túgging árms
They whírl the fóam, and thé cerúlean swéep.

And nów leaving Tithónus' sáffron cóuch,
Auróra príme the éarth with néw light sprínkled;
The Quéen — when fróm high lóok-out shé behéld
The first grey dáwn, and with squared sáils the fléet
On-móving; ánd the émpty shóre percéived,
And rówerless pórt — her lóvely bréast three times,
And fóur times smóte, and tóre her áuburn háir:—
"He *will* go thén, by Júpitér," she cried,

"This interlóper! áfter hé has máde
Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm
Áll through the city's bréadth: why dón't they téar
The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?
Gó, get the flámes quick; wéapons hére; row, rów; —
What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness
My bráin turns? Hápless Dído, tóuch thee nów
Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,
Whén thou didst scéptre hím. Behóld how hé,
Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd's
Penátes — hé, who ón his shóulders cárried
His áge-worn síre — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-hand.
Cóuld I not táke and téar his bódy piecemeal,
And scátter it tó the wáters? his compánions —
Ascánius' sélf could Í not stáb to déath,
And cóok and sérve up tó the fáther's táble?
Bút the fight's fórtune hád been dóubtful — Hád it,
Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?
Firebrands and flámes intó his ármamént —
Ínto the mídst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;
Wóuld have extérminàted són, síre, ráce;
And lást, mysélf intó the rúin flúng.
O sún, whose eýe of fláme behóldest áll
That 's dóne in thé whole wórld — and thóu, O Júno,
That knów'st my súfferings wéll, being thysélf
Ágent of théir infliction — ánd thou, Hécate,
To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cities ráise
The mídnight crý — and yé, avénging Díræ,
And Góds of dýing Elísa — héar my práyer,
O héar, and lét the mérited rétribútion
Pursúe the cúlprit: íf 't be nécessáry
Thát the arch-criminál should vóyage sáfe,
And réach port, ánd Jove's Fátes will háve it só,

And this a términús may nót be móved;
Lét him at léast by thé bellígerent árms
Óf a bold péople hárassed — fróm his cónfines
Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbrace —
For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllowérs
Dishónored díe; nor whén he háth submítted
To términs of péace disádvantágeous, lét him
Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wíshed-for dáy;
Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried líe
Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; with my blóod
I póur these lást words fórth: and yé, O Týrians,
Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bránch;
Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cínders.
Betwixt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,
No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,
That shált the Dárdan cólonists pursúe
With fíre and swórd; now, láter, whénsoé'er
Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —
Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;
Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er ín her mínd on áll sides,
Hów from the háted líght to bréak awáy
Sóonest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárce,
Sichéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy
Her ówn nurse, á black cínder: — "Híther, núrse dear,
Sénd me my sister Ánna: lét her quíckly
Sprínkle her with the stréam's lymph, ánd bring with her
The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.
And thóu thyselF with píous fíllet váil
Thy témples; mý inténtion is, to pérfect
Those sácred rites I háve comménced in hónor
Of Stýgian Jóve; and énd my cáres, by giving

The pýre of thát Dardánian tó the flámes."
She sáid; and zéalously the áged núrse
Makes súch speed ás she cán.

But Dído — flúttered
With her wild dárings — ín a sávage tránsport —
With blóodshot rólling eýes, and trémulous chéeks
Spótted with héctic, páled by déath's nigh víew —
Ínto th' intérior précincts búrsts, and fúrious
Mounts the high pýre, and báres — not fór such úse
Hád she obtáined that gift — the Dárdan swórd:
Bút when the Ílian véstments mét her viéw,
Ánd the known béd, a little while in téars
And thóught she língered, léaning ón the béd,
And thése, her lást words, úttering:— "Swéet remáins, —
For swéet ye were while héaven and fáte permitted, —
Recéive this sóul, and frée me fróm these cáres:
I 've líved; I 've rún the ráce that fórtune sét me;
And gréat 's the ímage óf me thát shall nów
Benéath the éarth go; Í 've a nóble city
Fóunded; seen mý own báttlements rise róund me;
Avénged my spóuse; punished my hóstile bróther;
Háppy, alás! too háppy, if but ónly
A Dárdan kéel had néver tóuched our shóres."

She sáid; and with a kiss the cóuch impréssing:—
"Thóugh I die únavénged, I 'll die," she sáys;
"My dównward jóurney, só — aye, só, precísely —
Becómes a pléasure; lét the crúel Dárdan
Gáze from the high-deep ón these flámes, and with him
My déath take fór the ómen óf his vóyage."
She sáid, and while she yét spake thé atténdants
Behóld her sink stabbed; thé sword réeking blóod,

Her hánds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights
The shóut goes; thé repórt runs bácchanál,
Sháking the city; with laménт and gróan
And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;
Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,
Breast-smítings: júst as íf the fóe had rúshed in,
And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,
And ó'er the highest tóps of húman dwéllings
Ánd of divíne, the ráging flámes were rólling.
The sister héars — more líke a córpse than living —
And thróugh the mídst runs — rúshes — ín dismáy
And trépidátion, smíting ón her bréast,
Téaring her fáce, and ón the dýing cálling
By náme:— "And wás 't for this then, sister? mé
Sóught'st thou to óverréach? was 't this, this pýre,
These fires, these áltars were prepáring fór me?
Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,
Spúrned and desérted bý my dýing sister?
Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpaný, have cálled me
Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin,
Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:
Búilt I it with these hánds for thée? for thée
Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,
Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáid awáy?
Thou 'st rúined, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,
Péople, and sires Sidónian, ánd thy city.
Give wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds.
Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath stíll
Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth."

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,
Ánd her half lífeless sister ín her bósom's
Embráce was hólding cúddled, gróaning múch,

And drýing with her gárment thé black góre;
But shé, her héavy eýes to lift endéavoring,
Agáin faints; grides benéath her bréast the infixed wound:
Thrice, on her élbow léaned, she ráised hersélf;
Thrice on the cóuch fell báck; with wándering eýes
Sought high heaven's light, and, háving fóund it, gróaned.

Omnípotent Júno thén, her lóng pain pítying
And difficúlt depárture, fróm Olýmpus
Sent Íris dówn to frée the strúggling sóul,
Ánd the knit límbs reláx; for ás 'twas néither
By fáte she pérished, nór her ówn desérving,
But prématúre and wrétched, ín a súdden
Kíndling of fúry, Próserpine had nót
The áuburn lóck dispárted fróm her crówn,
Nór to the Stýgian Órcus dóomed her yét.
Down thérefore thróugh the ský on sáffron pínions
Flies déwy Íris, thóusand várious tínts
Bórrowing from th' ópposite sún; and stánding nígh
Óver her héad:— "This cónsecráte to Dís
I béar as bíd, and fróm that bódy frée thee,"
She sáys, and shéars the lóck; and life awáy
Fléd to the winds, and cóld becáme the bódy.

# V.

In the méantime through wáves that with nórthwinds were bláckenin
Enéas detérmined was cútting his wáy,
Back cásting his lóok on the tówers which alréady
Are all lít up with hápless Elísa's pyre-flámes.

Though hídden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátion,
A preséntiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,
When they think, of a lóve-cross how bítter the pángs are,
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,
And lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,
But éverywhere róund them the séa and the ský;
Right óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,
With night charged and témpest; and into dark wrinkles
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus
The stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—
"Ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore
Encómpass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?"

This sáid, he commánds them
To gáther their óars up,
And with might and main rów;
Sets the sáils at a táck,
And to this effect spéaks:—
"Magnánimous Enéas,
I wóuld not believe
Even Júpiter's sélf,
That with ský such as this
We could still make Itália;
The áir to mist thickens;
The winds have changed quárter,
And, in their might rising
From the óvercast súnset,
Roar right thwart our cóurse;
Nor with áll our endéavor
Can we hóld our diréction,
Or máke head agáinst them.
Since Fórtune 's victórious,
Come, lét 's follow Fórtune,
And túrn at her cáll;
Nor fár distant hénce
Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,
Of brótherly Éryx,
And the hárbour Sicánian,
If ónly my mémory
Plays me no fálse trick,
As I cóunt my course báck
By my nótes of the stárs."

Then géntle Enéas:—
"I tóo observe súrely
The winds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,
And áll to no púrpose
Agáinst them thou strivest.
Tack abóut; could there lánd
To mé be more gráteful,
Or to which with my tíred ships
I 'd more gládly run dówn,
Than that lánd which presérves for me
Dárdan Acéstes;
Than that lánd which holds lápped
In its bósom the bónes
Of my fáther Anchíses?"

When thús he had sáid,
They máke for port stráight:
Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,
And swiftly the fléet
O'er the rólling flood cárry,
Till at lást to the knówn strand
With jóy they turn ín.

But fróm the hígh hill-tóp afár,
Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder
The véssels óf his friends appróaching,
Ánd all brístly ó'er with jávelins
And Líbyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;
Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther
Hé was són of stréam Crimísus —
Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —
Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrn,
Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral
And friendly fúlness éntertáins
And sólaces their wéarinéss.

As sóon as ín the éarly éast
Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,
Enéas fróm the cóast all róund
Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,
Ánd from the túmulus' móund thus spéaks:—
"Míghty Dardánidáe, descénded
Fróm the hígh blood óf the Góds,
The yéar its circle hás achíeved,
And óne by óne its mónths compléted,
Sínce my divíne sire's lást remáins
Dúly ín the gróund we láid,
And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;
And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme
That dáy which Í shall éver hóld
A dáy of bitternéss, shall éver —
Your will be dóne, O Góds! — hold hónored.
Whéther I páss this dáy in éxile
Amíd the Sýrtes óf Getúlia,
Ór by stréss of wínd and wéather
Dríven intó Mycénae city
Óut of thé Argólic máin;
Gífts annivérsary ón this dáy
I 'll cárry ín procéssion sólemn,
Ánd with due ófferings héap the áltars.
Só much the móre then lét us cóme —
Nów that we 've éntered fríendly pórt,
And fínd oursélves upón the spót,
Nót, as I thínk, withóut the Góds'
O'errúling will and próvidénce,
Beside my párent's bónes and áshes —
Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully
Célebráte the féstal dáy,
And bég the Gód to gránt us winds,

Ánd to allów that in a témple,
Tó his sérvice dédicáted,
Ín my city Í may óffer
Évery yéar a símilar hónor.
To éach ship's crew Troy-bórn Acéstes
Makes présent óf a páir of béeves.
Bring to the féast your ówn Penátes
And thóse your hóst Acéstes wórships.
Besídes, when thé ninth rádiant mórn
Shall ráise the stándard óf boon dáy,
Ánd unvéil the glóbe to mórtals,
I 'll gíve the Teúcri á regátta,
Tó commémce their gámes withál.
And thén let áll who áre good rúnners,
And évery óne whose bóld proud stép
Télls of his skíll to spéed the dárt,
Ór the light árrow, ór whose stréngth
Véntures the gáuntlet's crúde encóunter,
Be présent ánd expéct the prize
That sháll reward the cónquerór.
Lénd me your fávoring vóices áll,
And bínd your bróws with fóliage."

He sáys, and with his móther's mýrtle
Át the sáme time véils his témples;
So Hélymús, ripe-áged Acéstes,
And só does tóo the bóy Ascánius;
The óthers thé exámple fóllow.
Diréct from thé assémbly thén,
Amídst a gréat encírcling bévy,
He tákes his wáy to the túmulús.
Accómpanied by mány a thóusand;
Thére on the gróund in dúe libátion

Pours twó bowls óf unmíxed wine, twó
Of néw milk, twó of sácred blóod,
And flíngs bright púrpling flówers and sáys:—

"Sánctified párent, háil once móre!
Áshes, sóul, and sháde patérnal,
Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!
'Twas nót to bé, that wé should séek
Itália's fáted fields togéther,
And thát unknówn Ausónian Týber;
'Twas nót to bé."

Scarce hád he sáid,
When, tráiling fórth
Out óf the déep
Intérior céll
Its sévenfold róll
Of séven huge cóils,
A slímy snáke
The túmulús
Benignantly
Encómpasses,
And glides abóut
Amídst the áltars.
Its scály báck
Was áll one bláze
Of glówing góld
With spóts of blúe
And púrple fléckered,
Bright as the thóusand
Várious húes
Cást in a bów

Upón the clóuds
Frónting the sún.

Ín amázement
Gázed Enéas,
Whílst the sérpent,
Mídst the pólished
Cúps and góblets
Lóng time glíding,
Sípped at lást,
And áfter sípping
Léft the víands
Ánd the áltars,
Ánd innóxious
Tó the túmulus'
Dépths retúrned.

Dóubtful, whéther
Tó estéem it
A lócal Génius,
Ór the atténdant
Óf his síre,
He célebrátes
So múch the móre
The rítes begún
Ín his síre's hónor,
Ánd, complýing
With the cústom,
Slays two shéep
Whose twó broad téeth
Show twó years óld;
Álso two swine
Ánd a like número
Óf black cáttle;

Ánd from bówls
Pours wine-libátion,
Ánd invókes
The sóul and Mánes
Of gréat Anchíses,
From Ácherón,
On léave, retúrned.
His cómrades tóo,
As éach has méans,
Bring gífts with jóy,
And sláughter stéers,
And lóad the áltars;
And sóme at éase
Stretch ón the gráss,
And sóme in órder
Sét brass cáldrons,
Or pláce live cóals
Benéath the spits,
And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Pháëtón brought in
The mórning óf the ninth, the expécted dáy,
Seréne and bright; and rúmor ánd the náme
Of fámed Acéstes hád the shóres all róund
Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,
Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme
Prepáred too tó compéte. The prízes first
Are fúll in víew placed in the circus' midst;
Religious tripods — córonáls of gréen —
And pálms, the méed of victorý — and árms
And vésts all crímsoned ó'er — and góld and silver,
Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the midst of the móund,
The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first gáme is betwéen
Four wéighty-oared bóttoms,
Selécted as mátches
From the whóle of the fléet.
With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus
Impéls the swift Grámpus,
Mnéstheus who sóon shall be
Mnéstheus Itálian,
First of the ráce
That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.
With his thrée complete bénches
Of rówers Dardánian
In tríple rows ráising
Their óars simultáneous,
Fórward drives Gýas
The huge city-like máss
Of unwíeldy Chiméra.
Ín the great Céntaur
Is cárried Sergéstus,
From whóm takes its náme
The fámily Sérgian;
Ánd in blue Scýlla,
Cloánthus, from whóm
Thy ráce is derived,
O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre,
Fár in the séa there is a róck
Which, óverwhélmed and búffetted
By swélling billows át such time
As wintry Córi hide the stárs,
Lifts sílently, in time of cálm,
Óver the still and wáveless déep,

Its lével fíeld, the fávorite háunt
Óf the súnshine-lóving séamew.
Fáther Enéas hére erécts
A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,
Sign to the sáilors hére to túrn,
And whéel from hénce their lóng course báck.
Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;
Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár
The cáptains' sélves distínguished shíne
In órnaménts of góld and crímson;
The óther yóung men háve their náked,
Glístening shóulders smèared with óil,
Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,
Arms strétched to their óars,
Hearts pít-a-pat béating,
Exúlting and bréathless
With kéen greed of glóry,
All alíve, all atténtive,
They wátch for the sígnal.
Then whén the shrill trúmpet
Its lárum has sóunded,
From the bárrier awáy
Withóut stop or stáy
They áll leap togéther;
Sailors' húrrahs strike éther;
Turned úp by the sínewy
Túg of their árms
The séa-surface fóams:
All alíke, all togéther
They plóugh up, they téar up,
They shátter with óars

And with tridented bóws
The whóle yawning séa-plain.
Less precipitous rúshing
And tó the race dáshing
Páir-in-hand cháriots
Búrst from the bárrier,
And scóur o'er the pláin;
Less ímpetus spéeds
The carcer of the stéeds,
Though the drivers the wávy reins
Sháke to them lóose,
And óver the lásh
Lean their whóle bodies fórward,
And háng on each stróke.

With handclápping and shóut
And pártisan róut
The enclósing shores róund
And wóodlands resóund,
And with péals of hurráhs
The hills rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and dín
Fóremost scúds awáy
Gýas ó'er the wáters;
Cloánthus, bétter rówer,
But bý his héavy timbers
Retárded, fóllows áfter.
Céntaur thén and Grámpus,
Behínd at équal distance,
Conténd which shall be fóremost:
And nów 'tis Grámpus hás it,
And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,
And pásses Grámpus bý;

And nów with bóws abréast
They dásh alóng togéther,
And síde by síde with lóng keels
Fúrrow thé sea brine.

And nów to the róck
They were fást appróaching,
And júst at the góal,
When fóremost, victórious,
In the mídst of the swéll
To his stéersman Menoétes
Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—
"Whither awáy to the ríght so fár?
Hítherward, hither;
Húg the shore clóse,
And lét your oar-bládes
Graze the rócks on the léft;
Leave to óthers the déep."

He sáid, but Menoétes,
Súnken rocks féaring,
Wrésts the prow séaward:—
"Whither awáy stray'st
Óut of the stráight course?
For the rócks make, Menoétes."
So a sécond time shóuted
And cálled him back Gýas,
And revérting his lóok,
Lo! behínd him Cloánthus
Close préssing upón him
And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the interspace
'Twixt the resóunding rocks

And the lár-board of Gýas.
In a twinkling Cloánthus
Is óut on the sáfe sea,
And behínd has left Gýas,
Behínd left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes
With kéen anguish búrned,
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;
And óf his crew's sáfety
Forgétful no léss
Than óf the respéct
Which he ówed to himsélf,
Headlong ínto the séa
From the hígh poop he húrled
Dull plódding Menoétes;
Himsélf takes the rúdder,
Himsélf becomes stéersman,
And chéers the crew ón,
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttom
At lást he 's come úp —
And not éasily éither
From yéars and the wéight
Of his wét dripping gárments —
Heavy-láden Menoétes
Makes fór the rock's tóp,
And thére on the drý stone
Séts himself dówn.
The Teúcri laughed át him
Both fálling and swímming,
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,
The jóyous hope kindles
To béat lagging Gýas.
Sergéstus starts fóremost
And dráws near the róck,
But nót by the léngth
Of the whóle keel fóremost;
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,
While ón him abáft
The bów of the Grámpus
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes midships
And chéers the crew ón,
In their véry midst pácing: —
"Now, nów on your óars rise,
Brave féllows Hectórian,
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur
I selécted as cómrades;
Now pút forth that vígor,
That spírit put fórth,
Which érewhile ye shówed
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,
The Iónian séa,
And Málea's péstering
Wáves pertinácious.
I ásk not the first place,
Nor strive now for cónquest,
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,
To whóm thou, O Néptune,
Hast gránted the cónquest;
Only lét 's not be lást,
Conquer só far at léast,
And avért that dishónor —
Fellow tównsmen, avért
That fóul, crying sín."

With extréme, utmost éffort
They léan themselves fórward;
The brónzed vessel trémbles
Benéath the vast strókes
That ráise the keel óut of
And óver the wáter.
The thick panting shákes
Their límbs and dry móuths;
On áll sides abóut them
The swéat flows in rívers.

Mere áccident bróught them
The wished-for hónor;
For, whílst in a fúry
His prów forcing úp
On his rival's lar-bóard,
And for wánt of room cútting
Too clóse to the rócks,
On a jútting reef fást
Stuck háples Sergéstus.
The crág was concússed,
And ón the sharp snág
The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspénded, and crácк
Went the óars in the strúggle.

The sáilors, at fáult thrown,
With lóud clamors ríse
From the bénches togéther,
Ply shárp-pointed póles
And íron-shod hánd-spikes,
And pick up the bróken oars
Óut of the abýsm.
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter
By his véry succéss,
Invókes the winds' áid,
And with swift sweeping óar-banks
Pulls jóyous awáy
In the ópen sea-róom,
And rúns with the fáll
Of the wáter in lándward.
As a dóve, that a súdden
Alárm has distúrbed
From her nést and sweet yóung
In óne of a púmice rock's
Númerous hídings,
Awáy to the fields
Flies óut of the cáve
With a térrified flútter.
But sóon on expánded
And mótionless pínion
Glides swiftly alóng,
And dówn through the stíll air
Her líquid way swéeps:
So Mnéstheus flies óver
The lást of the cóurse;

Her mere impetus só
Carries Grámpus fórward.

And first he desérts
Sergéstus hard strúggling
In the high rocky shállows
And in váin calling hélp
And léarning to ráce
With bróken óars.
Then awáy after Gýas
And enórmous-diménsioned
Chiméra hersélf,
Which, stripped of her stéersman.
No lóng time compétes.
And nów at the úttermost
Énd of the cóurse
Remains ónly Cloánthus;
Him he makes áfter,
And his whóle strength exérting
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll
Repeat shóut upon shóut,
And chéer on the cháser,
Till éther resóunds
With the crásh of the clámor:
These indignantly clíng
To the crédit acquired,
And fást hold the hónor
They have cóunted their ówn.
And are willing to bárter
Existence for glóry.
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They doubt not they 're able,
And therefore they 're able.

And with bow beside bow
They had both perhaps won
The prizes together,
Had not, with both hands
Outstretched toward the sea,
Cloanthus thus vowed,
And to the deities
Poured his prayer forth:—

"Ye sea-ruling Gods,
Upon whose plains I race,
Only grant me my wish,
And I 'll hold myself bound
To bring to your altars
And solemnly offer,
On this very shore,
A brilliant white bull,
And into the salt waves
With joy fling the entrails,
And the flowing wine pour."

He said, and the whole choir
Of the Nereids and Phorcus,
And the maid Panopea,
Beneath the waves, heard him,
And father Portunus,
With a push of his great hand,
Himself urged him on.
Swifter than Notus,
Than fleet arrow swifter,

The bárk flies to lánd,
And into the déep port
Shóots away fár.

Then the séed of Anchises,
Fóllowing the cústom,
Cálls all togéther,
Ánd with the hérald's
Lóud voice procláims
Cloánthus victórious,
Ánd with green láurel
Mántles his témples;
And commánds him to chóose
For éach ship three stéers,
And gíves him for éach ship
A présent of wine
And a gréat silver tálent.

On the cáptains themsélves
He bestóws the chief hónors:
On the víctor a chlámys,
With góld over-wróught,
And twice with a bróad
Purple stripe Melibéan
Meándered all róund;
And in-woven thére
Was the róyal bóy,
Stálking the swift deer
On léafy Ída:
His lánce in his hánd
He is hót at the spórt,
You may sée him pánting;

But dówn on him swóoping
Jove's winged armour-béarer
Up alóft in his tálons
From Ída has snátched him;
Aged guárdians in váin
Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,
And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to hím who hath wón
Second pláce by his prówess,
He gives a mail cóat
Triple pláited with méshes
Of búrnished gold wíre
(Adórnment alíke
And defénce in the báttle),
Which his ówn victor sélf
From Demóleos had tórn
Under high Ilium's wálls
Rapid Símoïs beside:
Exérting their whóle strength,
Scarce áble the ménials,
Phégeus and Ságaris,
On their shóulders to cárry
Its mánifold plíes;
But Demóleos lóng ago
Hád it upón him,
When húnting and chásing
The Trójans abóut.
To the third he presénts
A páir of bronze básins,
And two éwers of wrought sílver
With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now
Just só been presénted,
And were márching alóng
In the pride of their wéalth,
With their témples bound róund
With ribbons of crímson,
When, with múch skill and tróuble,
From the féll rock pulled óff,
And láme with the lóss
Of a whóle tier of óars,
Sergéstus brings úp,
In the midst of derísion,
His hónorless véssel.

As whén on a cáuseway
A snáke is surprísed
And bý a brass whéel
Oblíquely run óver,
Ór with a héavy blow
Máimed by way-fárer,
And léft on the stóne
Between líving and déad;
In lóng coils it wríthes,
And in váin to flee strives,
And lífts up on high
Its fóre-part ferócious,
And its hissing neck réars,
And with fiery eyes gláres,
While, twísting and twíning
In knóts on itsélf,
Its wóunded and láme
Hinder párt keeps it báck:
So límpingly rówed

The slów bark alóng,
But made sáil notwithstánding,
And únder spread cánvas
Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing
That véssel and crew
Have been bróught back in sáfety,
Bestóws on Sergéstus
The prómised rewárd:
A sláve not unskílled
In the wórks of Minérva,
Phóloë, the Crétan,
With twíns at her bósom,
He hás for his príze.

This cómbat dismissed,
Tender-héarted Enéas
Hies to whére, round abóut
By a théatre girdled
Of cúrved, wooded-hílls,
On the válе's intermédiate
Smooth gréen was a círcus.
'Twas híther the héro,
With mány a thóusand,
Repáired, and his séat took
On a hígh-raised estráde,
In the mídst of the assémbled
And séated spectátors;
And to shárpen the spírit
Of súch as might háply
Incline to conténd
In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prízes set óut,
And displáyed the rewárds.

They come flócking from áll sides,
Teucri míxed with Sicáni:
First Euryálus and Nísus;
Euryálus of beaúty rare,
In the frésh green of yóuth fair;
Nísus with áll his heart
Vírtuously, ténderly
Lóving the lád.
Next áfter in órder
Comes róyal Dióres,
Descénded from Príam's
Pre-éminent stóck;
Then Sálius and Pátron,
Acarnánian the óne,
Of Tégea's Arcádian
Líneage the óther;
Then twó youths Trinácrian,
Hélymus and Pánopes,
Well úsed to the wóods,
Aged Acéstes' páges:
And mány besides
Of dím fame obscúre.
In the midst of whom thén
It was thús spoke Enéas:—

"Give jóyful atténtion,
And héar what I sáy.
Of áll that are hére
I 'll nót allow óne
To depárt unrewárded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian
Of bright, polished stéel,
And a twó-headed póle-axe
With ráised work of sílver,
Shall bé to each óne
Presénted alíke.

"Prízes shall bé
For the fóremost thrée,
And a wréath, round their héads,
Of táwny ólive:
For the first a supérbly
Capárisoned hórse,
The rewárd of the víctor.
An ámazon's quíver
The sécond shall háve,
Full of Thrácian árrows;
It hángs in a bróad belt
With góld overláid
And with a táper-turned
Jéwel-stud fástened.
Let the third depart pléased
With this hélmet Argólic."

When thús he had sáid,
They táke their stands éach;
Then, well márking the góal,
Awáy on a súdden,
At the sóund of the trúmpet,
Rush ínto the cóurse,
Like a fást-dashing shówer,
And behind leave the bárrier.

Far before all the rest
Nisus shoots away first,
More swift than the winds,
Or the winged thunderbolt.
Next him, but next
With a long interspace,
Salius comes after,
And then, on the ground
They both have passed over,
Euryalus third,
By Helymus followed,
Close behind whom, behold!
Diores comes flying,
Leans over his shoulder
And treads on his heels;
And, give him but more ground,
He 'll slip clear away from,
And quite behind leave,
Him whom now he 's so close to
You doubt which is foremost.

And now they 're almost
At the end of the course,
And wearily nearing
The very goal,
When Nisus slips, luckless,
In some glairy blood
Which where bullocks, it chanced,
Had lately been slaughtered,
Lay spilled on the ground
And had wet the green sward.
The youth was already
Victorious, triumphant,

When on this spot his fóot,
To táke firm hold céasing,
From únder him wént,
And flát on his fáce
He féll in the mídst
Of the góre sacrifícial
And éxcrement fóul.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,
And his lóve for Eurýalus
He wás not forgétful;
Bút, from the slíppery ground
Úp as he róse,
Oppósed himself right
In the wáy of Sálius,
Who féll and rolled óver
On his báck in the thick sand.

In the mídst of handcláppings
And shóuts of appláuse
Awáy shoots, awáy flies
Eurýalus fórward,
And bý his friend's kíndness
Has wón the first pláce.
Up comes Hélymus áfter,
And, nów to the third palm
Entítled, Dióres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts
The húge concave fílling,
Insísts to the whóle
Of the assémbled spectátors,
And móst to the sires

In the frónt places séated,
That the hónor is his,
And múst be restóred him,
Of which an unfáir
Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Euryálus pléad
His becóming téars;
His vírtues, enhánced
By his pérsonal gráce,
Win the géneral fávor;
Dióres too hélps him,
And shóuts for him lóud,
Having cóme in, in váin,
For the lást palm and príze,
If to Sálius restóred
The first márk of distinction.

Then fáther Enéas:—
"Your présents, young mén,
Remain cértain and fixed,
And no óne shall distúrb
The pálm from its órder;
But mé you 'll allów
To commíserate a fríend,
Whose misfórtune is dúe
To no fáult of his ówn."

So sáid, he gave Sálius
The húge hide uncóuth
Of a lion Getúlian,
Gólden-clawed, shággy,
A búrthen to cárry.

Then says Nísus:— "If súch
Thy compássion for fálls,
And so gréat the rewárds
Thou bestów'st on the cónquered,
Let me sée the fine présent
Thou hast réady for Nísus;
For hím who had glóriously
Wón the first gárland,
Had he nót been o'ercóme
By the sáme spiteful fórtune
That óvercame Sálius."
He sáid, and displáyed
His fáce and limbs fóuled
With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther
Smíled at his plight:
Then bídding be bróught forth
The shield manufáctured
By skílled Didymáon,
Which the Dánaï had púlled down
From Néptune's door sácred,
Bestówed the choice gift
On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,
And the présents awárded:—
"Now if ány man hére
Has indwelling cóurage
And spírit sufficient,
Let him stánd forth, and lift high
His gáuntleted pálms."

He sáid, and set fórth
The báttle's twain hónors:
For the víctor a stéer,
Vailed with fillets of góld;
A swórd and grand hélmet
To sólace the cónquered.

Then lóud was the búzz of the admíring assémbly
As Dáres his míghty front ráised on the ínstant:
'Twas Dáres that úsed to conténd against Páris,
Other équal for Páris was nóne.
Hé too it wás that at míghtiest Héctor's
Túmulus sepúlchral smote cónquering Bútes,
And strétched on the táwny sand dýing the giant
Whose háughty demeánour showed hów well he knéw
He was cóme of Bebrýcian Ámycus' ráce.
Such was Dáres that ráised his high héad first to báttle,
Displáyed his broad shóulders, and thrústing and cúffing
With éach arm altérnate, pómmeled the áir.
A mátch is sought fór him; but, of áll that arráy,
Not óne dares appróach him or dráw on the gáuntlet.

In hígh spirits thérefore,
And thínking that óne and all
Yield him the pálm,
He stánds right in frónt
Of the féet of Enéas,
And withóut more adó
With his léft hand takes hóld
Of the búll by the hórn,
And sáys:— "Goddess-bórn,
If there 's nó one so bóld
As to vénture the báttle,

What énd of my stánding?
How lóng must I wáit?
Bid me léad the prize óff."
Same time the Dardánidae
Cálled out unánimous
To lét the brave mán
Have the prómised reward.

Here with gráve words Acéstes
Repróaches Entéllus,
As beside him he sát
On the gréen grassy bánk:—
"Entéllus, in váin once
The brávest of héroes,
And wilt thou so támely,
Withóut even a strúggle,
Allów such a príze
To be cárried awáy?
Whére is our Gód now,
That Éryx thy máster
Thou váunt'st of so ídly?
Where nów thy renówn
All Trinácria filling,
And the spóils thou 'st at hóme
Hanging úp in thy hóuse?"

"It is not féar" —
Thus ánswered hé —
"Nor scáred awáy
My lóve of glóry
And fáir achievement;
But slów old-áge,
With númbing frost,

Has chílled my blóod,
And wórn out quite
My bódily vígor.
Hád I but nów
The yóuth I had ónce,
That yóuth in which
Yon wrétch exúlts
So cónfidént,
Nor gift had Í
Nor fáir steer néeded,
Tó indúce me
Tó come fórward.
Who líkes may táke
The príze, for mé."

Só having sáid,
He cást intó
The mídst a páir
Of móst enórmous,
Wéighty gáuntlets,
With whose hárd hide
Dóughty Éryx
Úsed to stráp
His hánds and árms,
Évery time
The lísts he éntered.

All mínds were astóunded,
So húge were those sévenfold
Plíes of ox-léather,
So stíffened with ín-plaited
Íron and léad.
Abóve all the rést

Dares' sélf is astónished,
And will upon nó account
Trý the encóunter.
Then, whíle the magnánimous
Són of Anchises
Swings hither and thither
And túrns every wáy
The vólume imménse
Of those pónderous bánds,
The óld man gives útterance
To wórds such as thése:—

"And whát had ye sáid,
Hád ye but Hércules'
Ówn gauntlets séen,
And the sád fight he fóught
Upon this very shóre?
These gáuntlets belónged
To thine hálf-brother Éryx
(Thou sée'st them with blóod still
Besprínkled and bráins);
With thése he confrónted
Míghty Alcídes;
To thése I was úsed,
While a frésher blood-cúrrent
Supplíed me with vígor,
And nót yet had óld age
Énviously sprínkled
My témples with hóar.
But íf Trojan Dáres
These wéapons refúses,
And géntle Enéas
Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor
Acéstes appróves,
Let us máke the fight équal;
I dó not insist
On the gáuntlets of Éryx
(Dismiss thy misgivings);
And thóu, put thou óff
Thy Trójan gloves tóo."

He sáid, and his dóublet
Threw óff from his shóulders,
His gréat limbs laid báre
And his gréat bones and múscles,
And fórth in his míght stood
In the mídst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchises
Like gáuntlets brought fórth,
And with the matched wéapons
The síre strapped the hánds
Of the óne and the óther.
Upright on their tóes
In an instant both róse;
And undáunted arms hígh
Lifting úp toward the ský,
And lófty heads dráwing back
Fár from the stróke,
With hánd to hand spárring,
The báttle provóke.

More nimble the óne
In the pride of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,
And móulded gigántic,
But trémulous slów
Are his tóttering knées,
And his vást limbs shake sóre
With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów
They tóss to and fró,
Áll to no púrpose;
Mány a blów
Loud ráttling rings
On hóllow chést
And sides, redóubled.
Abóut ears and témples
Róves the hand fréquent,
And únder the hárd cuffs
The jáws go crick crack.

In the sáme sustained pósture
Entéllus stands héavy,
And with vígilant eýes
The pásses avóids
By ónly inclining his bódy.
His oppónent, like óne
Who brings works of wár
To béar on a high-seated city,
Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,
On this side tries nów,
Now on thát the appróaches,
And the whóle place abóut
Reconnóitres with skill,

And with várious assáults
Inefféctual présses.

Réars himself úpright
Entéllus, and shóws
His right hand uplifted;
The óther wares quick
The dówn coming blów,
And with nímble evásion
Slips óut of the wáy.
Entéllus dischárges
His stréngth on the winds,
And tó the ground pónderous
Fálls of himsélf
With his vást heavy wéight:
As on Érymanth sómetimes,
Or ón mighty Ída,
A hóllow pine túmbles
Torn úp by the róots.

All at ónce and togéther,
In their interest for éither,
The Teúcri rise úp
And the yóuth of Trinácria;
To the ský mounts the clámor:
Acéstes the first is
Who rúns to, and pítying
Lifts from the gróund up,
His équal-aged fríend.

But, bý his mischánce
Nor retárded nor scáred,
The héro retúrns

But more kéen to the fight,
Of válor self-cónscious,
Wrath róusing his vígor,
Shame kíndling his míght;
And, áll in a glów,
Drives óver the whóle plain
Dares héadlong befóre him,
And nów with his léft hand
Redóubles his blóws,
And nów with his right.

There 's nó stop nor stáy,
But with blóws of each hánd,
As thíck, fast, and fréquent,
As páttering háilstones
Down shówering on róof-tops,
The héro thumps Dáres,
And knócks him abóut.

Then fáther Enéas,
Permítting no fúrther
Their íres to procéed,
Nor Entéllus to ráge on
In súch bitter spírit,
Put an énd to the fight,
And réscued tired Dáres,
Ánd with kind, pétting words
Thús to him sáid:—

"Luckless wíght, what delúsion
So stróng has possésséd thee?
Percéiv'st not, thou wárrest
Agáinst a God's stréngth,

And that Héaven 's turned agáinst thee?
Give wáy to the Gód."
He sáid, and the báttle
Declâred to be énded.

But awáy to the véssels
His fáithful compánions
Bring Dáres, his crázy knees
Drágging alóng,
His héad now to thís
Now to thát side tóssing,
And clóts of blood mixed with teeth
Fróm his mouth spéwing;
Then, súmmoned, the swórd
And the hélmet recéive,
And léave to Entéllus
The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spírits
And próud of the búll:—
"Goddess-bórn," says the víctor,
"And yé other Teúcri,
Behóld both what stréngth
My yóuthful frame ónce had,
And from whát certain déath
Ye have Dáres delivered."

He sáid, and right ópposite
The fáce of the stéer stood,
That was bý-standing thére,
The príze of the báttle;
And rísing bolt-úpright,
And dráwing back his right hand,

Swúng the hard gáuntlet
Betwéen the two hórns,
And the fróntal bone fráctured,
And crúshed in the bráin;
Próstrate the félled ox
Líes on the swárd stretched,
Sénseless and quívering.
Then, óver him stánding,
These wórds he put fórth:—
"With this bétter life, Éryx,
I páy thee in fúll
For my nót killing Dáres,
And victórious here pút by
My gáuntlets, and with them
The árt pugilístic."

Then stráightway Enéas
Invites to compéte,
Who háply may wish,
In the swift arrow cóntest,
And the prízes sets óut;
And Seréstus' ship's mást
With his húge hand erécts,
And suspénds in a nóose,
From the tóp of the mást,
The márk to be áimed at,
A swift-winged pigeon.

The compétitors méet,
And into a bráss helm
Their lót-counters flínging,
Forth cómes first of áll,
Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lót of Hippócoon,
Hýrtacus' són.
Close áfter whom fóllows
Mnéstheus, just nów
In the ship-race victórious,
Mnéstheus with ólive bough
Gárlanded gréen.
Third comes Eurýtion,
Who cláims thee for bróther,
O Pándarus most glórious,
Thóu that in óld time,
Obédient to órders,
The first wert thy wéapon
To fling midst the Achívi,
And th' ármistice bréak.
Lowest dówn in the hélmet
And lást lay Acéstes;
For hé too had dáred
In the tásk of the yóung man
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out
His sháft from his quíver,
And gállantly évery man
Bénds his strong bów;
And first from the twánging string,
Cléaving the swift air,
Through the ský speeds the árrow
Of Hýrtacus' són,
And cómes and sticks fást
In the frónt of the mást:
The mast thróugh and through quívers,
The frighted bird flútters,

And fills the place round
With its clapping wings' sound.

Bold Mnestheus next after,
With bended bow standing,
His aim took on high
With strained shaft and strained eye,
But, alas! the bird missed,
Though he broke the lint noose
In which, tied by the foot,
From the tall mast it hung:
And away to the south winds
And dark clouds it flew.

Then in all haste Eurytion,
Who for some time was holding
Bow bent and shaft levelled,
Made a vow to his brother,
And under the black cloud
Covered and pierced
With his arrow the pigeon,
That in the free sky there
Its glad wings was clapping.
Life leaving above
In the starry ethereal,
It tumbles down senseless,
And back to the ground
Brings the shaft in the wound.

Sire Acestes, the only
Remaining one now,
Though the victory 's lost,
Yet his science to show
In twanging the bow,

High into the sky
His arrow let fly.
Here meets the eye sudden
What diviners too late,
By the great event taught
To prognosticate right,
Have declared was an omen
Of import terrific;
For the reed, in th' untroubled
Clouds of the fine weather,
Took fire as it flew,
And its path marked with flame,
Then into the thin winds
Away withdrew spent.
So oftentimes fly
Shooting stars through the sky,
And draw after them sweeping
Their long trail of hair.

Confounded, astounded,
To the Gods pray the Teucri
And men of Trinacria;
Nor refuses the omen
Most mighty Eneas,
But embraces, and heaps
With great gifts, glad Acestes,
And thus to him says:—
"Accept this, O father;
For Olympus' great king
By this portent declares thee
Entitled to honor
Apart and especial.
This rich-embossed winebowl,

Which gréat-aged Anchíses
Himsélf once posséssed,
Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.
Thracian Cisseus of óld
On my párent Anchises
The gréat gift bestówed
To be képt as memórial
And plédge of his lóve."

He sáid, and salúted
Acéstes first víctor,
And bóund round his témples
With láurel-branch gréen.
Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,
Though 'twas hé alone bróught down
The bird from the hígh sky,
With jéalousy lóok
On the hónor put pást him.
For the néxt gift comes ín
He that rúptured the córd;
Last is hé whose swift árrow
Stood fíxed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,
Ere énded that gáme was,
Calls Epýtides tó him,
Compánion and guárdian
Of béardless lúlus,
Ánd in his trústy ear:—
"To Ascánius awáy quick,
And if he has with him
His yóung troop of hórsemen
All equipped now and réady

To go thróugh their manoeúvres,
Bid him with them come hither
In árms, and paráde
To his grándfather's hónor.'
Out óf the long circus
Himsélf bids depárt
The whole influx of péople,
And léave the field frée.

All glíttering alíke
On their wéll-bitted hórses,
The láds make their éntry
In sight of their sires,
Admíred by the whóle youth
Of Tróy and Trinácria,
And chéered as they gó.
They áll wear their háir,
As required by the cústom,
Cut clóse in a róund crop;
Two stéel-pointed lánces
Of córnel each cárries,
And sóme on their shóulders
A smóoth burnished quíver;
At the tóp of the chést
Round the néck goes a cóllar
Of fléxile gold twisted.

Thrée troops of hórsemen,
Distinct and apárt,
Perámbulate thére,
Each tróop with a cáptain;
Twice six glittering yóuths
Every cáptain commánds.

One yóuthful troop 's léd
In ovátion alóng,
By a tíny Príam
(Called áfter his grándsire),
Thine illústrious óffspring,
Polítes, and sóon
With a néw, vigorous gráft
To add stréngth to th' Itálians.
The pásterns are white
Of his pied Thracian chárger,
And lóftily cárried
The próud forehead white.

Átys, from whóm come
The Látin clan, Átii,
Little Átys is néxt,
The fávorite boy-friend
Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll
Iúlus comes, móunted
On chárger Sidónian,
By fáir Dido gíven him
In remémbrance of hér
And in plédge of her lóve.
On áged Acéstes's
Hórses Trinácrian
Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pit-a-pat gó their hearts,
Ás the Dardánidae,
Gázing delighted,
Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,
Recéive them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle
Of the séated assémbly
They have ridden, with jóy,
In their rélatives' sight,
And to sét out are réady,
Epýtides gives them
The signal from fár
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each tróop then divides
Into twó equal párts,
Which túrn about quick,
And trot óff from each óther;
Then whéel round agáin
At the wórd of commánd,
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chánge,
And in ópposite ránks
Advánce and retire,
And retire and advánce,
And whéel round and róund,
And in íntricate rings
Intercépting and crossing
And báffling each óther,
Fight óut their sham báttle;
Sometimes their backs túrning
Defénceless and róuted,
Sometimes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,
Paráding united.

As the intricate blíndways
And thóusand turns púzzling
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,
In hígh Crete of óld,
Where nó clue to guíde you
Back, fórward, or óut,
You wándered for éver
Abóut and abóut:
So púzzled the trácks
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,
So perpléxedly wóven
Sportive báttle and flíght,
Like the gámbols of pórpoises
Pláyfully frísking
Ín the sea-wáters
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,
When róund Longa Álba
He dréw his walls' círcle,
Re-estáblished this gáme
And these mánege manoeúvres,
And táught the old Látins
How himsélf, when a bóy,
And the Trójan lads with him,
Had been úsed to perfórm them.
The Álbans their yóuth taught,
From whóm mightiest Róme
In dúe course recéived,
And, hónoring her fáthers,

Preserves to this day
The sport they call Troy
And the Trójan Battálion.
So much for the games
In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfáithful
Bégan first to chánge;
For whilst at the túmultus
With various amúsements
The dáy 's solemnised,
Júno Satúrnian,
Mány a scheme póndering,
And nót sated yét
Of her áncient ill will,
Dówn from heaven Íris
On fáir wafting bréezes
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth
Of a thóusand bright dýes,
Down unséen runs the máid;
The great cóncourse survéys,
Round the cóast casts her eýes,
And obsérves the port émpty,
Desérted the flèet.

But apárt on the lónely beach
Wéeping in sécret,
Troy's mátrons were wáiling
The lóss of Anchises;
And áll, as they wépt,
On the déep sea were gázing:—

"Alás, such a lóng way 's
Still lýing befóre us,
And, tíred as we áre,
We have só much sea wáter
To sáil over stíll!"
It was thús with one vóice
They áll were excláiming;
A city 's their práyer;
They are sick, sore and sórry,
And the tóils of the séa
Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the mídst of them,
Práctised in míschief
Thérefore she flíngs her,
And púts off the fígure
And vést of a Góddess,
And mákes herself Béroë,
The áged spouse becómes
Of Tmárian Dorýclus,
Who ónce possessed children
And kíndred and náme.

In this guise amídst
The Dárdan dames míngling:—
"Wretched wómen," she cries,
"Whom Acháian hands lóng ago
Drágged not to sláughter,
When fierce raged the báttle
Your nátive walls róund —
O unfórtunate créw,
For whát worse destrúction
Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The séventh summer nów
Since the rásing of Tróy,
Its cóurse is revólving,
Yet o'er lánd and o'er wáter
We 're wándering still;
Amidst bléak, savage rócks,
Under stránge skies are róaming,
And, tóssed on the billows,
Chace thróugh the great séa
Itália, that éver
Befóre us is fléeing.
Ín the fratérnal
Domáins here of Éryx,
Hére where we 're kindly
Recéived by Acéstes,
What hinders from fóunding
Our city's walls hére,
And éntering at ónce
On a citizen life?
O my cóuntry, and Ó ye
Penátes, in váin
Rescued óut of the fóe's midst,
Shall there nót, now at lást,
Be a city called Tróy?
Am I nó where to sée
A Símoïs' or Xánthus'
Hectórean stréam?
Nay, náy, come alóng,
And hélp me to búrn down
These únlucky véssels;
For prophétic Cassándra's form
Séemed, as I slépt,
A lit torch to hánd me;

Here, she says, is your home
In this spot seek your Troy.
Opportunity works,
And the great prodigy
Meets with no hindrance:
See here where to Neptune
Four altars are standing;
With lit brands, with courage
The God's self supplies us."
She said, the way led,
And the rankling fire seized,
And, with right hand uplifted,
From where she stood, brandished
And with might and main flung.

The spirits are roused
Of the Ilian matrons,
With amazement their hearts struck:
And one of the oldest
Of the whole number,
Pyrgo, nurse royal
Of the so numerous
Children of Priam:—
"No Beroë Rhoetean,
No spouse of Doryclus
Ye have here, dames;" she cries:
"See how her eyes burn,
Mark her beauty divine,
Her expression, her spirit,
Her voice and her gait.
I myself but just now,
When I came away hither,
Left Beroë sick,

And in sád disappóintment
That shé, only shé,
The great óffice should miss,
And nót pay Anchíses
The mérited hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons
At first stood uncértain
And éither way sváying;
Ánd on the véssels
An ill eye were cásting —
On the óne hand sore lóve
Of the lánd that was présent,
On the óther the cáll
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —
When the Góddess her wings spread,
And úp through the ský sped
Her flight the clouds únder,
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy
Smóte with amázement,
Impélled by a fúry,
The mátrons a shóut raise
At ónce and togéther,
Snatch the fíre from the héarths,
(While sóme strip the áltars),
And fling bránds with their whóle force,
And léafy twig-fággots.
Through óars and row-bénches
And páinted pine póops
With lóose reins carcers
Raging Vúlcan unbridled.

To the tómb of Anchises
Ánd to the théatre's
Wédge-grouped spectátors
Eumélus the néws brings
That the fléet is on fíre;
They look báck and themsélves see
The dárk, showering áshes;
And Ascánius the fírst is
(Just só as he wás there,
All jóyous condúcting
His hórsemen's manoeúvres)
Off tó the distúrbed camp
At fúll speed to gállop,
Nór can his térrified
Guárdians restráin him:—

"What strange mádness is this?
What wóuld ye be át now?
What wóuld ye?" he críes:
"Ah! unháppy townswómen,
It ís not the fóe,
Not the cámp of the Árgive,
'Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.
See, Í 'm your Ascánius!"
And he tóok off and thréw
At their féet down before thém
The hélmet he wóre
In the shám-fight amúsement.
At the sáme time Enéas
Comes úp in all háste,
And the Teúcrian bands cóme.
But the wómen, affrighted,
Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,
And into the wóods steal,
Or skulk into whatéver
Caves and hóles they can find.
They repént their attémpt,
They 're ashámed of the light,
They acknówledge their fríends,
Their whóle temper 's chánged,
And óut of their bréasts
They have quite shaken Júno.

But nót the less ráges,
For áll that, the fíre,
Nor abáte the flames thérefore
Their wild, untamed stréngth;
Benéath the moist timbers
The cálking tow smóulders,
And slów vomits smóke:
The élement súpple
Gnaws slówly the húlls;
The pést descends dówn
Through the whóle of the fráme:
All the stréngth of the héroes,
All the flóods they throw ón it,
Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas
Tears his vést from his shóulders,
His hánds toward heaven strétches
And the Góds' help invókes:—
"O omnípotent Jóve,
If not yét to a mán
Thou detéstest us Trójans,

If thou 'st still some remáins
Of the pity wherewith
Thou wast wónted of óld
To regárd human tróubles,
Grant our ships now, O Sire,
An escápe from this fire,
And réscue Troy's slénder
Estáte from destrúction;
Or compléte thy work óutright,
And, if súch my desérving,
With ángry bolt hére
On this spót overwhélm me.
Ánd with thy right hand
To déath send me dówn."

Scárce had he úttered,
When the ráins were let lóose,
And a dárk tempest ráged
Beyond précedent fúrious,
And highlands and pláins
With thúnderpeals ráttled.
Down fróm the whole éther
'Tis óne pour of wáter,
One thick, rushing shówer
Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain
The ships fill, and run óver.
The chárged timber 's drénched
The fiery glow 's quénched
And fróm the pest sáved
All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Enéas,
By the sour mischance shócked

Weighty cáres in his bréast
With himsélf was revólving,
And betwéen the two wáys
To and fró vacilláting:
Should he séttle down thére
In the fields of Sicília
And forgét the fates quíte,
Ór for th' Itálian coasts
Máke right ahéad.
Then élderly Náutes,
Whom Pállas Tritónian
Had spécially táught,
And réndered distínguished
Abóve every óther
For sóothsaying skíll —
(Her ánswers would téll him
What it wás the great wráth
Of the Góds was forebóding,
What is wás the Fates' préordained
Órder required),
In consóling words thús
To Enéas begán: —

"Whither the Fátes
Do so púll and re-púll us,
Goddess-bórn, let us fóllow.
Let whát will, be cóming,
No fórtune 's so bád
But it máy be surmóunted
By pátient endúrance.
There 's Acéstes, a Dárdan
And fróm the Gods sprúng,
To him impart fréely

Thy plán of procéeding;
He 's réady and willing
To hélp and advíse thee.
The créws of the lóst ships
Hand óver to him,
And whoéver are sick
Of the gréat undertáking
And óf thy concérnments,
And the véry old mén,
And the séa-weary mátrons;
And chóose out the wéak ones
And súch as are tímid,
And hére in this lánd
Let them fix their abóde,
And bestów on their city
(Thou 'lt allów them the privilege
Of chóosing the náme)
The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,
That, inflámed by the wórds
Of his élderly friend,
He was réally distrácted:
And dárk Night was nów
Alóng the sky dríving
In páir-in-hand téam,
When, dówn from heaven gliding,
Appéared on a súdden
The fórm of his párent
Anchises, and séemed
Words like thése to pour fórth:—
"O són, once than life
(When I hád life) more déar;

O són by the Ílian fates
Hárassed so sóre;
By that Júpiter, whó
Drove the fíre from thy ships,
And from high heaven at lást
Took compássion upón thee,
I come hither, commánded.
Obéy the advísings
Of élderly Náutes,
That so chármingly fít
With the présent conjúncture:
Yóuths of the stóutest heart
Chóose out and táke
To Ítaly with thee;
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople
In Látium to wár down.
But the únder-ground dwélling
Of Dís visit fírst,
And thróugh deep Avérnus
Come dówn, son, and méet me;
For nót kindless Tártarus'
Glóomy shades ówn me;
In delightful Elýsium
I wón with the géntle.
Holy Síbyl, when mány
A bláck sheep has bléd,
Shall hither condúct thee.
Of thine whóle future ráce
And the city vouchsáfed thee
Thou shalt thén be infórmed.
And nów fare thee wéll!
Humid Night has the hálf
Of her jóurney compléted,

Ánd with his pánting steeds
Féll Morn blows ón me."
He sáid, and like smóke
Into thín air awáy fled.

"Whither rúshest thou thén?"
Says Enéas, "or whither
Beták'st thyself fróm me?
Whom fléeest? who kéeps thee
Awáy from my árms?"
So sáying, he stírred up
The fíre's sleeping émbers,
Ánd fumigáted
Pergámean Lár
And hóar Vesta's shríne
With a fúll box of íncense,
And óffered the blést meal,
And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,
He súmmons his péers
And, abóve all, Acéstes;
And Júpiter's órders
Lays fúlly befóre them,
And his déar sire's injúnctions,
And his ówn, formed opínion.
Acéstes gainsáys not;
The vóte 's not long pássing;
They transcribe to the city
And sét down from trável
The mátrons and áll who
To stáy are inclíned.
Minds whólly devóid

Of the pássion for glory.
Themsélves then repláce
The half-éaten ship-timbers,
Make néw the row bénches,
And with óar and rope-táckling
Rig out afrésh;
They 're a bráve, gallant créw,
Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas
Marks óut with plough-fúrrow
The síte of the city,
And lóts out the dwéllings;
And hére bids be Ílium,
And thére bids be Tróy.
And Trójan Acéstes
Delights in his réalm,
And, fixing by édict
A Fórum, presides
O'er the Fáthers assémbled.
On Éryx' high tóp too,
Not fár from the ský,
For Vénus Idálian
A séat is estáblished;
Ánd to Anchises' tomb
Ádded a priest;
And a gróve consecráted,
With wide-spreading púrlieus.

And nów for nine dáys
All the péople were féasted,
And ófferings, for nine days,
Were láid on the áltars;

And benéath the mild bréezes
The séa-plain lay lével,
And the stéady and fáir breath
Of Áuster once móre
To the high-deep was cálling —
Then thróugh the bayed shóres
The great wáiling arises;
In mútual embráces
They línger, and dráw out
The dáy and the night;
And the mátrons themsélves
And thóse very mén
To whóm the sea's fáce
But just nów seemed so róugh,
And the wéather a thing
That was nót to be bórne,
Are desírous to gó,
And endúre to the énd
All the tóil of the trável:
Whom with kínd, friendly wórds
Good Enéas consóles,
And with téars recommends
To their kínsman Acéstes;
Then thrée calves commánds
To be sláughtered to Éryx,
And a lámb to the Témpests,
And one áfter anóther
To lét go the cábles.
Himsélf, with a clípped
Olive wréath round his héad,
Stands far óff on the bów,
And into the sált waves
The éntrails consígns,

And the flówing wine póurs.
A wind rises áft
And convóys them alóng;
And, áll hands with rival oars
Smíting the déep,
O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus
Meanwhíle accosts Néptune,
Ánd from her bréast forth
Pours this lamentátion:—
"The sérious and éver-
Unsátiated ánger
Of Júno's breast, Néptune,
Compéls me to áll
Sorts of práyers to descénd;
Unsóftened by léngth of time,
Úntouched by pity,
Unsubdúed by the Fátes,
By Jove's mándate unquélled,
She néver rests quiet.
Not enóugh for her hórrible
Spíte to have tórtured
With áll sorts of tórture
And óut of the mídst
Of the Phrýgian nátion
Cut their cápital city,
She must pérsecute still
Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,
Her bónes and her cínders;
Best knówn to hersélf
The cáuse of such fúry.
Thou thyséIf art my witness,

What a cóil but just nów
She raised, áll of a súdden
In the Líbyan sea-wáters;
How the whóle sea and ský
She mixed úp in one póther,
On th' Eólian blasts squálly
Relýing in váin —
In thý realms she dáred this.
See tóo, how she has dríven
Troy's dámes into críme,
And fóully our ships burned,
And ón an unknówn land
Compélled us to léave
Our cómrades behind us.
One thíng, and one ónly,
Remáins for us nów,
Ánd for that ónly
One thíng I entréat thee,
Safe vóyage acróss
To Lauréntian Týber,
If the Párcae permít us
Our city to fíx there,
And if I claim nóthing
But whát 's been accórded.'

Thus spóke then the déep sea's
Satúrnian contróller:—
"Thou 'st all right, Cytherèa,
To confide in my réalms,
Since from thém thou art sprúng
I desérve it too fróm thee:
For thée I 've suppréssed oft
The wild, raging fúry

Both of ský and of séa;
Ánd that I háve not
Óf thine Enéas
Taken léss care on lánd,
Let Xánthus and Símoïs
Téstify fór me.
When agáinst their own wálls
Pursúing Achílles
Dashed Tróy's half-dead squádrons,
And slew many thóusands,
And, with déad bodies filled up,
The rívers' beds gróaned,
And Xánthus no lónger
Could find out a pássage
Or róll to the séa,
From míghty Pelídes,
For whóm he was nó match
In Góds or in stréngth,
Safe ín a cloud's hóllow
I snátched off Enéas,
Though stróng my desíre
To o'ertúrn from the bóttom
That pérjured Troy city
Mine ówn hands had búilt.
Now tóo I 've the sáme mind
Unáltered and stéady;
Fear nót — he shall sáfely
Réach, as thou wíshest,
The pórt of Avérnus,
With the lóss, on the déep,
Of a single man ónly,
Whose óne life shall ránsom
The lives of the mány."

The sire, with these words
Having gládděned and sóothed
The héart of the Góddess,
Puts the bit in the móuths
Of his wild, foaming stéeds
With their góld harness yókes them
Lets rún through his hánd loose
The whole léngth of the réins,
And in his dark-blúe car
Flies lightly alóng
O'er the fáce of the séa:
The swollen wáters subside,
And spréad level únder
His thúndering áxle;
Out óf the vast éther
Awáy flee the stórms.
In his mótley cortége
Was the gréat, monstrous whále,
And óld Glaucus' chóir,
And Inóan Palémon,
And swift-speeding Tritons,
And Phórcus' whole múster:
On his léft hand was Thétis
With Nesća, Thalia,
Cymódoce, Spío,
The máid Panopéan,
And Mélité.

Here thróugh the mind ánxious
Of fáther Enéas
Bland jóy in its túrn thrills;
He commánds them to sét up
Áll the masts quickly,

And the sáils on the yárds spread.
They unfúrl sail togéther,
First on the lárboard side,
Thén on the stárboard side,
And to the gúnnel
The cléw-lines brace fást;
All at ónce they heave úp
Their yárd-horns on high,
Then hául them taught áft,
And befóre the wind scúd.
Palinúrus, ahéad,
The dénse squadron léd;
All the óthers were órdered
To shápe course by him.

And now dámp Night had réached
About hálfway her góal,
And beside their oars strétched
All alóng the hard bénches
The sáilors in still sleep
Their límbs had reláxed,
Whén from th' ethéreal sky
Dówn gliding light,
The múrky air párting,
And scáttering the dárkness,
Sómnus to thée comes,
Ó Palinúrus,
And for no fáult of thine
Brings thee sad slúmbers;
And, in figure like Phórbas,
On the high poop the Gód sat,
And póured this discóurse:—

"Palinúrus lásides,
Stéady the flóet goes
Befóre the fair wind;
'Tis the hóur of repóse;
Lay thine héad down to slúmber
And stéal for thy tired eyes
A móment of rést:
I mysélf for a while
Will take ón me thy dúty."
To him Palinúrus,
His eyes scarce uplífting:—
"And desírest thou mé
To confíde in this mónster,
As íf I knew nót
What the plácid face méans,
And the cálm of the sált sea?
Or wóuldst thou have mé,
Whom a fáir-seeming sky
So often has chéated,
Give Enéas in chárge
To the tréacherous bréezes?"

He sáid, and kept wátching
With fixed eyes the stárs,
And clung clóse to the tíller,
And wóuld not let gó:
Then ó'er both his témples,
Behóld! the God shákes
A bough drenched in Léthe's
Stygian dew soporífic,
And reléases his swimming
And únwilling eyes.
No sóoner the first touch

Of sléep unexpécted
His límbs had reláxed,
Thán with his whóle weight
He léans down upón him,
And into the cléar water
Púshes him héadlong,
With the bróken-off hélm
And a párt of the póop,
And óft on his cómrades
In váin for help cálling;
Then úp to the thín air
Awáy soars himsélf.
But the fléet notwithstánding
Sails dáuntlessly ón,
In sire Néptune's word sáfe:
And nów they were néaring
The rócks of the Sírens,
Dángerous of óld,
And with sáilors' bones whíte;
Far óff heard the cónstant
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;
When the Fáther, percéiving
The ship drifting wíde
For wánt of her hélmsman,
Himsélf steered her ón
Through the mídnight wáters,
Much shócked, and laménting
With mány a gróan oft
The ill chánce of his fríend:—
"O tóo much confíding
In fáir sea and ský,
On an únknown shore náked,
Palinúre, thou shalt líe."

# VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the ánchor's tóoth tenácious,
The véssels' cúrved sterns líne the cóast;
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:
Fórth on the shóre Hespérian léap
The árdent yóung men ín a bánd:
Sóme for the séeds of fíre make séarch,
Whére in the flint's veins théy lie hídden;
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the dén
And thickets óf their wíld indwéllers,
Or find and shów where flów the rívers.

But kínd Enéas séeks afár
The stéep where hígh Apóllo réigns,
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,
Whóm the séer of Délos fílls
With inspirátions hígh and míghty,
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trívia
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,
Fróm the réalms of Mínos fléeing,
Dáred on fórward-béaring pínions
Tó confíde him tó the skýe,
And, býe that únfrequénted róute
Tóward the gélid Árctic sáiling,
Lightly sét his fóot at lást
Ón the high Chalcídic stéep.

Hére where he first touched lánd again
He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témple,
And ín it cónsecráted tó thee
The wings with which he hád rowed thither.
Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,
Ánd the Cecrópidaé compélled
To páy awáy in ánnual múlct,
Ah wóe! seven óf their sóns alíve:
You sée befóre you stánding thére
The úrn from whénce they 've dráwn their lóts.

And córresponding, ópposite,
The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,
Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion
Óf Pasíphaë with the búll,
Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,
The bíform Minotáur, memórial
Óf the confúsion bétween kínds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,
That máze from which there 's nó escáping —
But Dédalús, out óf compássion
Tó the gréat love óf the quéen,
With a clúe the cáptive's blínd steps

Himself guided, and unravelled
The building's cunning roundabouts.

Thou too, O Icarus, hadst had,
Had the father's grief permitted,
A large share in so great a work —
Twice he essayed in gold
The disaster to mould:
Twice the paternal hands
Powerless fell.

But before they could entirely
With their eyes the work go over,
Achates, whom they had before them
Despatched as courier, had returned,
And Deiphobe, Glaucus' daughter,
Phœbus' and Trivia's priestess, with him,
Who in these words to the king:—
"This is no time for sight-seeing;
Better far it were to offer,
As demanded by the custom,
Seven steers from th' unblemished herd,
And an equal number choice sheep
That have cut their second-year teeth."

The priestess, when she had in these words
Addressed Eneas (nor were they
Slow to perform the ritual ordered),
Into the high fane calls the Teucri.

The side of the Euboean rock
Into a cavern huge is hollowed,
Whither a hundred wide approaches

Thróugh a húndred bróad mouths léad,
Whénce the ánswers óf the Sibyl
Ín a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntrance théy had cóme,
Whén the vírgin:— "Tó demánd
The fátes now ís the time," she sáys:
"The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!"

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,
Her cóuntenánce, all óf a súdden,
And cólor chánged; intó disórder
Féll her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,
Sávage and rábid swélled her héart;
Táller than húman lóoks her státure,
Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,
As clóser still and clóser ón her
Blóws the Gód's inspíring bréath: —
"Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,
Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?
Néver, until thou hast vówed and práyed,
Will thís astóunded dwélling ópen
Its míghty, yáwning móuth."
This sáid, she húshed; an ícy trémor
Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,
And fróm the bóttom óf his bréast
Poured fórth these práyers the king:—

"O Phoébus, óf Troy's grievous tóils
Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst
Stráight agáinst Eácides' bódy
Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;
Fóllowing whose guidance Í have éntered

So mány séas encómpassing
So mány widely tréndíng cóasts,
Éven to the quite out-óf-the-wáy
Massýlian tríbes, and tó the lánds
That líe behínd the scréen of the Sýrtes;
Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hóld
Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,
Lét our évil Trójan fórtune
No fúrther gó alóng with us.
Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,
To whóm Dardánia's míghty glóry,
And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé
May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:
And thóu, most hóly séer prophétic,
Gránt me — I ásk a débt — the réalm
My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;
A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,
Ánd for Troy's trável-hárassed Góds.
To Phoébus ánd to Trívia thén
I 'll fóund a sólid márble témple,
And sét apárt days tó be képt
Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.
Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits
A gréat shrine ín our réalm; for thére
A bróther hóod I 'll cónsecráte,
To táke charge óf thine óracles,
Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,
Appóinted tó befáll my líne.
Ónly trust nót to léaves thy vérses,
Lést, of the rápid winds the spórt,
Hére and thére they flý disórdered:
Sing them thyséll', I práy."
No fúrther wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoébus nót yet pátient.
The séer ramps in the cáve, outrágeous,
To sháke off, if she máy, the gréat God:
So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,
So múch the móre her rábid móuth
Wórries and wórks, and támes her wild heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors
Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's
Respónses thróugh the áir transmít:—
"O thóu who hást at lást o'ercóme
The míghty périls óf the séa
(Lánd's greater périls yét awáit thee),
The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavínian
Shall' cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismíss —
Bút they shall rúe the dáy they cáme:
Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber
Fóaming with a blóody flóod.
Néver shalt thóu a Símoïs wánt,
A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;
In Látiúm 's provided fór thee
A néw Achílles, ánd no léss
Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmer;
And néver will the Teúcrians' bággage,
Júno, be ábsent fróm them fár.
Whére 's the Itálian tríbe or city,
To whích in thát thine hóur of néed
Thou shált not ráise thy crý for hélp?
Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble
Shall bé a stránger bride's espousal
Bý a Teúcrian bridegroom-guést.
But yield not thóu to évil fórtune;
Ráther confrónt the íll more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.
Salvátion's wáy will ópen tó thee
Fróm a quárter whénce of áll
Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,
The Cúman Síbyl fróm the shríne
Cháunted her frightful rhápsody,
And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;
So crúellý Apóllo chécked
Her ráging móuth's bars with the bít,
And dúg intó her síde the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,
First rest óf her rábid móuth,
Héro Enéas thús begins:—
"Néw to mé or únexpécted
Ríses, máid, no fórm of tróuble:
Í have foreséen and in my mínd
Préviouslý gone thróugh the whóle.
One thíng I bég; since hére, they sáy,
The dóorway óf the inférnal kíng,
And hére the dísmal láke that cómes
From the óverflów of Ácheron,
Shów me the wáy that Í should gó
My déar sire's fáce once móre to séc,
Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;
Hím from the énemy's mídst I snátched,
Upón these shóulders bóre him óff
Through flámes and thóusand fóllowing wéapons,
Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé
Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,
Bore áll the thréats of wáves and wéather,

To yéars declíning só unsúited.
Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissioned
To cóme thus súppliant tó thy dwélling.
Take pity, grácious máid, I práy thee,
Both ón the són and ón the síre;
For thíne is hére the pówer supréme,
Ánd not ídly Hécate gáve thee
Domínion ó'er Avérnus' gróves.
If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's
Resóunding strings could súmmon báck
His spóuse's Mánes;
If Póllux fór his bróther's life
Could gíve his ówn life ín redémption,
Ánd that róad pass ánd repáss,
Life for déath so óften chánging —
Or néed I méntion míghty Théseus,
Gréat Alcides néed I méntion?
Í too am sprúng from Jóve supréme."
So práyed he bý the áltars hólding;
And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisíades, séed of the Góds,
The descént to Avérnus is éasy —
Day and night open stánds
The dóor of dark Dís —
But thy stéps to the úpper air
Báck to retráce,
That indéed is labórious,
Hard wórk indeed thát,
By those ráre ones accómplished,
Whom, bórn of the Góds,
Just Júpiter fávored,
Or árdor of vírtue

Bore alóft to the éther:
Wide wóods intervéne,
And aróund with dark bósom
Cocýtus' stream winds;
But if twice to sáil
The Stýgian lake óver
So stróng be thy pássion,
If so kéen thy desire
Black Tártarus to sée twice,
And thou lik'st at the mád toil
To táke thy full swing,
Hear what 's first to be dóne:
On a dárk shady trée
There gróws a bough sácred
To Júno Inférnal;
All gólden its léaves are,
Its tóugh stem all gólden;
In the dépths of the gróve,
In the glóomy glen's dépths,
It lies hídden obscúre;
Yet máy no one énter
The únderground wórld,
Ere this gólden-tressed shóot
He has plúcked from the trée.
This gíft as her ówn
Fair Prosérpina cláims,
And commánds to be bróught her.
The first branch off-bróken,
Anóther gold bóugh
With like golden léaves
Shoots óut in its stéad.
So explóre the place róund,
Till the bránch thou hast fóund,

And thén with thy hánd
(With thy hánd it must bé)
Break it óff from the trée;
For 'twill gó with thee réady,
If fór it thou 'rt fáted;
Else nó strength of thíne,
Not éven with hard stéel's help,
May aváil to compél it.
I will téll thee besídes,
Thy friend lifeless líes
(Ah! líttle thou dréam'st it)
And with his dead bódy
Pollútes the whole fléet,
Whilst hére thou keep'st hánging
Abóut my purlieus,
And for óracles séek'st.
Him awáy carry first,
And dúly dispóse
In his hóme in the tómb;
Then bríng thy black cáttle,
And máke thy sin-óffering.
That dóne, the groves Stýgian
At lást thou shalt sée,
And the réalms that no éntrance
Allów to the líving."
She sáid, and her móuth closed,
And fúrther word spáke not.

Enéas, with fíxed eyes and sád,
In his mind the dark fúture revólving,
Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátes,
Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,
Alóng walking, vários discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,
Whose déad body wás to be búried;
When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,
Misénus they sée lying déad,
Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:
Than Misénus Eólides nóne
With the sóul-stirring blást of the trúmpet
Knew bétter the báttle to kíndle;
Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,
And, distínguished for blówing the trúmpet,
Distínguished for húrling the spéar,
In the fight had his státion near Héctor;
But whén Hector's life had becóme
The préy of victórious Achílles,
The redóubtable chámpion attáched him
To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron
To Héctor himsélf not inférior.
But nów as he chánced to be máking
The séa with his hóllow conch ríng,
Ánd in his fólly had chállenged
The Góds to a trial of skíll,
Jealous Tríton, if trúe what they sáy,
Came póunce on his rival and drówned him
In the mídst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,
And géntle Enéas
Móre than the rést,
Raise the lóud shout and crý,
And áll the while wéeping
Make háste to perfórm,
Withóut stop or stáy,
The commánds of the Síbyl,

And strive toward the sky
With felled trees to raise high
The funéreal pyre.
Into the old wood,
Lofty stable of wild beasts,
Away they are gone;
Down tumble the pine trees,
The évergreen oak
Rings with their axe stroke;
The trunk of the ash
With their wedges is rent,
And split into billets;
Rolled down from the hills
To the heap the great Ornus.

In the midst of such labors
Enéas is foremost,
And, girded with like tools,
Exhorts on his comrades;
And, on the immense wood
His look forward casting,
Ponders thus in his sad heart,
And thus aloud prays:—

"Might but that golden bough
Now in this great wood
Show itself on its tree,
Since but too true, alas!
All the prophetess said,
O Misenus, of thee!"

Scarce had he the words said,
When two doves, before

His véry face, chánced
From the ský to come flýing,
And lít on the gréen sward:
Then the míghtiest héro,
With jóy recognísing
His móther's birds, práyed:—

"My guídes be yé,
If wáy there bé,
And thróugh the áir
Befóre me glíding
Léad me whére
The rích branch shádes
The gróve's rank sóil.
And thóu, thy són,
O Góddess móther,
In this his hóur
Of néed, forsáke not."

He sáid; and his stép staid,
The bírds' route obsérving,
And which way to gó
They might gíve him the signal.
So fár as the eýe
Of óne coming áfter
Might still in view hóld them,
Alóng they went flýing,
And féeding betwéen times;
Bút to Avérnus's
Íll-smelling thróat
No sóoner they cóme,
Than úp lightly rísing
They glíde through the cléar air,

And táke their perch thére
Where he só much desíred,
Side by síde on the trée
Through whose bóughs shone contrásted
The rádiance of góld.
You have séen in the wóods,
How the mistletoe (birth
Of a trée not its ówn)
Wraps the táper stem róund
With its yóung, saffron shóots,
And púts forth its fóliage,
And flórishes fáir
In the cóld of the winter:
So lóoked the gold bóugh
On the shády holm óak,
In the light breezes só
The metállic leaf, cráckled.
Enéas forthwith grasps
And éagerly bréaks off
The slów-yielding bóugh,
Ánd to prophétic
Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime
The Teúcri no léss
Were bewáiling Misénus,
Ánd on the thánkless
Áshes bestówing
The last márks of respéct.
And first of oak-billet
And únctuous tórchwood
They búild the huge pýre,
Ánd with dark fóliage

Its sides intertwine,
And funéreal cypresses
Sét up before it,
And with árms bright and shining
Adórn it abóve.
And sóme brazen cáldrons
Of wáter get réady,
And bóil on the fíre;
Then báthe and anóint
The cóld corpse, and óver it
Ráise the loud crý;
On the cóuch then they láy out
The bódy laménted,
And óver it cást
The well-knówn purple quílt.

Some táke on their shóulders
The gréat bier, sad óffice!
Or únder the pýre
The tórch hold, and túrn
Their fáces aside
As their fórefathers úsed;
Or from mány a lárge bowl
Pour óil on the pýre,
And húge heaps of víands,
And ódorous gúms,
And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes
The búrning pyre sánk,
And the fláme played no lónger,
They throw wíne on the rélics
And bíbulous émbers;

And in a brass cásket
Corynéus collécts
And inclóses the bónes.
Thén round the cómpany
Thrée times he cárries
The púre, lustral wáter,
And, ás he goes, sprínkles
With ólive branch lúcky
The light dew upón them,
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas
On tóp of him pláces
A gréat mass sepúlchral,
The héro's arms béaring
And trúmpet and óar,
At the fóot of that móuntain
High in the air tówering,
Which nów has from him
The náme of Misénus,
And will through all áges
Perpétuate the náme.
This dóne, he procéeds with,
And éxecutes quickly,
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted
And glóomy woods róund,
There gáped with a vást
Awful yáwn a deep cávern
All rúgged with shingle,
Over which without hárm
Could no flýing thing páss,

Such a stéam from its dárk jaws
Exháled to heaven's cónvex;
For which réason the Gráïï
The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the príestess
Sets fóur black steers stánding,
Ánd on their fóreheads
Pours the wine sídeways;
And plúcking the úppermost
Háirs 'twixt the hórns,
Pláces the fírstlings
On the fíre of the áltar,
And alóud calls on Hécate
In Érebus poténtial
As wéll as in héaven.
And óthers the júgulars
Incise from belów,
And in wíde, shallow sáucers
Recéive the warm blóod.
To the móther of the Fúries,
And tó her great síster,
Enéas himsélf slays
A fléecy, black lámb,
Ánd to thee, Próserpine,
A bárren-wombed héifer;
Then tó the king Stýgian
The night altar ráises,
And an óx's whole cárcase
Upón its fire pláces,
And óver the hót roast
Pours the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise
The ground únder their féet
Is beginning to béllow,
And the móuntain tops wóody
To quáke to and fró,
Ánd through the dárkness
Dog-bitches are hówling;
For the Góddess is cóming:—

"Off! óff! ye profáne ones,"
The próphetess cries:
"Let not óne of you ánywhere
Ín the grove línger —
But thóu, draw thy swórd,
And set óut on thy róad;
For cóurage, Enéas,
Now, nów is the time;
For firmness the time 's now."
These wórds having úttered,
She plúnged all infúriate
Ínto the cáve's mouth;
Hé, with no timid step,
Kept páce with his guide.

Ye Góds who rule óver
The émpire of spirits,
And yé, silent Shádes,
Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon,
Régions of wide-brooding
Stíllness and night,
Be the privilege allówed me
To téll what I 've héard,
Your sánction accórded

The things to revéal
That in dárkness are súnk
And the dépths of the éarth.

In the lónely night, dárkling,
They wént through the sháde,
Through the réalms unsubstántial
And mánsions of Dís,
As one trávels in the wóods
By the créscent moon's twilight,
When Júpiter plúnges
The ský into shádow,
And múrky night stríps
The wórld of its cólor.

In the véstibule's fróntt,
And the véry beginning
And jáw's edge of Órcus,
Remórse has her cóuch placed
With Sórrow beside her,
And thére pale Diséases
And sád Old Age dwéll,
And Pénury víle,
And ill-cóunselling Húnger,
And Féar, Death and Tóil,
Frightful fórms to behóld,
And, Déath's cousin, Sléep,
And the críminal Pássions;
And in fróntt, as thou énterest,
Déath-dealing Wárfare,
Ánd the Euménides'
Íron bedchámbers,
And Discord insénsate,

With blóody band týing
The snákes of her háir.

In the midst an aged élm
Its wide-branching árms
Huge and shády spreads óut,
Under whóse every léaf,
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,
They sáy, have their dwélling
And néstle in clústers.
Many mónsters besides
Of béastly forms várious
Abóut the doors kénnel;
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,
Flame-bélching Chiméra,
And the thrée-bodied Shade.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,
In súdden alárm,
And presénts the drawn édge
To thém coming ónward,
And séems to be bént
(Were it nót for the wárning
His skílled comrade gíves him,
That they 're nóthing but thín
Unsubstántial souls flítting
Under sémblance of bódies)
To rúsh in upón them,
And, áll to no púrpose,
Cleave the shádows in súnder.

From hénce the road léads
Tó where Tartárean
Ácheron's wáters
In vást muddy whírlpool
Rising belch óver
The whóle of their sánd and lees
Ínto Cocýtus.
A férryman hórrid
Has chárge of these wáters,
Charon, térribly squálid,
With eýes of flame stáring,
And gréat grisly béard
Uncáred on chin lýing,
And sórdid garb hánging
Tied óver his shóulder:
Althóugh somewhat áged,
The Gód is still hárdy,
And wéars his years wéll;
And himsélf with a lóng pole
The bóat forward scúlling,
Himsélf the sails ténding,
Acróss in his rústy craft
Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd
Toward the férry was póuring;
Men and mátrons were thére,
And magnánimous héroes,
The tásk of life óver,
And yóung lads and máidens,
And yóuths whom their párents
Saw ón the pile pláced;
As númerous as léaves fall

Detáched in the fórest.
In the first chill of áutumn;
Or as birds from the high-deep
Tóward the land shóaling
When the cóld season róuts
And to súnny climes sénds them
Awáy beyond séa.

Acróss to be férried
The fóremost were bégging,
And in lóve with the fúrther bank
Strétched their hands óut;
But the bóatman sevére
Now sóme takes, now óthers,
And sóme from the stránd
Removes fár and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder
And móved by the túmult:—
"What méans," says, "O máiden,
To the river such cóncourse?
What is it these sóuls seek?
Or fróm the banks whý
Are sóme of them túrned back,
While sóme of them óver
The lívid straits rów?"
Tó whóm briefly thús
The áge-stricken priestess:—

"O són of Anchises,
Gods' óffspring undóubted,
Of Stýx and Cocýtus
Thou sée'st the deep wáters,

Which nó God may swéar by
And nót keep his óath.
Unbúried, forlórn,
All the crówd thou see'st hére;
Yon férryman 's Chárón;
Acróss sail the búried.
These hórrible bánks
And this hóarse stream to cróss
No sóul is permítted,
Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.
A húndred years flítting
They wánder these shóres round;
Then at lást are admítted
To vísit agáin
The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood still
The séed of Anchíses,
Pítying their hárd lot,
And múch within póndering;
For thére he saw sád
And withóut funeral hónors
Leucásp and the Lýcian
Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,
Both togéther by Áuster
O'erwhélmed in the wáters,
And súnk with their shíp,
As from Tróy they sailed óver
The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére
Palinúrus the stéersman,
Who, while wátching the stárs,

Had fállen overbóard
From the stérn, in the midst
Of the láte Libyan vóyage;
Whóm when he récognised
Sórrowing thére
(And not éasily éither,
So gréat was the dárkness),
He thus prior addréssed:—
"What Gód snatched thee fróm us
And mid the sea drówned,
Palinúrus, come téll me;
For in this sole respónse,
That thou shóuldst to Ausónia's bounds
Vóyage in sáfety,
Has Apóllo decéived me,
Whom áught but truth-spéaking
I fóund before néver."

"O commánder," he ánswered,
"The cúrtain that cóvers
The trípod of Phoébus,
Has nót played thee fálse;
Nór in the séa-plain
Has ány God drówned me;
For while to my póst
At the hélm I kept clóse,
And steered stéady alóng,
I féll headlong dówn
And dragged with me, it chánced,
And with gréat force awáy
From its pláce tore, the rúdder.

"By the rough seas I swear,
I feared less for myself,
Than lest thy vessel,
Deprived of its tackle,
Its steersman o'erboard,
Should not prove a match
For so great, rising waves.
During three stormy nights,
Over sea-plains immense,
Notus bore me along
Through the rude dashing waters;
Scarce at last on the fourth day
From top of the wave
Had I view of Italia.

"To the land by degrees
I had floated, and now
Was just out of danger,
When the natives, mistaking me
For a rich booty,
Fell cruelly on me,
Weighed down as I was
With my wet clothes, and grappling
With my hands crooked upon
The cliff's rough projections —
And now the waves have me,
And the winds toss me
About on the shore.

"But by the sky's
Pleasant light and air,
By thine hopeful lulus
And thy sire I entreat thee,

O invíncible, réscue me
Óut of these tróubles,
Ór to the Véline port
Gó, for thou 'rt áble,
And thrów earth upón me;
Or if thou at áll may'st,
And thý Goddess-móther
Points óut any wáy
(For withóut the Gods' sánction
Thou attémpt'st not, I think,
O'er these rívers to sáil
And this gréat, Stygian flóod),
To a póor wretch thy hánd stretch,
And táke me alóng with thee
Óver the wáters,
That in déath I may find
At least sóme place of quíet."

These wórds he had sáid,
When the próphetess thús:—
"Whence, Ó Palinúrus,
This pássion so díre?
Shalt thóu to the shóre
Unpermítted go dówn?
Shalt thóu, unentómbed,
The sevére Styx behóld,
The Euménides' ríver?
Abándon the hópe
That the fátes of the Góds
May be bént by entréaty;
But héar and remémber,
And fróm my words táke
For thine hárd case some cómfort:

Thy néighbours, impélled
By pórtents from héaven,
Shall éxpiate thy déath
Far and wide through their cities,
And a túmulus búild thee,
Ánd at the túmulus
Rites annivérsary
Perfórm in thine hónor,
And the pláce shall for éver
Be cálled Palinúrus."
These wórds soothed his cáre,
And his héart for a líttle while
Éased of its sádness;
That the lánd bears his náme
Is a pléasant thing tó him.

They procéed therefore ón
With the jóurney in hánd,
And draw néar to the ríver:
But whén from Styx' wáters
The bóatman behólds them
Through the sílent wood cóming
And tóward the bank túrning,
He thus príor accósts,
And begins thus to chíde them:—

"Halló! whosoéver
Thou árt, that in árms
Appróachest our ríver,
Say whérefore thou cóm'st —
From that véry spot sáy —
And stóp thy step thére.
This of Shádows the pláce is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;
Live bódies to férry
In Stýgian boat óver
Were high misdeméanor;
And smáll cause have Í
To be glád that I tóok
On the férry Alcides,
Or Pirithous and Théseus,
Invincible thóugh they were,
Ánd of Gods sprúng.
The one sóught to imprison
The kéeper Tartárean,
And drágged him all trémbling
From the véry king's thróne;
The óthers Dis' lády's
Abdúction attémpted."

To which the Amphrýsian seer
Briefly thus ánswered:—
"No such plótting is hére
(Thou néed'st not so frét thee),
Nór by these wéapons
Dó we mean fórce;
The huge dóor-watch for ús
May for éver and éver
In his cávern keep bárking,
To the blóodless Shades' térror;
'Cross her úncle's door sill
Chaste Prosérpina néver
For ús need set fóot.
Trójan Enéas,
The géntle and bráve,
To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descénding
To visit his síre.
If that picture of ténderness
Móve thee no jót,
At léast thou 'lt acknówledge
This bránch" — and she shówed
The bránch, that lay híd
In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his íre
Subsides from his héart,
And no móre words there pássed.
But with wónder regárding
The réverenced gift,
The fáted wand, nót
For so lóng a time séen,
He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,
And dráws near the bánk;
Then máking rough cléarance
Of the sóuls that were sítting
Alóng the long bénches,
Throws ópen the gángway,
And ínto the bóat's hull
Takes gréat-sized Enéas:
Oppréssed by the wéight,
The stítched wherry gróaned,
And let in through its léaks
A gréat plash of wáter;
But at lást on the fár side
Sets dówn without dámage
In the yéllow-green sédge
And ríver slob úgly
Both héro and séer.

In a cáve right in fróht
Huge Cérberus lies cóuchant,
Uncouth mónster, and mákes
With his triple throat's bárking
The whóle realm resóund.
To him the seer flings
(For she sées on his néck
The snakes bristling alréady)
A cáke sweet with hóney
And drúgged with narcótics.
Wide ópening his thrée
Ravening gúllets, he séizes
The góbbet thrown tó him,
Then ón the ground strétches
His úncouth chine óut,
And húge and reláxed lying
Fills the whole cáve.
Enéas, the guárd
Of the pássage entránced,
Mákes good his éntrance,
And with light foot behind leaves
The bánk of that flóod
That is néver recróssed.

Immédiately héard
In the éntrance the vóices
Of children's souls wáiling,
Which, ére they had tásted
Of swéet life their sháre,
A dark dáy snatched awáy
From the bréast, and consigned
To a prémature gráve.

Beside these were thóse
Who to die were condémned
On a fálse accusátion.
(Nór were the pláces
At rándom appóinted,
Or withóut judge's séntence;
But président Mínos
Shakes úp in the úrn
The bállots for júdges,
And assémbles togéther
The stílly souls áll,
And mákes inquisition
Respécting the crímes
That in life they 've committed.)

Next to thése dwell in sádness
Those whó the light lóathed,
And though guilty of nó crime
Laid hánds on themsélves,
And their lives threw awáy.
How gládly they 'd póverty
Nów bear, and hárd toil,
Abóve in the éther!
But the Fátes stand oppósed,
The háteful wave bínds them,
And níne times wound róund them
Sevére Styx's wáters
Cut óff their retúrn.

Not fár hence are shówn
On évery side spréading
The Sórrowful Pláins
(For by thát name they 're cálled)

Where, under the cóver
Of mýrtle groves, wánder
In sécret paths hidden
Those whóm unreléntíng
And crúel love's plágue
To the córe has corróded;
Not éven in death's sélf
Do their sórrows forsáke them.
Here he sées Eriphýle
Displáying in sádness
The wóunds which her són's
Cruel hánd had inflicted;
He sées here Pasíphaë,
Phédra, and Prócris,
And Evádne, and Láodamía,
And sómetime male Céneus
Now fémale agáin
Ánd to his first sex
By Fáte's will retúrned.

And thére in the midst of them,
Frésh from her wóund,
In the gréat forest wándered
Phoenician Dído:
Whom sóon as Troy's héro,
Not fár from her stánding,
Behéld through the shádow,
And récognised dím,
As óne who the néw moon
Sees thróugh the clouds rísing,
Or imágines he sées,
He wépt, and with ténderness
Thús to her sáid: —

"The néws then was trúe,
O unfórtunate Dído,
Thát thou laidst violent
Hánds on thysélf;
And Í have, alás! been
The cáuse of thy déath —
But I swéar to thee, quéen,
By the lights of the ský,
And the Góds above dwélling,
Ánd by whatéver faith
Réigns undergróund,
'Twas agáinst my will sóre
From thy cóasts I depárted.
Those sáme Gods' commánds,
Which now fórce me to trável
Through these shádowy pláces
Of hóar desolátion
And this night profóund,
Impérious compélled me;
Nor cóuld I have thóught
Thou hadst félt, at my párting,
A páng so sevére.
Stay — withdráw not — whom flée'st?
'Tis the lást time by Fáte
I 'm allówed to addréss thee."

Her búrning ire's scówl
Enéas with súch words
And súch tears was sóothing;
But awáy she turned fróm him,
And ón the ground mótionless
Képt her eyes fixed,
And no móre her look áltered

For áll he could sáy
Than if 'twere a hárd
Flinty róck that stood thére
Or táll cliff Marpéssian;
At lást she turns óff short,
And flíngs herself spíteful
Ínto the shrúbbery's
Cóvert umbrágeous,
Where Sichéus, her fórmer spouse,
Rénders her lóve for love,
Ánd with her sórrows
Grieves sympathétic.
Móved by the sád case,
And wéeping, Enéas
Fóllows her pitying
For sóme time afár off;
Ón his appóinted way
Thén he procéeds.

And nów they at lást reach
Those distant retréats
Which brave wárriors inhábit.
Here he cómes across Týdeus,
And Adrástus' pale ghóst,
And Párthenopéus
That wárrior renówned.
And déep was his gróan
When he sáw the long múster
Of the Dardánidae
Fállen in báttle,
Whóm in the wórld above
Hé had so móurned —
When he sáw Glaucus thére,

And Thersílochus, Médon,
And Anténor's three sóns,
Ánd Polyphoétes,
Céres' priest hóly,
And Idéus who still had
His cháriot beside him,
And stíll held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand
Both on right hand and léft,
Ánd, not conténted
With séeing him ónce,
Love to línger alóngside
And méasure steps with him,
And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions
Ágamemnónian,
And chiefs of the Dánaï,
When they sée through the shádow
The héro's arms gléaming,
Some in gréat trepidátion
And féar turn their bácks,
As tóward their ships érewhile
Their flíght they dirécted;
And sóme, making éffort
To ráise a great shóut,
Scarcely útter a squéak.

Here, with his whole pérson
(His fáce both and límbs)
All crúelly mángled,
Deíphobus, Príam's son,

Álso he sées:
Both his hánds they are lópped,
Both his éars they are crópped,
Ánd with a wóund
Ignomínious shorn óff
His nóse from his fáce.
He knéw him, though hárdly,
As cówering he stóod there,
And stríving to cóver
His púnishment díre:
And óf his own mótion
Salúted him thús
In áccents well knówn:—

"O wárrior Deíphobus,
Teúcer's blood lófty,
To dó thee this spíte
Who could find in his héart?
Or whó had the pówer?
The repórt to me cáme
That, on thát final night,
Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself
Killing Pelásgi,
Thou hadst pérished on tóp
Of a gréat heap of sláughter.
A cénotaph tó thee
I thérefore erécted
On the séacoast Rhoetéan,
And thrice in a lóud voice
Cálled on thy Mánes;
Thy náme and thine árms
Mark the pláce for thine ówn.
In váin I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,
In órder to láy thy bones
Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—
"Thou hast léft nought undóne;
To Deíphobus' ghóst
Thou hast páid, O my friend,
All the fúneral hónors.
My déstiny 'twás,
And the wickedness déadly
Óf the Lacónian,
That in thése evils plúnged me;
These tókens are hérs;
For hów in the midst
Of false jóys we were pássing
That lást night thou knów'st
And must tóo well remémber,
When dówn on high Pérgamus
Cáme with a bóund
That fátal horse prégnant
With ármed men of wár,
She, únder preténce
Of a Bácchanal dánce,
Leading róund in procéssion
The "Évoë"-shóuting
Mátrons of Phrýgia,
And hígh in the midst of them
Hólding a húge torch,
From the tóp of the citadel
Signalled the Dánaï.
Exháusted with cáres,
And with drówsiness wéighed down,

I had, at that moment,
Withdrawn to my luckless
Connúbial bedchámber,
Where ás I lay súnk
In a déep and sweet sléep
(Placid déath's very ímage),
My nótable spóuse,
Having first from the hóuse
Remóved all my árms,
Ánd from my pillow
My trústy sword stólen,
Throws wide ópen the dóors
And calls in Meneláus,
Expécting, no doúbt,
By a bóon so impórtant
Conférred on her lóver,
To efface from his mémory
Her fórmer misdéeds.

"But whý a long stóry?
They break into my chámber,
Eólides with them,
That inciter to ill —
Ye Góds, to the Gráii
Requite like for like,
If I ásk for no móre
Than a júst retribútion,
And nót for revénge.
But cóme, it 's thy túrn now
To sáy what chance hither
Hath bróught thee alive;
Have the Góds hither wárned thee?
Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When ón the sea sáiling?
Or whát other áccident
Drives thee to vísit
These drear, óvercast régions,
These súnless abódes?"

While thús they convérsed,
Auróra alréady
With her rósy four-hórse team
Had máde 'cross the ský
Half her vóyage ethéreal;
And they míght have perháps
Whiled awáy in like mánner
All the périod allótted,
Had nót comrade Sibyl
Thus bríefly admónished:—

"Night cómes on apáce,
Enéas, while wé
The hóurs pass in wéeping.
This is the spót where
The róad into twó splits;
The right hand road 's óurs,
Which by gréat Dis's tówers
Condúcts to Elýsium:
The léft hand 's the pénal road,
Wáy of the wicked
To Tártarus kindless."
Deíphobus ánswered:—
"Be not ángry, great príestess;
I 'll párt from ye hére
And to dárkness retúrn
And fíll up the número.

On, ón, O our pride,
And thy bétter fates úse."
No wórd more he úttered,
But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,
Enéas behólds,
At the fóot of a róck
On the léft, a wide fórtress,
Round whose triple wall rápid
Tartárean Phlégethon
Its tórrent of flámes pours
And lóud rumbling stónes.
So sólidly built
Of ádamant pillars
Its húge gate in frónt,
That of mórtals no pówer,
No pówer of immórtals
To fórce it were áble:
High tó the air rises
The gáte tower of íron,
Where, with blóody pall gírt,
Sits Tisíphone sléepless,
And wátches the véstibule
Bóth day and night.
Groans are héard from within,
And whips' cruel crácking,
And iron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt
Ánd to the gréat noise
Listened affrighted:—
"What púnishments thése,

O decláre to me, máiden,
Or for whát crimes inflicted?
What gréat wail is this,
Rising high to the áir?"
Then the próphetess thús:—

"Renowned chief of the Teúcri,
Over thát wicked thréshold
Must no blámeless foot páss;
But Hécate hersélf,
When óver the gróves
Of Avérnus she sét me,
All the pénalties táught me
Óf the divine wrath,
And thróugh the whole léd me.

"Infléxibly rígid
And ábsolute rúles
Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,
Tries the cáse, and awárds
The rógues their chastisement,
Compélling them first
To confess the deeds dóne
Abóve in the wórld,
The atónement for which
Only plúming themsélves
On the sílly deceit)
They had pút off till déath,
And until 'twas too láte.

"With avénging whip réady,
Insúlting Tisiphone
Instantly fálls on

And lashes the culprits,
And her twisted snakes at them
Thrusts with her left hand,
And her fell sisterhood
Calls to come forward.

"Then at last, with a horrible
Jar of their hinges,
The cursed gates are opened:
Discern'st what a guard
In the vestibule watches?
Discern'st at the door
What a figure keeps sentry?
More fell within seated
A Hydra gapes hideous
With fifty dark swallows,
And Tartarus itself
With its headlong abysm
Down below the Shades stretches
Twice as deep as the height
When from earth thou look'st up
Toward ethereal Olympus.

"Here down to the bottom
With thunderbolts hurled,
Roll groveling the Titans,
The old brood of Terra.
Here too I had sight of
Those bodies gigantic,
The twain Aloidae,
Who attempted the great heaven
To take by assault,

Ánd from his réalm above
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

"Here tóo, undergóing
His púnishment crúel,
Salmóneus I sáw,
Who, divíne honors cláiming,
And thínking to ímitate
Júpiter's líghtnings
And thúndering Olýmpus,
Dróve in ovátion
With tórch round him brándished
In fóur-in-hand cháriot
Through Élis' chief city,
Ánd through the mídst
Of the Gráian péoples,
Ánd, in his fólly,
Had fáin made the clátter
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,
And chárIot of bráss
On brass-víaduct rólling,
Páss for the unpáralleled
Thúndercloud vólley.
But the Fáther almíghty
From amóng the thick clóuds
Flung át him his míssile
(No smóky lamp wás it
Nor túrpentine tórch),
Ánd with a hídeous whirl
Dáshed him down héadlong.

"Here tóo to be séen
Was ómni-prodúctive Earth's

Fóster-son Tityos,
Whose bódy lies spréad out
Over níne entire ácres,
And housed únder whose táll chest
A húge, hideous vúlture
With hóoked beak sits grúbbing
For tít-bits his vítals,
And kéeps ever crópping
His líver immórtal,
Which, as fást as cropped, bóurgeons,
And bréeds him new tórment,
Incéssant, for éver.

"Of the Lápithae whý
Ór of Pirithoüs
Néed I make méntion,
Ór of Ixion,
Right óver whom hángs
A dárk, flinty róck
Ever réady to fáll down
And, ás it were, fálling?
On shining gold féet
Rest the high, genial sófas;
With magnificence róyal
Befóre their eyes spréad out
The súmptuous repást;
But the chief of the Fúries
Starts úp from a sófa,
And, with thúndering vóice,
And firebrand uplifted,
Forbids touch the víands.

"Here thóse who while living
Have háted their bróther,
Or raised hánd against párent,
Or chéated their clíent,
And thóse who in privacy
Óver a hóard
Of sáved money póred,
And for rélatives sét not
Some pórtion aside
(And thése form the chíef crowd),
Ánd for adúltery
Thóse who were sláin,
And thóse perjured sláves
Who agáinst their liege lórds
Raised árm contumácious —
All thóse are shut úp here,
Abíding their tórment.

"Ask me nót to infórm thee
What tórtures they súffer,
Or hów in particular
Éach one is púnished;
Some a húge rock are rólling;
To a whéel's upright spókes
Legs and árms some are tied;
There sits hapless Théseus
And thére will sit éver;
Ánd from the dépth
Of his misery Phlégyas
Calls alóud through the dárkness
To áll men his wárning:—
"Take a lésson from mé,
And hóld not too lightly

The Góds who commánd you
*'Be just in your déalings'*."

"This óne here for góld
His fátherland sóld
And placed únder the thráll
Of a pówerful máster;
And ón the walls vénally
Pósted new láws,
And fróm the walls vénally
Óld laws took dówn:
With a súit against náture
His dáughter's bedchámber
That óther inváded:
Every óne of them dáred,
And dáring achieved,
Some enórmity hideous.
No, nót with a húndred tongues,
Nót with a húndred mouths,
Ánd voice of íron,
Cóuld I describe all
Their crímes' various fórms,
Or enúmerate the módes all
In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged príestess.
And ádded:— "Come, háste;
Let 's get óver the gróund,
And pút the last hánd
To our gift's presentátion;
For I sée plainly yónder
The Cýclops-forged tówers,
And ópposite our fáce stands

The gáteway's arched pórtal,
Where our órders commánd us
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,
They procéed side by síde
Alóng the dark wáy
That remáined intervéning;
And whén to the dóors come,
Enéas goes ín,
And with frésh water sprínkles
His bódy, and hángs up
The bránch in the éntrance.

These thíngs at last dóne,
Ánd the due cómpliment
Páid to the Góddess,
They réach the delíghtful
And gréen grassy wóodlands
Where the Bléssed reside.
Here a wider-spread éther
Invésts all the lándscape
With brílliánter húes;
They 've a sún of their ówn,
And stars different from óurs.
On the gráss in gymnástics
Some súpple their límbs,
Ánd on the táwny sand
Spórtively wréstle:
And sóme of them sing songs,
And sóme of them dánce;
And, drésséd in his lóng vest,
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the chánges melódious
Of Músic's seven sóunds,
And nów with his fíngers
Alóng the chords swéeps,
Now with ívory quíll.

Here tóo are those wárriors
In bétter years bórn,
That óld stock of Teúcer
So lóvely to sée,
Those magnánimous héroes,
Assáracus, Ílus,
And Dárdanus, Troy's fóunder.
On their árms from a dístance
And shádowy cháriots
With wónder he gázes;
In the gróund stand their spéars fixed;
Their hórses unyóked
Graze all óver the pláin:
Benéath the earth búried,
They táke as much pléasure
In cháriots and árms,
And the cáring and fáttening
Of sléek shining stéeds,
As they tóok when alíve.

And ló! he behólds
On the right hand and léft
Alóng the grass strétched
Others nóurishment táking,
And singing glad Péans
In chórus amídst
The odórous laurel gróves,

Whence Eridanus springs —
That river which rólls
Through the úpper world's fórest
Such a vást flood of wáters.

Here the pátriot hándful
That bléd for their cóuntry,
And thóse who were hóly priests
While they were líving,
And thóse hearts of géntleness,
Bárds whose discóursings
Were wórthy of Phoébus,
And all thóse who had ádded
To civilisátion
By invéntions in árts,
And all thóse whose desérvings
Had máde them remémbered,
Wéar round their témples
The snówy white fillet:
Whom, ás they flocked róund them,
Sibýlla addréssed thus,
And chiefly Muséus,
Abóut whom was stánding
And úp to him lóoking
A gréat crowd of pérsons
All of whóm he o'ertópped
By the héight of his shóulders: —
"O sáy, happy sóuls,
And thou, éxcellent bárd,
In what quárter 's Anchises,
Or whére to be fóund?
For his sake we 've cóme.

Ánd across Érebus'
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words
Thus ánswered the héro:—
"No fixed abodes bínd us;
We inhábit the gróve's
Shady cóverts, or dwéll
In frésh, watered méadows,
And ón rivers' bánks.
But yé — if so pléase ye —
Cross óver this ridge,
Ánd on the éasy path
Át once I 'll sét ye."
He sáid; the way léd;
And fróm above shówed them
The fáir, smiling pláins:
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it cháneed, sire Anchíses,
Far within a green válley's
Inclósure, was pássing
Befóre him in múster
Those sóuls who should shórtly
Ascénd to the light,
And a cénsus was táking
Óf the whole número
Óf his dear óffspring,
And cárefully stúdying
The héroes' explóits,
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:
But thróugh the grass tóward him
As sóon as he sáw

Enéas adváncing,
He strétched out both hánds
In a tránsport of jóy,
And, while téars his cheeks cóursed down,
In thése words addréssed him:—

"And hást thou at lást come,
And thy fílial afféction
(As I wéll knew it wóuld)
The wáy's hardships cónquered?
And ám I permítted
To lóok in thy fáce, son,
And héar thy known vóice,
And speak with thee as wónt?
So indéed I considered
And thóught it would bé,
Counting óver the time,
And I find I 've been right.
Escáped from what dángers,
My són, thou com'st tó me!
After hów many tóssings
On lánd and on wáter
I háve thee here sáfe!
How gréatly I féared
Lest that Líbyan kingdom
Should wórk thee some hárm!"

"Thy ghóst," thus he ánswered,
"Thy sád ghost, O síre,
Several times manifésted,
Has hither impélled me:
My ships in the Týrrhene sea
Stánd at their móorings.

Gíve me, O gíve me,
Thy ríght hand, O síre,
And fróm my embrácings
Withdráw thyself nót."
The téars, as he thús said,
Streamed fást down his fáce;
His árms round the sháde's neck
He thrice strove to throw;
Thrice from his frústrate grasp,
Líght as the winds,
As a fléeting dream swift,
The shádow escáped.

In the méantime Enéas
Has séen, in a válley
Indénting the highland,
A wóodland secluded,
And shrúbberies rústling,
And the river of Léthe
Close glíding alóng
By the plácid abóde.
On évery side róund
Innúmerous péoples
And nátions were flitting,
As thick as you 've séen,
In the fine summer séason,
Bees in the meads thrónging
Abóut the white lílies,
Ánd settling dówn on
The flówers variegáted,
Ánd with their búzzing hum
Filling the pláin.

Enéas, in ignorance,
Stárts at the súdden sight,
And ásks what the cáuse is,
What river that yónder,
And whó are the péople
That fíll all its bánks
In such thick, swarming númbers.
Then fáther Anchises:—
"Those sóuls to whom dúe
Second bódies by Fáte,
Here, át the care-éasing
River of Léthe,
Drink long oblívion
Óf their first bódies.
This lóng time I 've wished
To póint these out tó thee
Hére in thy présence,
And with thee count óver
The tále of my óffspring,
That nó less than míne
May be thý exultátion
That Ítaly 's fóund."

"And cán it be thóught, sire,
There áre any sóuls
That are hénce to ascénd
To the ský, and once móre
The dúll body énter?
What dire yéarning is this
Of the wrétches for light?"
"I 'll téll thee the whóle, son,
And nót in doubt léave thee,"

Thus Anchises the wórd took,
And explained all in órder:—
"In the ský and the éarth
And the líquid sea-pláins,
The móon's shining glóbe,
And the plánets Titánian,
There dwélls from the first
An intélligent mind,
A spírit intérnal,
Diffúsed through the mémbers
And sétting in mótion
The whóle, mighty más.
Hence derived are the líves
Of mán, beast and bird,
And óf the strange mónsters
Produced undernéath
The séa's marble súrface.
In the émbryo of éach
Is a príneiple fíery
Descénded from héaven
Although dúlled and impáired
By a fráil, earthy móuld,
And a frámework of flésh,
And límbs that must pérish:
From this cláyey admíxture
Their féars and desíres come,
Their páins and their jóys,
Ánd that, shut úp
In a dárk prison's glóom,
They cást no look báck
On the ský's radiant líght.
Not éven with the lást
Closing dáy of their líves

Does the bád wholly léave them,
Nor quite depart fróm them
The plágues of the flésh,
For múch of the íll
Has néeds grown invéterate,
And márvellous déep
The ingráin of long hábit:
They are thérefore torménted,
And súffer the páins
Of their áncient misdéeds;
Some fórms unsubstántial
On crósses are spréad out,
And húng to the winds;
The déep dye of sín
Out of óthers is wáshed
Under vást floods of wáter,
Or búrnt out with fíre;
And thén when at lást,
In long prócess of time,
The deep stáin is expúnged,
And the éssence ethéreal,
The éffluence fiery,
Left púre and unblémished,
And éach one his ówn
Special Mánes has súffered,
Into ámple Elýsium
We 're sént to range frée,
And sóme few to stáy
And the glád fields inhábit.
But all thése thou see'st hére,
When a fúll thousand yéars
Have complétely rolled róund,
The Gód summons fórth

In thése mighty númbers
To the river of Léthe,
That of pást things oblívious
They máy become willing
To re-énter the flésh
And retúrn to the wórld."

Anchíses these wórds said,
And into the mídst
Of the crówded and búzzing
Assémbly his són brought,
And with him the Síbyl,
And a túmulus móunted
From whénce he might sée
And háve a front víew of
The lóng array cóming:—

"Come nów and I 'll téll thee
What fátes shall be thíne,
And what glóry shall fóllow
The són of the Dárdan,
What a ráce of Itálians
From hím is to spring,
What illústrious sóuls
Mounting úp to the wórld
Shall cáll us forefáthers.

"Thou see'st yónder that yóuth
On the scéptre-wand léaning;
He 's the first for the líght;
Of the mixed blood Itálian
Hé to th' ethéreal air
First shall ascénd,

Ánd become Sílvius
(That wéll-known name Álban),
Thy tóo late begótten
And pósthumous són,
Whom thy cónsort Lavínia
In thine óld age shall béar thee,
And ín the woods réar up;
A kíng he 's himsélf,
And the fáther of kings,
And thróugh him descénding
Our líne shall rule lórdly
Ó'er Longa Álba.

"And néxt him see Prócas,
The Trójan stock's príde,
And Númitor, Cápys,
And, glórious no léss
For mártial achievements
Than for áll gentler vírtues,
Sílvius, thy námesake,
If to Sílvius Enéas
Should éver descénd
The scéptre of Álba.
What gállant youths théy!
See what stréngth they displáy!
And hów with the pátriot
Cítizen's óakleaves
Their témples are sháded!
These are théy who the cities
Fidénae shall búild,
And Noméntum and Gábii;
Who shall pláce, on the hills
Of Collátia, the cástle;

Ánd of Pométii
Láy the foundátions,
And Ínui Cástrum
And Bóla and Córa;
All thén noted pláces,
Now lánds without náme.

"Aye; and Rómulus, Márs' son —
Of the blóod of Assáracus
By Ília his móther —
Shall accómpany his grándsire.
See thére on his héad
How the Sire's self alréady
Has sét the twain crésts,
Has márked him even hére
With the émblem of hónor
He 's to wéar in the wórld.
Behóld, son, the mán
By whose áuspices léd
That chívalrous Róme
Shall acquíre a dominion
With Éarth coexténsive,
A spírit for which
Not Olýmpus too lófty,
And enclóse with one city's wall
Citadels séven:
Happy móther of héroes!
Not móre blest than shé,
Drives through Phrýgia's cities
Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,
The Góds' happy móther,
Whose glád arms embráce
A húndred grandchildren,

Divínities áll,
All instálled in hígh héaven.

"Now hítherward bénd
Both thine eýes, and behóld
Thine own nátion of Rómans:
'Tis César thou hére see'st,
And the whóle stock of Césars
Who are yét to come fórth
In Iúlus's líne,
The great fírmament únder.
This, thís is the mán,
The prómised man thís,
Of whóm thou 'st so óft heard —
That César Augústus,
The Gód Cesar's són,
Who shall bríng back to Látium
And tó the fields érewhile
Reigned óver by Sáturn
The éra of góld;
Who his sváy shall stretch óver
Garamántes and Índi,
And whát lands soéver
Lie beyónd the ecliptic
And páth of the plánets,
Where ský-propping Átlas
Spins róund on his shóulder
The fírmament stúdded
With bríght-burning stárs.
Of the ádvent of thís man
Even nów the realms Cáspian
And lánd of Meótis
Héar with a shúdder

Ín the Gods' ánswers;
And with consternátion
Are séized even alréady
The séven mouths of Nile.
Not éven Alcídes,
What thóugh he transfixed
The bráss-footed dóe,
To Érymanth's wóodlands
What thóugh he gave péace,
Ánd with his bów's twang
Made áll Lerna trémble —
Not éven conquering Bácchus,
Who from Nýsa's high tóp
Drove in tíger-drawn cháriot
With réins twined with víneleaves,
Equal spáce of land cómpassed:
And dó we doubt stíll
To ádd to our fórmer deeds
Frésh deeds of prówess?
Or sháll fear forbíd us
To plánt a firm fóot
In the lánd of Ausónia?"

"But with bróws decked with láurel
Whó is that yónder
I sée sacrificing?"
"By his gréy locks I knów him,
And bý his beard grísly,
That king of the Rómans
Who shall first set the city
On láw's firm foundátion.
Tó his great góvernment
Fróm her soil stérile

Diminutive Cúres
Shall sénd him commissioned.

"Next to him succeeds Túllus,
Who shall bréak the ináctive
Repóse of his cóuntry,
And to árms call the wárrior-bands,
Nów for some time
Unaccústomed to tríumphs,
And flágging in spírit.
Close áfter whom fóllows
Rather váin-glorious Áncus,
To whóm to be fánned
By the pópular bréath
Even nów 's but too pléasing.

"Dost thou wish me to shów thee
The mónarchs Tarquínian,
And the próud soul of Brútus
His cóuntry's avénger,
And the Fásces he wrúng
From the grásp of the týrant
And restóred to the péople?
This is that Brútus
To whóm shall be fírst
Committed the cónsulship
Ánd the fell áxes —
That únhappy sire
Who for fáir freedom's sáke
Shall cáll forth his ówn sons
To súffer the pénalty
Dúe to the néw crime
Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let postérity tálk
Of the déed as they will,
The pátriot's unbóunded
Pássion for glóry
Will béar all befóre it.

"Aye, and fár off behóld too
The Décii and Drúsi,
And wielding the héadsman's axe
Rígorous Torquátus,
And Camíllus home bringing
The stándards recóvered.

"But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there
In équal arms brílliant —
Concórdant souls nów
Whilst kept dówn under night —
Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,
What múrderous báttle,
Agáinst one anóther,
Let them dáylight but réach!
The fáther-in-láw,
To confrónt the son, cómes
From Monoécus' Arx dówn
And his rámpart of Álps:
With áll the arráy
Of his ármament éastern
The són-in-law méets him.
But dó not, my yóung friends,
To só bitter báttle,
Ah, dó not inúre ye!
Against fátherland's bówels,
Ah, túrn not your might!

And thóu, mine own blóod,
Be the first to leave óff —
Thou Olýmpus-sprung scion,
The swórd from thy hánd
Fling thóu away first.

"Yonder 's hé that retúrning
All glórious, victórious,
From the táking of Córinth,
And róut of the Achívi,
Shall tó the high Cápitol
Dríve his war-tríumph.
That óther shall Árgos
And Agamemnónian
Mycénae o'ertúrn,
And fróm an Eácides,
Líneal descéndant
Of wárrior Achílles,
Exáct retribútion
For his fóresires of Tróy
And the fóul desecrátion
Of the fáne of Minérva.

"Who 'd léave thee behind him
Unméntioned, O Cóssus?
Or thée, mighty Cáto?
The stóck of the Grácchi
Whó 'd leave unméntioned?
Or wár's pair of thúnderbolts,
Líbya's misfórtune,
The Scípiadae twáin?
Or Fabrícius, on smáll means
Commánding the déference

Páid to the rich?
Or thée, O Serránus,
The plóugh-furrow sówing?
But whither awáy
So húrry me tired,
Ye fámily Fábian?
O Máximus thóu 'rt he,
That single one thóu,
Who by prócrastinátion
Restór'st us our lóst state.

"Other nátions, I dóubt not,
Will wórk brass with sófter,
More bréathing expréssion,
And óut of the márble
Draw féatures more life-like,
Will pléad causes bétter,
Ánd with the trácing rod
Dráw more corréctly
The gréat heavenly círcles,
And the rísing stars márk —
But, remémber it éver,
'Tis thý part, O Róman,
To góvern the nátions;
To spáre the submíssive,
To wár down the háughty,
And impóse upon áll
Modes and hábits of péace."
So sáid sire Anchíses,
And as wóndering they lóoked on,
These wórds besides ádded:—
"See hów with the *Spólia*
*Opíma* distínguished,

And áll overtópping,
Victórious Marcéllus
Comes márching on yónder!
In the mídst of the gréat
Gallic túrmoil and túmult
This mán shall the Róman state
Hóld firm and stéady,
And únder his hórse's hoofs
Tréad Carthagínian
And rébel of Gául;
And to fáther Quirínus
Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,
The thírd that were éver
By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —
For he sáw with him góing
A yóuth of rare beaúty
And brílliantly ármed,
But his brów far from chéarful,
And dówncast his eyes —
"Who 's that yónder, O síre,
That goes with him as cómrade?
His són perhaps ís he?
Or óne of the gréat stock
Óf his descéndants?
How his cómrades buzz róund him!
What a hóst he 's himsélf!
But abóut his head flítting
Dark Night spreads her sád shade."
Then with gúshing tears thús
Replied fáther Anchises: —

"Ínto thy fámily's
Gréat grief, my són,
O máke not inquiry;
The Fátes shall but shów
This young mán to the wórld,
And thén away béar him.
Too pówerful, ye Góds,
Had becóme in your eyes
The bréed of the Rómans,
Had ye given them for góod and all
Présents like this.
How that Cámpus shall gróan there
Beside Mars' great city!
What funéreal rites, síre
Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,
Ás by that néwly-raised
Túmulus thou glidest!
Néver of Ílian stock
Bóy shall be bórn
That shall ráise in his Látin
Grandfáthers such hópe;
Of nó other són
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus
Máke so loud bóast.
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!
Had he líved, he 'd been géntle,
A mán of his wórd
Like the mén of old times,
With éver uncónquered
Right árm in the báttle.
What fóe had unpúnished
Withstóod his footchárge,
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!
Ah! find but the méans
To break thróugh thy hard fátes,
O yóuth to be pitied,
And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

"Give me lílies in hándfuls;
Let me scátter aróund
Flowers púrpling and bríght:
What though váin be the óffice,
I 'll with a profúsion
Of súch gifts at léast
Heap the sóul of my grándson."

In the bróad, airy láwns
So they wánder abóut,
And scrútinise évery thing
Ín the whole région:
All which to his són
When Anchíses had shówn,
And póinted out tó him
Each séparate óbject,
Ánd with a lónging
For th' óncoming glóry
Had kíndled his sóul,
He describes next the wárs
To be wáged by the héro,
And abóut the Laurántian
Péoples infórms him,
And Latínus's city,
And hów to avóid best
Or béar every tróuble.

There are twó gates of Sléep,
The one hórny, they sáy,
And affórding free pássage
To réally true visions:
Through the óther, of white
Glossy ívory wróught,
The Mánes their fálse dreams
Send úp to the wórld.
Toward the ívory gáte
Anchíses his són
Condúcts as he spéaks,
And with him the Síbyl,
And léts both out thróugh it.
To the ships and his cómrades
Enéas retúrns;
Then alóng the shore cóasts
To Caiéta's port stráight.
From the prów they cast ánchor:
The stérns line the shóre.

## CORRIGENDA.

Sign. γ6. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thóu, read thou
Sign. γ7. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our
Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read impóstor

Page **1.** Instead of lines 8, 9, **10** from top, read

Mars' bristling árms and Him whom first
And léader frǿm the cóasts of Tróy
Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée, *

Page **3.** Instead of lines **13** and **14** from top, read

Which shé had been fóremost
To wáge against Tróy
On behálf of dear Árgos — *

Page **4.** Line **15** from top, instead of I, read Í

Page **16.** Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's

Page **20.** Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,

Page **32.** Instead of line **14** from bottom, read

For ús — we have nóthing to féar;
And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee *

Page **59.** Instead of line 8 from bottom, read

And Macháon the príncipal móver, *

Page **90.** Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read

For while, divérging frǿm the róad's
Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,

Page **143.** Instead of lines **15** and **14** from bottom, read

Í acknówledge Í 'm one
Óf that crew of Dánaï

Page **152.** Last line, instead of knéw, read knów

Page **157.** Instead of line **3** from top, read

Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.*

Page **168.** Line **7** from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmer*

Page **176.** Line **11** from top, instead of Ílían, read Ílian

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* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis.*

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